

LORD HALIFAX

1909

*By Logsdail*

CHARLES LINDLEY  
VISCOUNT HALIFAX

PART TWO  
1885 - 1934

BY  
J. G. LOCKHART

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*To the*  
3rd VISCOUNT HALIFAX

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*Introduction*

bould, and Mr. James Adams have supplied me with recollections. I owe the index very largely to the labours of my mother. Nor does this exhaust the tale of those who have helped me in one way or another, and whom I take this opportunity of thanking for their kindness.

J. G. LOCKHART

*September 1936.*

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## *I. Lord Halifax and his Sons*

In 1885 when, at the age of forty-six, Lord Halifax succeeded his father, he could look back upon a life of exceptional happiness. He had been fortunate in his home, his upbringing, his marriage, his work, his children, and, above all, his religion. ‘Slow glide the hours for thee, late be the change,’ William Johnson had sung of him long years ago at Eton; and change, when it came, dealt gently with him. Death, so frequent a visitor to the large Victorian families, had only lightly touched the circle at Hickleton; and deeply as Halifax had loved his parents, he had lost them in the fulness of their years. There was bereavement, but no sense of untimeliness.

Yet to many men there comes a period of rapid change, when in the course of three or four years, perhaps, the whole tenor of their lives alters. So it was with Halifax during the years between 1884 and 1890. They were years of recurring calamity, requiring from him all the faith and fortitude of which he was master. They passed, and if he carried their scars with him to the end of his days, they left him with his faith unshaken and his fortitude unbroken. In that spiritual plane to which, as he grew older, he withdrew ever more readily, he found comfort in the thought that sorrow brought him closer to the foot of the Cross; and in his daily life his character seemed to draw strength from an accumulated burden under which other men might have stumbled and fallen.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

In 1885 Halifax spent a busy autumn over his private affairs. It was desirable to close Hickleton for a time. Apart from senti-

ment, there was economy to be considered, for though the day of death duties was not yet come, old Lord Halifax had been over-spending his income for some years and, even before his death, there had been talk of the need for retrenchment. So the house was shut up, and Halifax went first to Garrowby, then to Howick, where he found his Grey uncle and aunt in very feeble health, and from there to the Moult, the little house in Devon, where he and his family took up their old life again. On fine days there was bathing, walking, and riding, and when it rained there were ghost stories to freeze the children's marrows, and occasional dressings up, in which he took as great a delight as any of them.

After lunchcon draped Mary\* up in Agnes's† old fancy gown and told Edward‡ she was a fairy. Coming down the front stair Mary in a light wig looked lovely. Then she put on the blue gown, and Agnes (the little one)§ put on Agnes's wedding gown, in which she looked for all the world like Mrs. Tom Thumb.<sup>1</sup>

Christmas was spent at Hoar Cross with Mrs. Meynell Ingram. Removed from its wonted scene at Hickleton, it was rather a sad occasion, redeemed by a family gathering, and the excitement of a meet of the Meynell at Hoar Cross, and the arrival of Silvertail for Edward to ride, and games on Christmas night, and Charlie's|| achievement in shooting his first woodcock.

Early in the New Year Halifax took his seat in the House of Lords, and very soon the question of active participation in politics arose. It was the year of the first Home Rule Bill, against which the old Whigs and a part of the Radicals under Chamberlain were in revolt. The Government, with its majority in jeopardy, would have welcomed the accession of a son

\*Now the Hon. Mrs. Sutton.

†Lady Halifax.

‡The present Lord Halifax.

§Now Lady Bingley.

||Lord Halifax's eldest son.

of old Lord Halifax, bearing a name of some authority in the high places of the Whigs. But the new Lord Halifax, in spite of a sneaking sympathy with Home Rule, liked the Bill as little as did the other Whigs, although, as he wrote to Liddon, after listening to Mr. Gladstone's speech, 'I could not help (I am not sure that I can help now) feeling entirely on his side throughout the discussion.'<sup>2</sup> But he goes on to make it clear that he is thinking not so much of the merits of the bill as of the churchmanship of Mr. Gladstone and the Unitarianism of Mr. Chamberlain.

On February 13th he

called by appointment on Lord Granville at the Foreign Office. Lord Granville asked me if I intended to support the Government, and on my saying that speaking generally I intended to do so, went on to enquire whether I would take any office. I replied that apart from what I might feel it my duty to do under special circumstances, my Church work rather demanded that I should keep myself free—and that he would understand that as things were, it was better for me to remain as I was. He did not altogether disagree, and after a little more conversation I came away.<sup>3</sup>

The invitation, so far as is known, was not repeated, and indeed Halifax would have been an incongruous and fleeting figure in any Liberal Government.

I find myself [he wrote to Liddon on May 11th] more and more incapable of agreeing either with Liberals or Conservatives. The former are often so *wicked*, and the latter so *blind* as to the drift of things—in short, politics are a delusion and I am quite convinced that to have a vocation to be a monk is the happiest lot in life.<sup>4</sup>

A few days earlier he had received a more definite invitation of a different kind, this time from Mr. Gladstone himself. It was that he should become an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, a proposal which he at once accepted.

Liddon was spending the spring in Palestine, whence he wrote long descriptive letters. At Jerusalem he saw the Patriarch, Nicodemus,

a very remarkable man, who would be remarkable in any country or position. Quite unlike the ordinary type of higher Eastern Ecclesiastic—timid, cowed, unenterprising people whom Moslem dislike of Christianity imposes upon the unfortunate Church. Somehow the Evil One made a mistake as to Nicodemus.<sup>5</sup>

The Patriarch was much disturbed by the activities of the Church Missionary Society, which, while nominally engaged in the conversion of Moslems, was actually turning Orthodox Christians into Protestants. He suggested that, before there was any further talk of Reunion, the English bishops should publicly repudiate the Society. The Patriarch was frankly puzzled by the Church of England and by the relations of the Royal Family with the Established Church of Scotland. However, despite his qualms, he allowed Liddon to celebrate in the Chapel of Abraham in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Liddon went on to visit Samaria, Jezreel, and Caesarea Philippi. ‘Jerusalem I knew—almost by heart—from books.’ At Caesarea Philippi he was persuaded that he had seen the authentic rock under which St. Peter made his confession of Our Lord’s Divinity and received his great promise of the keys; and later, continuing his journey, he believed he had identified the site of St. Paul’s conversion ‘9 or 10 miles from Damascus between the villages of Khekeb and Jureh.’

‘I mention these particulars,’ he concluded, ‘for the benefit of Henry Paul’<sup>6</sup>; but before his letter could reach England his little godson was dead.

On May 29th Halifax took the children to see the Birthday Parade from the Admiralty Stand. Henry Paul may have caught a chill while waiting for the ceremony to begin. Three days later the boy was seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. He

passed into a delirium, in which he kept repeating his prayers with painful intensity. Then he was distressed, because he had been looking forward so much to watching an Ascension Day procession and had sent for some flowers with which to decorate the nursery. For two days there was hope, and then, on the afternoon of June 6th, he died. He was only seven years old.

Halifax accepted this sorrow with a perfect resignation. He had been devoted to the child, who to him and to all the family had seemed set apart for some special vocation. There was ‘something about his face,’ wrote Lady Beauchamp, ‘that always reminded me so much of the Holy Child in some of Raphael’s pictures.’<sup>7</sup> Halifax had wanted, from the day of his birth, to dedicate him to the service of the Church, and the choice of Liddon for his godfather had been no empty formality. Even in the chaff of the family he was ‘the Cardinal,’ and by the child himself and by his brothers and sisters the idea of his dedication was accepted as something settled.

He often said he meant to be a priest [wrote Halifax to Liddon], and I think if he had lived he would have been a good one. Your prayers would have obtained that for him.

It was a happy time, the Sunday in the octave of the Ascension, to leave this world, and I think he will do more for us where he is than he could have done in any other way. I do pray that I may learn the lesson which I know I needed of living more in the unseen world and caring less for the vanities of this.<sup>8</sup>

They buried him at Hickleton beside his grandparents, placing in his hands the Easter card which Liddon had sent him from Jerusalem.

\* \* \* \* \*

The summer of 1886 was spent once more at the Moults, with the familiar round of bathing, walking, and reading, enlivened by the minor incidents which make up a family holiday. Charlie and Francis disgraced themselves by going to sleep

while *Kidnapped* was being read aloud, Francis developed a habit of being suddenly and disastrously sick, and Edward was reported as ‘obstreperous,’ but was given sixpence for ‘walking so well.’<sup>9</sup> The dogs were constantly being lost and found again, and Mademoiselle Lublinska, the little French holiday governess, was a source of immense entertainment, as she could not hide her conviction that really the Woods did the most alarming things and that, in her opinion, Lord Halifax was the worst of them all. However, she would never hear of being left behind, and on one occasion, when a particularly inaccessible cave simply had to be explored, Halifax had to carry her. It was an almost amphibious life, the children being in and out of the sea most of the day. Lord Devon, too, pottered about the place between visits to his paupers and lunatics and other county business, and distressed his family by contracting a ‘very troublesome’ cough.

So the long summer ended. Charlie returned to Eton and Lord Halifax visited his sister Emily at Hoar Cross, where Edward King, the new Bishop of Lincoln, was among the guests and preached in Mrs. Meynell Ingram’s new church on Sunday. There were more visits, a retreat at Cowley early in December, and Christmas with Emily again at Temple Newsam—the customary family gathering, though Aunt Georgiana Grey was at Howick this year and Francis was kept at his school with mumps.

The year 1887 was the Queen’s Golden Jubilee, and, in spite of an earlier resolution, Halifax was in his seat in the Abbey on June 21st. Next day he was at Buckingham Palace to assist at the presentation from the Prince’s Household.

The giving took place in the Ball Room. Abercorn presented the object, the Queen standing in front of a small table and he on the other [side]. She looked very tiny, and both of them bowing their heads to one another very odd.<sup>10</sup>

A few days afterwards, when he was dining with the Duke of Abercorn, the Prince of Wales was present.

At dinner the Prince said to me: 'I did not know our Bishops had such splendid vestments as those they wore in the Abbey at the Jubilee.' 'Yes, Sir,' I answered, 'of course they have, only they ought always to wear them.' 'Is that so?' said the Prince, turning to Canon Duckworth. 'Yes,' answered the Canon. 'They are ordered by the Rubrics.' To which I added: 'The only pity was that the Archbishop did not wear his mitre.' 'Certainly,' remarked the Prince, 'it was like a General in full uniform without his cocked hat.'<sup>11</sup>

Two evenings later, at a Mansion House Dinner, Lady Halifax was placed next to Dr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'I made her tell him what the Prince of Wales had said about his mitre and a cocked hat. He was not at all pleased, but I felt I had paid him out.'<sup>12</sup>

The family was back at the Moult for the summer. *Waverley* was being read to the children. The parents themselves dressed up, Lady Halifax, disguised by a wig, arriving as 'Martha Jones,' a nurse in charge of 'Jack Tar,' to the complete flummoxing of Edward.

There was more correspondence with Liddon, about clergymen and cats, and what the Prince of Wales had said about mitres in the Abbey, and whether the moment was not favourable for putting the Chapter of St. Paul's into copes—'they, the copes, once introduced, and it could be done so easily now, the change to the chasuble would come quite as a matter of course a little later on and hardly be found out.'<sup>13</sup>

It was necessary, too, to record for the benefit of so ardent a lover of cats as Liddon a further event in the life of Spider, who, it may be remembered, had that distressing misadventure when old Lord Halifax was on his deathbed.\*

\*See Part One, p. 267.

Know that we possess in this house [Hickleton] two cats—Spider and Smut. A few days ago Spider and Smut both simultaneously retreated to a drawer of the stillroom table and there at the same moment produced ten kittens,—‘a most singular occurrence,’ as the Housekeeper remarked, who, however, like a female Herod proceeded at once to murder 9 of the little innocents. The consequence is that Spider and Smut *both* claim the remaining kitten and all three sit in the drawer together on the happiest terms, especially the kitten, who having *two* mothers grows visibly fatter every moment. I am sure Tweedledum and Tweedledee\* never behaved in such a way as that.<sup>14</sup>

This bulletin must have delighted Liddon, who at one time had nine cats, some of which he named after the victims of the Public Worship Regulation Act. The practice had its inconveniences, as when Mr. Pelham Dale was imprisoned, his wife called at Amen Court, and while she was there Liddon was horrified to hear one of the servants call out, ‘Pelham, you beast!’

In December the family was at Garrowby, with Prince Edward, the elder son of the Prince of Wales, as a visitor. Lady Halifax, for some reason, was away, and Halifax wrote her the news:

Agnes in the middle of luncheon—though happily we at our table did not hear—asked if the Prince would be King after the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and thereupon announced that she would tell her children later on that she had had luncheon with her future sovereign. Then tremendous giggles from her and Edward.<sup>15</sup>

While the Prince was at Garrowby, the news arrived of the death of Mackonochie, round whom in the 'seventies so long and stubborn a battle had raged. The old priest was found dead in the snow in the forest of Lodore, with the Bishop of Argyll's two dogs watching by his side. Halifax, who had supported him so steadfastly during his contests with the Church Association

\*Liddon's cats.

and the Privy Council, hastened to London to attend the Requiem at St. Alban's, Holborn—‘the most wonderful and touching sight I ever saw,’<sup>16</sup> he wrote to Liddon.

Christmas was at Hoar Cross again, with twenty-one sitting down to dinner and some most successful tableaux, Francis\* and Edward impersonating the Princes in the Tower, and Mary looking ‘very pretty as Lady Jane Grey.’<sup>17</sup>

Early in the New Year of 1888 there was a mournful visit to the Moult. Nineteen years ago the young Woods had gone there for part of their honeymoon, and since then it had been their home and the scene of their happiest holidays. Now they were to leave it, for it had only been lent to them by Lord Devon and they had two houses in Yorkshire with prior claims. It seems, too, that their departure was connected with Lord Devon’s financial affairs, which were causing anxiety. It naturally gave them ‘a very melancholy feeling’ to pack up their property and take the old walks for what they both believed to be the last time. The weather was seasonably stormy, and Lady Halifax fell into the sea while landing from a boat, and Lord Devon, who turned up from a tenants’ dinner, had a very bad cold, and altogether it was a miserable business. So that summer, in place of the usual migration to Devon, Halifax took his wife to the Black Forest; and when they returned there was a round of visits to friends and relations.

He was in Oxford on November 13th, dressing for a dinner at All Souls’, when he got a telegram to say that Lord Devon, who had been in poor health for some months, was seriously ill. Halifax hurried to Powderham; his father-in-law lingered for a few days and died on the 18th. He was an old man, but his relations with Halifax had been those of a close friend rather than of a father-in-law. Apart from the deep regard and affection they had felt for each other, they had been in accord on almost

\*Francis (‘Fra’) Meynell, eldest son of Frederick Wood.

every question in Church or State, their only serious differences having arisen when, to Halifax's indignation, Lord Devon had insisted on supporting Disraeli's Near Eastern policy.

Powderham, which, since Halifax's marriage, had been a second home to him, now passed, except for an occasional visit, from his life, as earlier in the year the Moult had passed.

Christmas was at Hickleton, for the first time in five years, and was a little subdued from the gaps which had opened in the old circle. But there were the waits, as of old, on Christmas morning, and cribbage with Aunt Georgiana in the evenings, and an abundance of bloodcurdling ghost stories—more of these, in fact, than Edward relished, for on one occasion he is reported to have ‘had the prudence to go to bed “for fear I should dream of ghosts.”’<sup>18</sup>

The Christmas holidays passed between Hickleton and Garrawby, and Charlie and Francis went back to Eton, the latter after some hesitation, as his health had been causing anxiety. In the previous spring there had been signs of heart trouble, but he was so well during the holidays that he was allowed to return; and presently an exuberant telegram brought the news that he had been promoted into the Fifth Form.

The end of January plunged Halifax into the preliminaries of the Lincoln Trial, the story of which is told in Chapter Two. On the 24th there was a visit to Lincoln, in company with two uncles and aunts.

Uncle John\* nearly made us late by insisting on finding his teeth, which he had mislaid. He said he knew the Bishop's cutlets would be tough. Had luncheon with the Bishop, and then whilst the others went to see the Cathedral I had a long talk with the Bishop and the Dean about the Bishop's trial.<sup>19</sup>

The visit was followed by conferences in London with lawyers, members of the Council of the English Church Union,

\*The Hon. and Rev. John Grey.

and clerical journalists. Numerous railway journeys were necessary, on one of which Halifax had as his travelling companion an old and eccentric lady who was accompanied by a black cat and a parrot. Who she was he never discovered, but falling into a doze he woke up suddenly to find her tickling his nose with her handkerchief. Fortunately she got out at Peterborough, leaving him to continue his journey to Doncaster without further molestation.

On February 15th, in the midst of all the bother and business of the impending trial of Dr. King, there was news that Francis at Eton was not well. Halifax was entertaining his Aunt Georgiana at Hickleton. It was her eighty-eighth birthday, and there was a cake with other 'little ceremonies to mark the event.'<sup>20</sup> But he was worried about Francis—'in a fidget'—and decided to go to Eton, where he found the boy very ill with congestion of the right lung. Some miserable weeks followed, between Eton and London, with Francis a little better one day and slipping back the next; and all the while there was the distracting trouble of King's trial, which opened at Lambeth on March 12th.

On the night of the 17th, when Halifax was staying with the Courtenays in the Cloisters at Windsor, he was wakened by Charlie. Francis was worse. Dressing in the greatest haste, he ran across to the sickroom, but was too late. Someone met him in the passage outside with the words, 'It is all over.' So, two days later, another son was taken to Hickleton, to lie by little Henry Paul.

Charlie was now nearly nineteen and entering upon his last half at Eton. He was becoming more and more of a companion to his father. His career at Eton had been undistinguished but quite creditable; whereas poor Francis had been a plodding worker, Charlie had taken life easily. His tutor, Walter Durnford, wrote of him:

I am pleased with Charlie on the whole and think he has done very fairly, though he is not and never will be, I am afraid, a glutton at work. . . . In all relations, he is a charming boy to deal with, most pleasant, affectionate and good.<sup>21</sup>

A year later there was a complaint of indolence, but

A boy who, like Charlie, goes through the school, making friends of masters and boys and respected by both, leading a blameless life, and setting an example of a charming temper, is not wasting his life but is doing good to himself and others.<sup>22</sup>

In October 1889 he went up to Christ Church, but in a fortnight he was down with pleurisy, and his father, 'nearly dead with anxiety thinking of when I had gone to Francis,'<sup>23</sup> was hurrying to Oxford. The boy was gravely ill for some weeks, and when the crisis was over seemed quite unable to regain his old health. At length Dr. Douglas Powell reported that the pleurisy had set up tubercular trouble in the lungs and that there could be no question of his returning to Oxford, at any rate for some time. He must spend the winter abroad, preferably at some place like Madeira.

Apart from giving a new edge to the anxiety, this was a hard verdict to so united and home-loving a family as the Woods, but Halifax, choosing the lesser evil, decided to take the entire family to Madeira.

They sailed on December 20th, spending Christmas at sea, with 'some members of the Salvation Army singing "Christians Awake"' (as it might have been the waits at Hickleton), wrote Halifax. 'Felt quite drawn towards them.'<sup>24</sup> Funchal was reached in glorious weather on the 26th and the family disembarked, the more active members walking along the cliffs, 'which made us think of the beloved Moult.'<sup>25</sup>

They were first at a hotel in Funchal, but later moved out to a house at Bianchi. Here they fell into a routine of walks and reading, interrupted by rather longer excursions. It was, despite

the fine climate and the novelty of the surroundings, a tedious and dismal winter for Halifax, separated from his work, his home, his friends, and his interests, and perpetually worried by problems of health. For Lady Halifax herself was far from well, and Mary got chickenpox, and later Charlie, to cap his other troubles, developed jaundice.

With so many invalids in the house, Halifax could not always find in it a companion for his walks, but he made a new and delightful friend on the island. This was the Abbé Portal, a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who frequently accompanied him on his rambles. ‘Walked by the sea with Abbé Portal,’ so runs the first reference in the Diary, ‘A very pleasant walk—beautiful afternoon.’ Other walks followed, sometimes with ‘much theological conversation,’ which was to have a sequel.

But nothing could alter the prevailing sadness of the time. ‘It has indeed been a most wretched year for us,’ wrote Halifax on March 17th, ‘and one which makes me feel to have grown old all at once.’<sup>26</sup> Five days later there was fresh sorrow for him in the news of the death of that much-loved uncle and trusted confidant, Francis Grey, at the end of a long illness.

Nor was Charlie getting better. There were days of apparent improvement, but setbacks always followed—a cold, biliousness, jaundice, and in the middle of May a slight attack of pleurisy. Earlier in the month Lady Halifax had returned home to present Mary at Court; and on June 14th the others sailed, for it was now summer when England was at least as good a place as Madeira.

On arrival in London, Charlie was taken once more to see Douglas Powell, who was ‘very gloomy’; yet hope died hard, and as late as August 4th Halifax was writing to Liddon—himself desperately ill—to suggest that he should join him and Charlie abroad for the winter. They were able to bring the boy

to Hickleton, where for a time he seemed to gain strength. In August there was such a trip in Emily Meynell Ingram's yacht *Ariadne* as in happier circumstances Halifax would have greatly enjoyed; but by now it had been made plain by the doctors and by the boy's growing weakness that there was hardly a hope of recovery. One night after dinner on the yacht Halifax 'sat and talked with Charlie. He spoke much of his health, how he had neglected it—it almost broke my heart...'<sup>27</sup>

They took him to Hickleton again on September 2nd, and four days later he slipped out of life without the least pain—'the sweetest and dearest of characters,' A.C. Benson wrote of him, 'without the least touch of the hardness which so often accompanies high principles among boys.'<sup>28</sup> 'Now there is only Edward left,' Halifax wrote in a heart-breaking letter to his sister Emily.<sup>29</sup>

Liddon was lying dangerously ill in London when the news of Charlie's death reached him.

On the Monday morning, when his niece went to his room to write some of his letters for him, she saw by his face that something had happened; and in answer to her inquiry he handed her a letter from Lord Halifax, announcing the death of his godson.\* The news so deeply affected him that he was unable to write with his own hand any message of sympathy, and could hardly even sign his name to the letter he dictated.<sup>30</sup>

Such a sorrow is beyond human words [was his last message]. How I wish I could come to you! As it is, I can only pray for the increasing repose and light of Charlie's dear soul, and that you and dear Lady Halifax may have that comfort which God only can give.<sup>31</sup>

Next day Liddon died, and on September 16th Halifax went from the funeral of his son to stand at the graveside of his greatest friend. There were one or two men, like Sir Walter Phillip-

\*This is an error. Charlie was not Liddon's godson.

more, and would be one or two more, like W. J. Birkbeck, to whom he was deeply attached, but Liddon had filled an especial place in his affections. Since the day in 1863 when Halifax had stood watching the ladybirds in the Bishop's garden at Salisbury and then gone into the chapel to make his first confession, he had always looked to Liddon for guidance; and whereas perhaps most men are disinclined to make friends of their confessors, Liddon had shared completely and perfectly the ordinary as well as the most intimate affairs of Halifax's life. The compatibility extended not merely to matters of policy, but to the little things that mean so much more in a friendship, the lesser judgments of life, its delights, its humours, its exasperations. Nothing was too large or too small to be excluded. In all the correspondence between the two men there is not a hint of disagreement, unless it be in Halifax's occasional impatience over his friend's reluctance to accept preferment. There was no man to whom, on Charlie's death, he would have turned with a greater certainty of sympathy and understanding; yet it was at this moment that that succour was withdrawn from him.

It was characteristic of Halifax's courage and resolution that, with the shadow of these two losses over him, he brought himself to go to the Church Congress at Hull on October 2nd and read his promised paper on Ritual. 'Before I am entirely destroyed,' he wrote, 'I intend to say one or two things.'<sup>32</sup>

As though sorrow and anxiety were to have no end, a month later Lady Halifax fell seriously ill. It was typhoid, and for some days her life was in danger. After all that had lately passed, Halifax's anxiety was terrible; but happily she survived the crisis and began slowly to mend. By November 7th she was out of danger, but still too ill for her husband to go to Howick for the funeral of his aunt, Caroline Grey, who was the next in this long sequence of bereavements.

For these years of trouble were not quite ended. In January

1891 Halifax's brother-in-law, Baldwin, who had only succeeded his father as Earl of Devon in 1888, had a stroke. Halifax hurried to London to find him hardly conscious. Four days later he died. In the following month Lord Beauchamp, after Liddon perhaps Halifax's greatest friend, whom in 1876 he had accompanied on a delightful journey through France, was suddenly taken ill and was dead within a few minutes. With him the long obituary closed.

In earlier years there had been occasions of distress when Halifax had exclaimed that life could never be the same for him again, but now, when, one after another, so many of those nearest to him had been cut down, everything indeed was changed. How deeply he and his wife felt the loss of their sons only those who knew them best were permitted to realise. The repeated allusions and the carefully recorded anniversaries in Halifax's diaries show how frequently the three boys were in his mind; and of Lady Halifax an old friend has written that she never quite got over their deaths. It was necessary for both to go out and play their part in the world; there was work to be done, there were duties to discharge; but in the span of life that remained for her, and the yet longer span that remained for him, the memory of those years of loss was ever in the background.



AGNES VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX

WITH JOCK

## *II. The Lincoln Trial*

The intrusions of ecclesiastical politics, however unwelcome at the moment, were at least a distraction during these years of domestic sorrow. Halifax had his duty to discharge to the English Church Union which, since his election to the Presidency in 1868, had been growing in numbers and authority, until in 1890 it had a membership of nearly 30,000 and could speak with a voice to which the most unsympathetic of bishops could not afford to turn an altogether deaf ear. The times continued to be unkind to the Church. The battle of the Public Worship Regulation Act, it is true, was well over. The Act remained on the Statute Book, but was nearly as obsolete as some feudal survival. It had been fairly defeated by the firmness and self-sacrificing spirit of the prosecuted priests, the stubbornness and ingenuity of the English Church Union, the impatience of public opinion, and the increasing readiness of bishops to veto proceedings. But the Church Association, though rebuffed, had by no means lost heart or hope; and in 1888 it seemed that, having allowed the small fry of the Public Worship Regulation Act to slip through their net, there was a likelihood of their landing an episcopal salmon.

In 1885, at the instance of Mr Gladstone, Edward King, Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, was appointed to succeed Dr. Wordsworth as Bishop of Lincoln. The extreme Protestants, though grumbling fiercely over the preferment of one whom they regarded as a notable Romanizer, could take no immediate action; they bided their time until in 1888 they thought they had a strong enough case to proceed. On June

22nd a petition was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury, accusing the Bishop of Lincoln of certain alleged illegal acts, committed in Lincoln Minster and in the church of St. Peter-at-Gowts. An attempt was made to induce one of the churchwardens at St. Peter's, a strong Evangelical, to undertake the prosecution, and he was offered £10,000 to defray his costs; but he refused the proposal with indignation. However, the suit went on, with a Mr. Ernest de Lacy Read as the principal prosecutor.

The charges, which were eight in number, dealt with the use of the Mixed Chalice, the Ablutions, Mixture during the service, the Eastward Position, the *Agnus Dei*, Altar Lights, and the Sign of the Cross.<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that three of these matters were among the Six Points\*, upon which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had passed an adverse verdict in 1871; so that, from the Protestant point of view, the auspices were favourable. The Church Association, however, could hardly have selected a less suitable victim for their new operations. Edward King was a man whose saintliness at once impressed itself upon all with whom he came in contact. He had carried with him from Oxford and Cuddesdon the affection of a host of admirers. Short as had been his residence at Lincoln, he had endeared himself to all sorts of different people; to the fox-hunters who found that he had a good eye for a horse; to the farmers with whom he discoursed knowledgeably about crops; to the masons who were putting the Old Palace in order; to the prisoners whom he visited in Lincoln Gaol; even to the Methodists who came to listen to his sermons and punctuated them with cries of 'Hallelujah' and 'Praise the Lord'; and, needless to say, to his clergy of every shade of opinion. The gentlemen of the Church Association, however, with more courage than strategy, duly lodged their petition, which was founded upon

\*See Part I, page 141.

an almost forgotten precedent of 1695, when a Bishop of St. David's was charged with simony.

Dr. Benson, who had succeeded Archbishop Tait at Canterbury, was put in a position of undeniable difficulty. If he consented to try the case, the secular courts might restrain him; if he declined, they might compel him. If he tried the Bishop and found him guilty, the scandal and division in the Church would be great; if he acquitted him, there would certainly be an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and if the Judicial Committee upset his verdict, there was not the least doubt that the Bishop, with a formidable following, would refuse to acknowledge the jurisdiction of a purely secular court. And what would happen then? The bother that had arisen over the imprisonment of a few parish priests would be trifling compared with the bother that would arise over the incarceration of the saintly Bishop of Lincoln.

Halifax, as President of the English Church Union and as a personal friend of King's, was in the thick of the conflict from the outset. There is no evidence of where and when his acquaintance with King began, but the two men must frequently have met and conferred over the affairs of the Church when King was at Oxford, and still a member of the English Church Union. In September 1887, when Halifax was staying at Hoar Cross with his sister, King arrived and preached in Mrs. Meynell Ingram's church of the Holy Angels; and in the following January Halifax took his son Francis to Lincoln to be confirmed. It was of this visit that he wrote some months later, when appealing to the members of the English Church Union to provide an east window and furniture for the altar in the Bishop's chapel.

The occasion was a Confirmation in the Cathedral, of which I will only say that it is the first time I have ever been present at a service performed in an English Cathedral, by an English bishop,

when I have felt, ‘This is, indeed, what one has imagined to oneself. This is what such a service should be.’

Certainly I shall never forget the Bishop sitting before the altar that day, or the words that he spoke. It was as if St. Hugh had come back to his own church in the person of his latest successor, and was inspiring a sense of trust and confidence in the future, and of ideals realized and satisfied, the recollection of which even at this distance is a source of the deepest joy and thankfulness.<sup>2</sup>

The Archbishop began by declining the jurisdiction imputed to him, whereupon the petitioners appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who found in favour of his jurisdiction, while refusing to express an opinion as to whether or not he might use his discretion about exercising it. This really handed the ball back to the Archbishop; and Dr. Benson, on the advice of his lawyers and the particular counsel of the Dean of Windsor (Dr. Randall Davidson), decided upon a trial. It was said that he rather relished the task, in spite of its obvious dangers. Unlike his predecessor, Dr. Tait, he had High Church affinities. He was a man of graceful and artistic tastes, to whom the aesthetics of religion made a strong appeal. He liked ceremonial, provided of course that it had no particular significance; he even took a delight in improvising harmless ceremonies for particular occasions. When his appointment to Canterbury was announced, Liddon rather unkindly remarked that

If St. Mary of Bethany had offered, instead of an alabaster box of ointment, very precious, an ornamental jar of scented pomatum, her gift would no doubt have been accepted, but our joy in the giver would have been less complete.<sup>3</sup>

So, Mr. G. W. E. Russell wrote,

The delightful prospect of presiding over an ecclesiastical pageant, with all the attendant ‘pomp and circumstance’ of legal and religious millinery—scarlet robes and silver maces and full-

bottomed wigs—of sitting in the Chair of St. Augustine, surrounded by comprovincial prelates, and solemnly passing judgment on the successor of St. Hugh, proved fatally attractive.<sup>4</sup>

Undeniably it was attractive, even if it was a little dangerous, and if there was a chance that others, besides Liddon, might have a queer vision of a jar of pomatum sitting in judgment on an alabaster box of ointment. ‘What a pit the Archbishop has dug for himself (lamented Halifax to his sister Emily). *De l’audace et toujours de l’audace* was the only safe course for him, and it is just the quality he has not shown.’<sup>5</sup> To many, however, it seemed that Benson had chosen the bolder and more dangerous course; and a day was to come when even Halifax would change his mind.

The prospect of a trial filled the Anglo-Catholics and many others, not usually of their opinion, with grave apprehensions. Now that the Archbishop had accepted jurisdiction, would he consider himself bound by the previous decisions of the Judicial Committee? And if he did not, and found substantially for the Bishop, and Mr. Read and his friends appealed, as was known to be their intention, could the Judicial Committee turn a blind eye on its earlier findings? As a matter of fact, under the prompting of Dr. Randall Davidson, the Archbishop acted with the greatest prudence. It has been stated—though on doubtful authority—that, before consenting to try the case, he received an assurance from the Lord Chancellor that his judgment, whatever it might be, would be upheld on appeal.<sup>5</sup> However this may have been, he proceeded to take the utmost pains, by enquiring into liturgical history, to arrive at a proper decision; and he was determined completely to ignore the earlier and confused judgments of the Judicial Committee.

Nevertheless Halifax was exceedingly angry with him for holding the trial at all.

I ask myself [he told the members of the English Church Union]

how it was that the Metropolitan of All England did not indignantly refuse, whatever might be the consequences to himself, to listen to any charges brought by such men against a Bishop of the Church, and such a Bishop as the Bishop of Lincoln.<sup>6</sup>

In other words, the Archbishop should have dismissed the petitioners with the proverbial flea in ear; but prelates, as Halifax had discovered long ago, and was to go on discovering until his life's end, were disappointing people who unaccountably refused to live up to their high calling.

Since trial there must be, Halifax placed himself and the Union unreservedly behind the Bishop, whose Counsel were Sir Walter Phillimore and Mr. Jeune.\* Phillimore, besides being an old friend of Halifax, was for many years a Vice-president of the Union, and was to follow Halifax for a short period as its President; so that his inclinations coincided most happily with his brief.

After consultation with his lawyers and friends, King decided to protest against the hearing of the case in the Archbishop's Court, his contention being that he was entitled to be tried by his compatriots in the Province of Canterbury, and by none other. The Archbishop dismissed this protest, and King, on the advice of Halifax, resolved to yield the point to the extent of making an appearance, though still under protest. In all these preliminaries Halifax was continually called into council and even endeavoured—quite fruitlessly—to obtain from the diplomatic Dean of Windsor some inkling of what was in the Archbishop's mind. He was in Madeira with Charlie when, on February 4th, 1890, the actual trial began, but followed its course with anxious interest. It was conducted with the greatest solemnity, doubtless to the delectation of the Archbishop, but not to that of Bishop Stubbs, who amused himself during the long arguments by composing ribald rhymes and repeating to

\* Afterwards Lord St. Helier.

himself, *sotto voce*, ‘It is not a Court; it is an Archbishop sitting in his library.’<sup>7</sup>

Judgment, which had been reserved, was delivered on November 21st, accompanied by a ceremonial which had been personally devised by the Archbishop.<sup>8</sup> The gist of the verdict was tersely expressed in the telegram sent by Sir Walter Phillimore to King himself:

*Mistio in media celebratione signum crucis prohibita. Populus debet videre actus manuales. Omnia alia pro te. In necessariis victoria.*<sup>9</sup>

The decision was against the Bishop on two of the lesser charges, that is the Mixture during the service and the use of the Sign of the Cross; and it was laid down that the Manual Acts must be visible to ‘the Communicants properly placed.’ On the other five charges—two of which were among the Six Points—the Archbishop decided absolutely in the Bishop’s favour.

I must write one line [wrote Halifax to King from Madeira] to say with what relief I have read the Archbishop’s Judgment, besides everything else, because of the good hope it holds out of peace, and the importance of its whole tenour, in an historical and theological point of view.

There is one thing that makes me specially happy—it is that, whatever else may come now, all those difficulties which might have been most serious are removed out of your Lordship’s way. *In exitu Israel*, and *Non nobis, Domine*, express what I feel.

I am satisfied that, if there is an appeal to the P.C., our line is clear—not to appear, but to let the Archbishop’s Judgment stand on its merits. It will never be reversed—of that I feel sure.<sup>10</sup>

And in this he was proved right. The petitioners of course appealed, but the Judicial Committee confirmed the Archbishop’s decision. Neither King nor the English Church Union would have anything to do with the Appeal which, in the unlikely event of an unfavourable verdict, they were determined

to ignore as the trespass of a secular Court upon spiritual territory.

So once more the Church Association, like Haman, had prepared for its adversary a gallows, to be itself suspended upon it. Not only had the Bishop of Lincoln escaped practically unscathed, but the earlier judgments of the Privy Council had been roughly shaken, and two out of the Six Points had been established beyond the risk of further attack. At the lowest estimate, it would be impossible in future, with any hope of success, to prosecute a priest for the use of Altar Lights and the Mixed Chalice. Nor was the importance of the judgment diminished by the firm refusal of Anglo-Catholics, then or since, to admit that the Archbishop's Court had any canonical authority. In fact they may be said to have taken the cash and the credit too, for besides securing immunity in the future from attacks on the practices which the judgment allowed, they quietly ignored the Archbishop's prohibitions, though Bishop King himself was scrupulous in observing them. Mixture during the Service and the sign of the Cross continued to be and are to-day in use in many of the more moderate as well as in the more extreme churches.

For Halifax the trial had a happy sequel in March of the following year, when he took his daughter Agnes to Lincoln to be confirmed.

The Confirmation was in the Bishop's private chapel [he wrote to Mrs. Meynell Ingram]. I was glad it was not in the Cathedral, but somehow the least little thing upsets me now, as it used not to do. It was not so much the thought and recollection of Francis when we took him also to Lincoln, as that anything which moves me brings the past back with a rush, and makes me incapable for the moment of saying anything to anybody. The Bishop was most kind, as he always is, and each time one is brought into contact with him one feels with greater force than before what it is to

know and be on terms with such a person. His address was most touching, and Edward was so much moved that he said to someone, who was there as he came out of the chapel, ‘Was not the Bishop beautiful? Did he not look kind, and did he not say it beautifully?’ And then asked Agnes if she thought, if he was good, he might be confirmed some day like that too.<sup>10</sup>

### *III. Lux Mundi*

It will be remembered that, within a few days of Pusey's death, Halifax had thrown himself energetically into the schemes for an adequate memorial, and that, in a letter to Liddon, written on September 19th, 1882, we have what is probably the first hint of the form which that memorial was to take. Liddon, of course, was the prime mover in the work, but Halifax, Beauchamp, Walter Phillimore, and—of the younger men—Canon Scott Holland and Dr. Talbot, the Warden of Keble, were all engaged in it. The memorial was to take the form of a Library, with an endowment to subsidise research and to provide Oxford with theologians of competence and orthodoxy and the undergraduates with friendly advisers.

A little more than two years after Pusey's death, Pusey House—the 'Puseum,' as Bishop King called it—was opened. Its official title being the Dr. Pusey Memorial Library, the priests attached to it were styled Librarians; and the first Principal Librarian was Charles Gore, an appointment which at the outset pleased almost everybody.

The Pusey House is getting on quite admirably [Halifax wrote on October 22nd, 1885, to Mrs. Meynell Ingram], and everyone agrees is doing a really good work, one which indeed surpasses all expectations, among the undergraduates and younger fellows and students of colleges. Charles Gore is certainly one of the most delightful people possible and he and Coles\* together are an admirable conjunction for the purpose of the House.<sup>1</sup>

\*The Rev. V. S. S. Coles, one of the other Librarians.

Nevertheless there were a few doubters. Gore had already aroused alarm in the breasts of the more old-fashioned Tractarians by his profession of Radical sympathies and his attitude towards science and Biblical criticism. To-day the most blameless of bishops may entertain Trade Union leaders or declare from the pulpit that there is no inherent inconsistency between evolution and the Christian faith; in the 'eighties it was otherwise, and even as early as 1883, when Gore took up his duties at Pusey House, there were some murmurs of apprehension. They continued intermittently for some years, until at the end of 1889 they swelled into a positive roar of consternation on the appearance of *Lux Mundi*. The object of this book, the work of a group of young Oxford men of whom Gore was the outstanding figure, was 'to try to put the Catholic faith into its right relation to modern intellectual and moral problems,'<sup>2</sup> an operation, on the face of it, not so very different from 'such a restatement of portions of the evidences of Christianity as shall meet the needs of the modern world of thought'<sup>3</sup>—to quote from the official description of the purpose of Pusey House. It became apparent, however, that different minds might attach very different meanings to the terms in question. The offence of *Lux Mundi* lay chiefly in the chapter contributed by Gore himself, more particularly in certain passages suggesting that some of the narratives of the Old Testament were to be regarded as allegorical rather than historical, and in others hinting at a limitation, self-imposed, in the knowledge which our Lord possessed in His human nature.

Rumours of the contents of *Lux Mundi* preceded publication. About a month before the appearance of the book, they reached the ears of Liddon, dining in Oxford. 'In Hall sat next to — [he wrote in his diary] . . . He says that it is reported that Gore's Essay in the forthcoming volume of "Studies" will make great concessions to the Germans.'<sup>4</sup>

Liddon was seriously disturbed. For long years he had been Aeneas to Pusey's Anchises; and now, when Pusey was in his grave, Liddon was his acknowledged heir, his biographer, and the guardian of his teaching. Liddon spoke of his fears to Dr. Paget, who at once communicated them to Gore; and the offending pages, hurriedly despatched to Amen Court, confirmed all Liddon's apprehensions. That such opinions, running counter to Pusey's lifelong teaching, should be published by a clergyman was bad enough; that the author was an Anglo-Catholic was worse; but that he was actually the Principal Librarian of Pusey House was almost unbearable. Apart from the prejudice to Pusey's name and fame, it was a dreadful thought to Liddon that he and his friends had been begging donations on what now appeared to be false pretences.

When I was spending those delightful weeks with you in September [he wrote to Mrs. Meynell Ingram], you asked me more than once whether I had entire confidence in all the teaching of my dear friend Mr. Gore of the Pusey House. I told you, and with entire good faith at the time, that I had; but he appeared to me to have kept clear of the forms of thought and opinion which characterized others whom I named. And on the strength of what I said, you made your most generous gift to the Pusey House of £500. Since then, to my great sorrow, I have found that I spoke too confidently. A book is on the point of coming out, called *Lux Mundi*, at pp. 351-362 of which is a passage that appears to me to be inconsistent with serious belief in the trustworthiness of Holy Scripture, for various reasons on which I must not now dwell. But it has been a greater matter of regret to me than I can well put into words, that so excellent and able a man as Mr. Gore is should have written it; and I feel that I owe you a reparation—so far as a reparation is possible—by saying at once that, had I thought it were remotely probable that anything of the kind would have proceeded from such a quarter, I could not have spoken to you as confidently as I did.<sup>5</sup>

He concluded by asking to be allowed to refund the donation to Mrs. Meynell Ingram, a request which she of course declined.

The book was published, and the commotion it caused exceeded all expectations, the controversy filling the religious press for many weeks and overflowing into the secular papers. Liddon was torn between his affection for Gore and his dread of anything that might lead others into heresy, his unwillingness to take any action which might open a chasm in the Catholic party and his veneration of Pusey's memory. He blamed himself bitterly for his failure to perceive the trend of Gore's teaching before recommending him for the post of Principal Librarian.

I knew and loved his general character [he wrote to Halifax], I knew that he was sound about the Incarnation and the Sacraments and I did not suspect that he had constructed a private kennel for liberalising ideas in Theology within the precincts of the Old Testament and as much of the New Testament as bears upon it.<sup>6</sup>

For some time he hoped that Gore might be persuaded to withdraw, or at least to modify, the offending passages; but Gore was not a man who lightly withdrew or easily modified any opinion he had once expressed, and although he added some explanations to later editions of the book, they did little to meet the objections. It is said that, during the heat of the dispute, a visitor, lunching one Sunday with Liddon in Amen Court, was rash enough to ask his host's opinion of *Lux Mundi* at the moment when Liddon was about to carve the Sunday joint; whereupon Liddon, knife and fork in hand, spoke his mind for twenty minutes, while the gravy congealed and the joint was ruined.

Gore, who had gone on a visit to India, wrote from Calcutta in March 1890 offering his resignation of the post of Principal Librarian; but he was persuaded not to insist upon a course which would have placed the governors of Pusey House in the

invidious position of being compelled to deliver a verdict for or against *Lux Mundi*.

It has been suggested that Halifax, from his association with the more Liberal school of Roman Catholic theologians on the Continent, did not share Liddon's dismay over Gore's essay.<sup>7</sup> Such a view is certainly mistaken, and though it is true that the voluminous correspondence in the Hickleton Papers contains very few references to *Lux Mundi*, those that there are suggest the usual complete agreement between Halifax and Liddon. The truth is that the stir about the book occurred at a time when Halifax was in desperate anxiety over Charlie's health, and that during the early months of 1890, when the controversy was at its fiercest, he and his family were in Madeira.

On January 12th his much-loved uncle, Francis Grey, wrote to him sorrowfully:

I have got *Lux Mundi*, and have read Charles Gore on Inspiration. The first part very useful, but the last most mischievous. How a man like him can persuade himself that Jonah and Daniel are mythical characters and not historical I can't conceive:—and how he gets over the passage in Ezekiel xiv, 14–22, I don't know. He would say, I suppose, that the Prophet mentions these three not as historical men, but merely as types and figures of good men. On this principle most of the Old Testament may be explained away.<sup>8</sup>

Like you I have been reading *Lux Mundi* [Halifax replied from Madeira on January 27th] which I find very difficult to understand. There is much in it, so far as I comprehend what I read, that I think very useful—some things, alas, very much the reverse, especially in Gore's Essay. But I am so fond of him, and feel it is so easy to misunderstand and to make mischief, that I hold my tongue on the subject.<sup>9</sup>

The scarcity of further allusions to the book in his letters may be taken to indicate that he kept his resolution. Nor has any

reply survived to a letter from Gore himself, written on April 11th.

It was an immense pleasure to get your letter and to have at least a more hopeful account of Charlie. You and he have indeed never been many days out of my thoughts, especially at the Altar....

On the whole we got favourable impressions of Mission work in India. Certainly the work of *our* Mission\* is consolidating and strengthening. The chief mistake that impressed itself on us in Mission work as a whole is the mistake of diffusing our forces too much instead of strengthening them at points where there is a real movement towards Christianity. I was about 8 weeks with the Mission and a week at Government House, where I was amused, if not instructed. The chief excitement there lately, as I learn by letter, has been to watch the Chinese envoy endeavouring to get through his state dinners. He got through it all with credit except the big French asparagus. For this, first he tried to retain the tongs as a weapon of defence against the vegetable, and when it was explained to him that this was wrong, he seized the 'grasses' by the tip and proceeded to devour them with perfect gravity from the stump upwards....

What to say about 'Lux' I hardly know. Liddon is personally angelic to me, but I do feel that he has made the position unnecessarily difficult. The only thing that affects my own *conscience* is the feeling of having allowed myself to be misunderstood in the sense of admitting that 'our Lord could be *fallible*'. I cannot conceive hesitating to accept as Divine Truth anything on any subject matter that our Lord taught. There is every difference between a limitation of the human knowledge, motived by love and controlled by His own will, which accepted it, and fallibility. Limitation of knowledge, voluntarily accepted, seems to me to account for this, leaving all natural science and literary knowledge also, untouched. Then I do not myself think that while our Lord teaches the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament, His

\*The Oxford Mission to Calcutta.

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\*The Oxford Mission to Calcutta.

words easily, or I should say fairly, admit of being regarded as positive teaching on literary questions about the Old Testament...

The thing that I most wish and believe is that supposing our line were a mistake, which of course I do not think, it is simply a mistake as to what the Catholic Faith admits of. I am sure we all are rooted on that, and ready *honestly* to be controlled by that.

Forgive me, a thousand times over forgive me, the trouble I have caused you all.<sup>10</sup>

When Halifax returned to England in June, there was an attempt to enlist his services in preventing Gore's resignation. J. A. Shaw Stewart, a Vice-president of the English Church Union, sent him on June 25th a long and pacific letter from Henry Wakeman, in which the latter expressed the view that any difficulty in the way of averting the kind of open rupture which everyone dreaded would come from Liddon and not from Gore.

I have said to him [wrote Shaw Stewart] that if you, as Liddon's best friend, and Wakeman as Gore's ditto, could bring Liddon and Gore together in this matter—I know of no others so likely to succeed. It is worthy of a great effort.<sup>11</sup>

But Halifax was deeply preoccupied with Charlie, Liddon—though he knew it not—was a dying man, the Bishop of Oxford enjoined silence, the governors of Pusey House kept it, and the offer of resignation was never made public. Gore stayed at Pusey House, *Lux Mundi* continued to devastate ecclesiastical circles, and Halifax, in his official capacity at any rate, maintained his resolution to 'hold my tongue on the subject.' After all, if it was undesirable for the governors of Pusey House to pronounce upon the book, it was equally undesirable for the President of the English Church Union to do so.

Such was probably Halifax's view, but it was by no means the unanimous opinion of his Council. There was a disposition on the part of some people to treat the Union as though it were

a General Council of the Church, from which authoritative declarations upon doctrine might reasonably be expected. It mattered little that such a task was scarcely covered by the specified objects of the Union; or that the Council, through whom such declarations must be made, might not, at any given moment, be particularly well qualified for the task; or that declarations of this nature, so far from promoting the unity either of the Church or of the Anglo-Catholics, might have the contrary effect. With fiery souls like Archdeacon Denison such arguments had little weight; and it was that scarred hero of a hundred pitched battles who brought the issue of *Lux Mundi* to a head in the Union. After brooding angrily over the book for two years he launched his attack, spurred into action by the further provocation of the Bampton Lectures of 1891, which were delivered by Gore. At a special meeting of the Council held on May 11th, 1892, he moved a general resolution against the 'New Criticism.' Although he forebore to specify any particular publication or utterance, he made his target pretty plain. But to make it even clearer, the Rev. E. G. Wood of St. Clement's, Cambridge, who was to show himself in the future one of the most useful and at the same time one of the most refractory members of Halifax's Council, moved an amendment in which he named *Lux Mundi* as the principal cause of offence. His amendment was lost by an overwhelming majority, and another, proposed by Shaw Stewart and affirming that 'the questions which are supposed to be raised by the "New Criticism" are not such as can be discussed under present circumstances by such a body as the Union'<sup>12</sup>, was carried by 36 votes to 14. Whereupon the Archdeacon and his seconder, the Rev. Berdmore Compton,\* resigned from the Union.

A month later, at the Annual Meeting, the Archdeacon's party returned to the charge with a new amendment. Halifax

\*Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street.

dealt decisively with it and them in his Address. After paying a warm tribute to the Archdeacon, he said:

I am not going to discuss the New Criticism, or *Lux Mundi*, or Mr. Gore's Bampton Lectures, which induced the Archdeacon to bring forward his Resolution. Theological statements, if erroneous, can only be met in one of two ways—either by authority, as when the Church condemns, or argumentatively, as when they are refuted. The Convocation of Canterbury has already declined to adopt Resolutions on the subject proposed by the Archdeacon. The Council of the Union has certainly no authority to condemn, and however competent individual members of that body may be to discuss theology, neither the Council of the Union, nor the Union at large, are bodies adapted for the discussion of intricate and confessedly difficult questions of pure theology.<sup>13</sup>

The amendment, which referred back to the Council the Annual Report, on the ground that it made no mention of the Archdeacon's resignation, was defeated by a large majority, and *Lux Mundi* remained unjudged.

But if Halifax was not prepared to allow the organisation which had done so much to preserve the Catholic party from Protestant attacks to be rent by internal dissension, he never quite forgave Gore for *Lux Mundi*. It was not merely that the book had saddened the last year of Liddon's life, and that Liddon had been his greatest friend; it was also that it had revealed in Gore a strain which Halifax never ceased to regard with suspicion. 'The longer I live,' he wrote to Canon Lacey in 1922, 'the more right I think Liddon was about *Lux Mundi*'.<sup>14</sup> Halifax and Gore had a real affection for each other. For forty years circumstances compelled their co-operation on almost every ecclesiastical question that arose. Yet they appeared to have an almost inexhaustible capacity for mutual exasperation. Both were men of strong opinion and personality who seemed fated by mind and temperament to disagree. The very fact that they

were allies and not opponents aggravated their differences, since there are some actions which, though tolerable in an enemy from whom nothing is expected, are almost insupportable in a friend. ‘Gore is so near being quite good,’ Halifax wrote to Athelstan Riley in 1903, ‘that when he falls short of what one feels he ought to be it hurts the more.’<sup>15</sup> Worse still, an opponent can only attack you, but an ally can compromise you; and in all their long association neither Halifax nor Gore was ever quite certain that the other was not about to spread alarm and confusion in the camp. As they grew older, their incompatibility grew rather than diminished; and when Gore passed successively to the sees of Worcester, Birmingham, and Oxford, he not infrequently appeared in correspondence under the designation of ‘that Bishop’—a certain sign of Halifax’s high displeasure.

Great as was this capacity for mutual exasperation, an underlying regard enabled their friendship to survive recurring outbursts of expostulation.

You sometimes puzzle me [wrote Gore, when Bishop of Worcester]. You seem to forget that if I (or others) annoy you, you annoy me! It has grieved me to the very soul to see the Catholic Party taking what I think on many occasions a disastrous line under your leadership.

All I mean is this: we agree often and always on the most important things: we do not agree always on other things: when we disagree it may be our respective duties to chastise one another in public or private. But let us write as if the other was doing his best to act wisely, conscientiously and bravely. I am in fact.<sup>16</sup>

Friends they were, and friends, despite the violence of their disagreements, they remained. While Gore, on his side, was disposed to emphasise the practical obstacles to the Reunion of Christendom, on which Halifax’s heart was set, Halifax, on his, had no sympathy with the two great objects to which Gore

gave his life—the reinterpretation of belief in terms of modern thought and the application of Christian teaching to social problems. He disliked Gore's Liberal Catholicism, which he suspected of being first cousin to Modernism, and all the Whig in him detested Gore's Radicalism, which he considered to be practically indistinguishable from Socialism. On the theological ground Halifax was not altogether just to Gore, whose feet were firmly planted in the central dogmas of the Catholic religion, even when his pen was sailing over oceans of adventurous speculation. Nor did he make allowance for the multitude of younger people who drew inspiration from Gore and would have been cold to the claims of a more authoritarian teaching.

As for Gore's Radicalism, that to Halifax was another proof of the man's 'crankiness,' a manifestation less alarming than, though often quite as irritating as, his Liberal Catholicism. Not that Halifax himself was in the least deficient in sympathy with misfortune. His generosity was astounding and often extravagant. He would put himself to any pains to help one of his own people who was in sickness or trouble. His letters are almost as full of their affairs as they are of those of his own family. Indeed, he treated them as though they were his family.

One gloomy winter Sunday afternoon a friend sat before a roaring fire in the drawing-room at Hickleton. Outside the rain fell in torrents and a bleak wind blew from the east. It was such a day as sometimes descends upon this country in January, incredibly bitter and fierce. Lord Halifax had disappeared since lunch-time and the guest was alone. Lord Halifax was late for tea, and only by chance did the guest learn what had occupied him that afternoon. An old tenant, dying with cancer, was lying in his room—in a cottage four miles away. After lunch Lord Halifax had gone out into the cold rain, walked to the cottage and had read aloud to the sick man the chapters of a favourite book. He was cold and drenched to the skin when he returned, but he did not even mention that he had been out of doors.<sup>17</sup>

Such acts with him were a matter of course. But if, in one sense, they sprang from a Christian charity, not from a flaming sense of social justice such as burned in Gore, in another they were the mark not of the social reformer but of the Whig and the feudalist, as punctilious of his obligations as he was tenacious of his privileges. When industrial troubles occurred, or the rights of property were called in question, Halifax would often take a stiff view of the dispute. Strikers, like poachers, must be taught their place in the social scheme. He had a consuming interest in men as individuals, as souls to be saved or as bodies to be succoured; but collectively they were another matter. The modern tendency of thinking in the mass was thoroughly distasteful to him. Deeply as he deplored the spiritual lapses of society, he was quite satisfied with the social structure as it stood; not because he happened to have been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, but because he felt that the things of this world did not signify very much. It is impossible to understand his point of view on contemporary questions unless it is borne in mind that his sense of values was utterly different from that of the social reformer, who, he felt, was giving his time and energy to subjects which were of only secondary importance. One Sunday evening in London he was entertaining some friends to dinner at his house in Eaton Square. Among them were Gore and G. W. E. Russell, another Radical Catholic. Halifax was at the head of the table, and they were on either side of him; and presently, talking across him, they were deep in discussion of some industrial problem. Halifax listened to them with growing impatience. There were, he considered, other subjects of vastly greater significance than a strike or a lockout, and at last he could contain himself no longer. 'My dear Gore,' he broke out, 'I cannot think why you are so interested in a world which you know is all going to be burnt up.'

## *IV. Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*

'The Oxford Movement and the great Church revival which it initiated will have failed if we do not keep steadily before our eyes the miseries of a divided Christendom.'—**LORD HALIFAX.**

**H**alifax's long Presidency of the English Church Union may be roughly separated into two periods. During the first, between 1868, the year of his election, and 1890, his time and energies were chiefly engaged in the tasks of repelling the prosecutions which preceded and accompanied the Public Worship Regulation Act, and of resisting Modernist attempts to dilute Catholic teaching in the Church of England. After 1890 these dangers, though still making recurrent demands upon his attention, were less pressing. Members of the Church Association might furiously rage, the bishops take council together, and the Modernists imagine a vain thing; but although they could embarrass, it was no longer in their power to paralyse, the Catholic Movement. After 1890, therefore, Halifax's mind turned more and more to the need for Christian unity, and it is with the efforts which he made to end the schism of Western Christendom that posterity will chiefly associate his name.

In 1890 we are on the threshold of his first adventure on behalf of Reunion. It was no new interest with him. We learn from William Johnson's Diary how a boy of nineteen walked his old tutor among the woods which ran down to the Don valley and through a winter afternoon poured into an unsympathetic ear his thoughts on the restoration of an undivided

Church.\* Ten years later, when invited to be President of the English Church Union, Charles Wood (as he then was) told his father that 'to see the Church of England what it should be, and ultimately to see the reunion of Christendom, exhausts every possible ambition that I can picture to myself.'† There was an early correspondence with Père Doussot, the Dominican of Santa Sabina.‡ There were numerous journeys abroad, when he heard Mass in Roman Catholic churches. There was his unbounded admiration for *John Inglesant*, a speech or two on unity itself and, in 1883, a joint meeting with Roman Catholics and Evangelicals in opposition to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Finally there was his visit to Cardinal Newman in 1884.§

Such incidents may not be held to amount to much, but they show the trend of his thoughts. Indeed the subject of Reunion was one which, as he was to write some years later, 'ever since the publication of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and indeed before, had been nearest to my heart.'<sup>1</sup> It could hardly have been otherwise. The corporate Reunion of the Church of England with that of Rome has become, by force of circumstances almost more than by active aspiration, the objective of the Oxford Movement.

In a sense it was the resumption of an historic task, more than once attempted, but for long abandoned. As early as 1632, during the reign of Charles I and the primacy of Laud, there were private and encouraging communications between men of influence in both Churches. The domestic troubles of the monarchy brought them to nothing, but after the Restoration negotiations were re-opened in circumstances of less promise and greater secrecy. At one time it appeared that the Pope might be willing for Reunion on the basis of a Uniate Church of England; but it is doubtful whether Charles II was aware of the

\*Part I, p. 61.

†Part I, p. 145.

‡Part I, pp. 127-8.

§Part I, p. 259.

proposition, if anything so definite as a proposition may be said to have been made, and it is certain that the bishops were not. It might be supposed that, after the Revolution of 1689, Reunion would have vanished from practical politics, but in 1713 Archbishop Wake, a central churchman, entered into a two years' correspondence with certain of the Gallican party in the French Church. A notable approach towards agreement was reached by Wake and Du Pin, a leading French theologian, before ultramontanism triumphed in France and the correspondence was broken off.

At the outset of the Oxford Movement, the Tractarians, partly no doubt in their eagerness to rebut the charge of disloyalty, had shown suspicion and hostility towards Rome. The Caroline divines, rather than the pre-Reformation Church, represented the pattern they sought to re-create. Nor, for many years, were the times propitious to a change of design. The bitterness aroused by the early secessions, the establishment in England of a Roman hierarchy in which for the first time the bishops bore the titles of their sees, and above all the proclamation of Papal Infallibility in 1870 were profoundly discouraging events. It seemed that with every step that the Church of England advanced, the Church of Rome receded. Yet an affinity stronger than any event, and proof against any discouragement, drew the Anglo-Catholics on. Romans and High Anglicans, whether they liked it or not, were defending different bastions of the same fortress, under siege by the same enemy. Liberalism was making them allies if not bedfellows. In 1857 the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, containing members of both Communions, was founded and began to enjoy a transient prosperity. In 1865 Dr. Pusey published his *Eirenicon*, and in 1867 Gerard Francis Cobb his *The Kiss of Peace*, for its time a remarkable overture, in which appeared what is probably the first suggestion of friendly discussions be-

tween Romans and Anglicans. Dr. Forbes's book on the Articles, which was particularly addressed to English Roman Catholics, appeared in 1868; but in the following years tentative approaches, exchanges of letters, and informal conversations, regarded with equal suspicion by Cardinal Manning and the Protestants, ended in the condemnation by authority of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom.

After 1870 the Anglo-Catholics were for awhile fully occupied with their own troubles, and especially with the attacks which culminated in the Public Worship Regulation Act; and at a time when they were hard put to it to maintain the positions which they had won, they were in no good case to enlarge their own liabilities and the assets of their Protestant opponents. The breakdown of the Act freed them for a further advance, and while the affair of Leo XIII and Anglican Orders arose out of something which had the appearance of an accident, an overture for Reunion was a natural, if not an inevitable, milestone in the Catholic Movement.

The 'accident' took place during the early months of 1890, when, in consequence of the illness of his eldest son, Halifax was in Madeira with his family for the winter. He happened one day to visit the House of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, where he met the Abbé Portal, a Lazarist who had been sent by his Society to the island for his health.

Etienne Fernand Portal was then a man of thirty-four. He was a disciple of Dupanloup, the great French reforming bishop, who many years before had talked with Pusey himself about the need and possibility of Reunion. Already in 1890 Portal had made a name among those who were fostering the intellectual revival in the French Church. His closest associations were with the Liberals or, as they came later to be known, the 'Modernists' in the Church, terms which, across the Channel, had a con-

notation slightly different from that familiar to this country. Unlike some of his friends, however, his theological opinions never brought upon him the official censure of authority.

In Portal Halifax at once discovered a sympathetic companion. His charm, his gaiety, his infectious laugh, his enthusiasm, and above all his spiritual zeal impressed themselves upon all who met him. Like Halifax, he had a mind which minimised practical difficulties by comparison with ultimate ends, a characteristic which was the strength, as well as the weakness, of both men. 'That accidental meeting,' wrote Halifax, 'was the beginning of an intimacy which has given me a friend such as few men possess.'<sup>2</sup>

The friendship was encouraged by Portal's superiors, in the hope, Halifax believed, that it might lead to his submission to the Roman Church, and with results that were very different from these expectations. Portal became his frequent companion on those walks in the hills which were the chief distraction of that sad winter; and it was only natural that the conversation should turn to those subjects on which both men felt most deeply. Halifax discovered that his new friend was lamentably ignorant of the history and teaching of the Church of England, which to Portal, as to most Continental Catholics, was just another Protestant sect. Halifax lent him a Latin edition of the Prayer Book, expounded the Articles of Religion and drew attention to the points of similarity between the Roman and Anglican liturgies. Portal was surprised and interested. Presently the talks gravitated towards the question of Reunion, to the evils of a divided Church, and to Our Lord's will as expressed in His High-Priestly prayer in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Could nothing be done to mend the breach? 'Did not,' said Halifax, 'the whole state of the world and of the Church cry out for such an endeavour?'<sup>3</sup> Portal agreed that it did; and in the course of further conversations it seemed to both

men that the likeliest point of contact was to be found in a consideration of the English Ordinal.

There for the time the matter rested. The Abbé left Madeira for Italy in May. Halifax returned to England in June, to be immersed in a sea of domestic troubles—the deaths of Charlie and Liddon, and the serious illness of Lady Halifax. Nevertheless he and Portal corresponded regularly, and Halifax, according to his gracious and lifelong habit with his friends, occasionally sent him books, among them a defence of the Anglican Orders by the Rev. Aubrey Moore and Khomiakoff's *L'Eglise Latine et le Protestantisme*, a work which was to have a profound influence over Portal's interests in later years.

Out of these apparently fortuitous beginnings the Reunion movement of the 'nineties arose. Halifax has told the whole story of it in his admirable book *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*, in which he included most of the relevant correspondence. This chapter therefore will be little more than a recapitulation of the principal events. A few letters, which were either not available or not thought publishable at the time when Halifax wrote his book, will be given; and since it is possible that he presumed in his readers a greater knowledge of French than they possessed, quotations from *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders* have all been rendered into English.

Halifax and Portal did not meet again until August 1891, when the former was staying at Roscoff in Brittany with his family and Lady Beauchamp and her children. The Abbé joined them for a week, during which they made a few expeditions, though Portal complained of an 'unsubdued stomach'<sup>4</sup>, which restricted his activities.

I remember now [wrote Halifax] his astonishment at the number of handbags and loose parcels we had with us [when Portal saw the others off at St. Malo], and the shade of something more than astonishment at the noise the children (Lady Agnes and Lady Maud Lygon, and my son Edward) made in the train.<sup>5</sup>

Two further meetings took place in the summer of 1892. Halifax visited Portal at the Seminary at Cahors, which 'reminded me very much of Keble College'. There were long walks and talks, plenty of sightseeing, and a few encounters with prominent ecclesiastics.

After dinner yesterday and our usual talk in the garden [Halifax wrote to his wife] I was carried off to pay my respects to the Bishop. He was most gracious, showed me his chapel, and is coming to have coffee here to-day as a return visit. . . .

From the Bishop we went to the Hospice, which we went over from top to bottom, seeing the cows, the rabbits, the chickens, the linen room, the sick and the soldiers—in short everything. It was like the Hospice at Madeira, only much larger. Then we had tea with Monsieur and Madame de Lafaurie, and from there I was carried off to the house of a Curé whose parish the Abbé [Portal] is looking after during the Curé's illness. The Curé was upstairs in bed and supposed to be nearly dying—but that did not prevent visitors going up to see him, or all the details of his illness (Bright's disease) being discussed, with the greatest openness. His sister, Madame de Follemont, who is devoted to him, was, despite her anxiety, most amusing, and I was taken up after a bit to see the Curé and we all sat round his bed gossiping and paying one another compliments. You would have thought I had been the friend of the family for 100 years. We got back just in time for supper, after which another walk in the garden and bed.

It is lovely again this morning. Mass as usual at 6. A saunter in the garden—Coffee, and since that I have been left with the Professor of Theology, talking of the history of the Church of England, our position, our teaching, Orders, etc., in fact I have been holding forth like a magpie. It was interesting and pleasant. I think they all look upon me with the greatest astonishment, but treat me quite like one of themselves.<sup>7</sup>

In August Lady Halifax was ordered by her doctor to Mont Dore in the Puy-de-Dôme. Her husband went with her, and

once again the Abbé appeared and stayed for a week. By this time their ideas had crystallised into a determination to take action on the lines which they had discussed, more than two years before, at Madeira. On Portal's suggestion Halifax began to prepare a paper on the English Ordinal, with which, however, he made little progress. Before leaving for Mont Dore he had taken a further step—of some importance, since it was afterwards to be suggested that in his approach to Rome he designedly put the English Roman Catholics on one side. On July 4th he had luncheon with Cardinal Vaughan and opened the question to him. Assuming that he would discover in the Cardinal an anxiety for corporate Reunion equal to his own, he pointed out to him that if there could be a reconsideration of Rome's attitude towards the Anglican Orders, a great cause of irritation would be removed. The Cardinal, however, thought otherwise. He considered that 'the question of Rome was the crucial question, that it was the question which would have to be settled in the end, and that it was therefore better to begin with it—exactly the opposite course to that which I had advocated.'<sup>8</sup>

In the summer of 1893 the Halifaxes returned to Mont Dore, and there was another visit from Portal. Halifax's treatise, as he confessed to his friend with shame, was still unborn, but the Abbé himself was at work on a *ballon d'essai*, the plan of which he brought with him for inspection and criticism. At this stage what was envisaged was a Press campaign in France, with the object of awakening interest in the Church of England and her Orders; this to be the preliminary to a formal reopening of the question with Rome.

The project now began to take shape. Portal returned to his paper, while almost imperceptibly the question of the Orders crept into public notice. Halifax was busy sounding his friends in both camps on the subject, and even Archbishop Benson and

Cardinal Vaughan exchanged a few desultory shots at long range.

The Abbé's pamphlet on Anglican Orders was published in France towards the end of January, 1894, and at once achieved its immediate purpose of concentrating attention on its theme. Writing under the pseudonym of F. Dalbus, he divided his subject into three parts, dealing respectively with the Rite itself, the maintenance of the Apostolic Succession, and the actual validity of the Orders. The first he held to be sufficient, the second (apart from a doubt as to the intention) to be proved by history, while he concluded against validity on the ground that the *porrectio instrumentorum* (the tradition of the sacred vessels) had been suppressed at the Reformation. This was an odd and—it might even be said—a slightly disingenuous line of argument, since on the first two points, which were those really in dispute, he found in favour of the Orders, while the third—the *porrectio instrumentorum*—upon which he based his adverse verdict, was one recognised by the theologians to be of late institution and therefore unessential. It was inevitable that a number of people would point out that, if this were all that could be urged against validity, the case for the Orders was proved. And so it happened. The Abbé Duchesne, a witty and erudite Breton, one of the leading theologians of France, and author of the *Liber Pontificalis*, actually wrote to this effect, when reviewing the pamphlet in the *Bulletin Critique*.

The hunt was now fairly up on both sides of the Channel. Cardinal Bourret, Bishop of Rodez and Vabres, wrote to Portal criticising such of his conclusions as favoured the Orders, and Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, such as disputed them; and both *The Guardian* in London and the *Univers* in Paris opened their columns to a learned but lively controversy. Meanwhile the two conspirators were drawing further encouragement from the overtures which Leo XIII was making to

the Eastern Churches and from his known disposition towards Reunion.

The correspondence was still in spate when, at the end of July 1894, Portal paid a visit to England as Halifax's guest. It was his opportunity to acquaint himself at first hand with the Church in whose affairs he had interested himself, and, with Halifax as his guide, he made as much of it as time and the circumstances allowed.

Halifax has taken the greatest care of M. Portal [wrote Archbishop Benson to Randall Davidson, then Bishop of Rochester]. He has seen and heard nothing but with H's eyes and voice. He has been to St. Paul's, to the Ritualistic churches, to Cowley, etc.<sup>9</sup>

The implication is not quite fair. It is true than when a man is showing the sights of his country to a friend from abroad, he is inclined to exhibit those which, in his eyes, will do her credit, rather than those which will show her in an unfavourable light; but if the Abbé's visits were in the main confined to those churches and institutions which reflected the ecclesiastical opinions of his host, this was the result not of design but of circumstances. Neither then nor later did Halifax attempt to conceal from Portal the presence of the Protestant skeleton in the Catholic cupboard—the existence, that is, of churches very different from St. Mary's, Graham Street, and St. Matthew's, Westminster, and of circles in which religious communities like those of Clewer, East Grinstead, and All Saints, were regarded with suspicion and dislike. But, in taking Portal round, he showed him what was familiar to himself rather than what was unfamiliar, Protestantism being inadequately represented by Evensong at St. Paul's Cathedral and St. George's, Windsor, or by a visit to the Church Missionary College, Islington. There is therefore some truth in the conclusion reached by Wilfrid Ward's biographer that Portal 'saw Anglican convents and High

Churches, while he heard only in vague terms of all that was represented by Exeter Hall or even by the *Record*.<sup>10</sup> Undoubtedly the Abbé carried away a rather one-sided picture. Undoubtedly, too, what he saw was beyond his expectations.

The Abbé is much pleased [Halifax wrote to his wife], and was delighted with the St. Raphael Sisters. He made them an address, quite admirable, in their Community room, catechized them on their communions, confessions, community life, etc., and was extremely pleased. This morning we have done All Saints, etc. Tomorrow he is going after his own Mass to Low Mass at St. Mary's, and to the Sung one at St. Matthew's.<sup>11</sup>

The Abbé, Halifax wrote the next evening, was 'much edified' by the Sunday services at St. Mary's and St. Matthew's.

He appeared to say that the difference between our arrangements and theirs was quite insignificant. He was much pleased with the music, and by an extraordinary coincidence the music for the hymn was the same as they always sing to the hymn for St. Vincent. This pleased him very much.<sup>12</sup>

On Sunday afternoon Halifax took the Abbé to drink tea with Aunt Georgiana Grey in her apartments at Hampton Court, an attention which must have greatly gratified that indomitable lady, who was to write not so long afterwards, 'I can't see! I see nothing, hear nothing and know nothing! I can neither read nor work! and nobody comes near me.'<sup>13</sup> (She was then close upon ninety-six.)

Next day there was a visit to Cambridge and on to Peterborough, where Halifax and Portal stayed the night at the Palace. They had a most satisfactory conversation with the Bishop, Dr. Mandell Creighton the historian, who ended by insisting that the Abbé 'must see the Archbishop [of Canterbury].'<sup>14</sup> The next call was at Bishopthorpe, where they had a very encouraging interview with the Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan. The

meeting, Portal wrote in his notes, had from the first an almost devotional character. 'Before speaking I put myself in the presence of God and asked Our Lord to help me.'<sup>15</sup> 'Let us hope and trust,' were the Archbishop's parting words, 'that we are at the beginning of something really great in the interests of the Church.'<sup>16</sup> When the two friends left and got into the carriage, they sat hand in hand for awhile, repeating with tears in their eyes the Archbishop's last words. 'C'est la note d'une grande piété qui distingue cette maison,' murmured Portal as they drove away.<sup>17</sup>

So far all had prospered wonderfully; but two checks followed. Business in the House of Lords recalled Halifax to London, Portal remaining in Yorkshire; and—apparently by the temporary miscarriage of a letter—an invitation to the Abbé to have luncheon with Cardinal Vaughan on Tuesday, August 14th, was not received in time to be accepted. This mischance—for it was no more—distinctly increased the uneasiness and mystification with which Westminster was watching the movements of the elusive Abbé, especially when it became known that on the morning of the 15th he and Halifax had breakfasted at Addington with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Actually Canterbury's reception was tepid by comparison with that of York. However much in theory Archbishop Benson favoured Reunion, in practice he had such a dislike of Rome that 'he sometimes,' his son wrote of him, 'exclaimed with a hushed vehemence that he could almost believe that Rome was Anti-christ.'<sup>18</sup> Nor had he any affection for the English Romans, to whom he was wont to refer as 'the Italian Mission.' 'What a moment is this to be fingering the trinkets of Rome!'<sup>19</sup> he wrote in 1893, only a year before he was invited not only to finger them but to put them on.

He declared that whenever he refused or hesitated to join a charitable Society, or to speak at a social function, the promoters

always said to him, ‘We hope to get Cardinal Manning,’ or, ‘Cardinal Manning has consented to attend.’ ‘Just as,’ my father added, ‘when the dog won’t eat his dinner, we call out, “Puss, Puss!”’.<sup>20</sup>

Halifax and Portal now projected themselves into the rather unfavourable atmosphere of Addington. The Archbishop received them with reserve, having made it plain to them beforehand that they were not to regard themselves as ‘emissaries.’ He confessed to his entourage his private conviction that both men were the unconscious agents of an attempt to compromise the head of the Anglican Church, and throughout the whole conversation he talked, to quote an eye-witness, ‘“with his paws in the air,” ready to dart away at the least sign of any proximity to dangerous subjects.’<sup>21</sup>

They discussed, very harmoniously, the treatise of Dalbus, and, a little less harmoniously, the duty of teaching the Truth, which the Archbishop maintained was for all men and Portal only for those who were fit to hear it, while Halifax contended that the ignorant should be treated as children. The point was argued at some length. The conversation shifting to Reunion, the Archbishop, conscious that the dangerous subject had at last been reached, while agreeing that all must wish and work for unity, warned Portal that there were more parties than one in the Church of England. Finally, on Portal enquiring the Archbishop’s opinion upon the Pope’s Encyclical on Scripture, His Grace, a little unkindly, told him that, though written in beautiful Latin, it was fully fifty years behind the times. ‘We are far from York,’ was Portal’s regretful comment afterwards.<sup>22</sup>

Nevertheless Halifax was not dissatisfied with their reception.

We got back here at  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 yesterday afternoon [he wrote to his wife] after a very successful visit to Addington. The tone was more intellectual and less spiritual than that at Bishopthorpe, but it did

very well. The Abp. was much interested and very kind, and I think the Abbé produced a very good impression. Mrs. Benson and the female part of the establishment very much to the front, but not in a disagreeable way—altogether it was very interesting and amusing too—only with a considerable element of tenter-hooks, as you can easily understand.<sup>23</sup>

Halifax had invited Father Puller of Cowley, who had been at Eton with him, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward, son of 'Ideal' Ward, to meet the Abbé at Hickleton. Puller and Portal shut themselves up in the library with a pile of books, their 'Oui, père,' and 'Non, mon père,' affording Halifax the greatest amusement and satisfaction whenever he looked in on their labours. Wilfrid Ward, too, was a most congenial guest. He was at work on his Life of Cardinal Wiseman, whose ideas, he hinted, were not altogether those of Manning and Vaughan. As for Reunion, 'Ten years ago I would have thought it impossible; to-day I could not say the same thing.'<sup>24</sup>

I think it was generally admitted [wrote Halifax] that an opportunity had presented itself of working for reunion, but that such reunion could not be the work of to-day or to-morrow, inasmuch as I and those who sympathised with me represented a comparatively small party in the Church of England; a remark which led to my observing that great movements were generally the work of minorities, and that this was a matter that had to be looked at in the light of faith, rather than in that of human calculation.<sup>25</sup>

When the Abbé returned to Paris, he may well have felt that, despite the Archbishop's paws and the Cardinal's uneaten cutlets, his journey had had promising results. But an even more hopeful development followed. This was no less than a communication from Cardinal Rampolla that Leo XIII wished the Abbé to go to Rome. Dalbus's treatise was making a stir in the highest quarters. Apart from the support of Duchesne, the cause of the Anglican Orders was being favoured by Mgr. Gas-

parri, Professor of Canon Law at the Institute of Paris, and Rampolla himself was impressed by the reports which had begun to reach Rome of the new temper of the Church of England.

The summons to the Vatican was almost unbelievably good news, and Halifax rushed over to Paris to confer with Portal. He arrived at eight on the morning of Saturday, September 7th, spent the day with the Abbé and his friends, and left for London the same evening, at almost the same hour as Portal set out for Rome.

A full account of the Abbé's interviews with Cardinal Rampolla and of his audiences with the Pope, taken from letters to Halifax and from the Abbé's notes (a copy of which is among the Hickleton Papers), appears in *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*. The Pope, who was a man of generous and impulsive temperament, was visibly moved by what Portal told him of all he had seen and heard in England. It was so clear an encouragement to that work for Reunion upon which his purpose was set. What, Leo XIII asked, could be done? Portal suggested that he might write privately to the Archbishops, inviting their cooperation and proposing, as a start, conferences on the question of the Anglican Orders. These were to be merely a convenient point of contact, an opening to the discussion of the real differences between Rome and Canterbury. There was some talk about possible obstacles, but in the end the Pope said with decision, 'Yes, I will write that letter.'

'And you really think,' the Pope said, 'that union with the Anglicans is possible?' 'By God's grace,' the Abbé said, and then he repeated the Archbishop of York's words: 'Let us hope that we are assisting at the beginning of great things.' 'God grant it,' said the Pope, 'but I am eighty-five. How thankfully should I sing my *Nunc Dimittis* if I could do anything, even the least thing, to help forward this union.'<sup>26</sup>

A few days later Portal saw Rampolla again. After all, a more cautious approach appeared advisable. He, Rampolla, would write the proposed letter to Portal, who would show it to Halifax. If the reply were favourable, it would then be possible for the Pope to address the Archbishops. Portal submitted some objections to this more indirect course, but was unable to prevail upon either Rampolla, or Leo himself in a second audience, to revert to the original proposal. The Pope, however, handed him a signed photograph of himself to be presented to Halifax.

The Abbé returned at once to England and Hickleton with the photograph, the letter, and this startling story. The letter began by expressing Rampolla's interest in Dalbus's little work on the Anglican Orders, an interest which had been enhanced by Portal's account of what he had seen in England and of the desire for Reunion which he had encountered there.

No doubt whatever [the Cardinal went on] can be raised as to the affectionate reception that this nation would receive from its ancient mother and mistress, if this happy return were accomplished; for nothing could equal the ardour with which the Sovereign Pontiff, who to-day governs the Church of God, wishes to re-establish peace and unity in the great Christian family, and to reunite, as in one sheaf, all the forces of Christianity, in order that they may offer effective opposition to the torrent of impiety and corruption which overflows from all sides to-day. Certainly His Holiness will spare neither labour, nor care, nor effort to smooth the road, to bring light where that should prove necessary, and to strengthen the wills of those who, loving the good that they know, do not feel themselves as yet prepared to embrace it.

A friendly exchange of ideas and a more careful and profound study of former beliefs and practices of worship would be the most useful means possible to prepare the way for this desired union. All this ought to be accomplished without any touch of

bitterness and recrimination, or of preoccupation with worldly interest, in an atmosphere wherein one would breathe the spirit of humility and Christian charity alone, with a sincere desire for peace, and ardent devotion to the immortal love of a God who prayed that all His own should be one in Him, and did not hesitate to cement this union with His Blood.

May the members of the Anglican Communion have the conviction, living and profound as it should be, that the unity of the Church is the express will of Jesus Christ; that the divisions and various forms of religious belief are the cause of a state of things repugnant to reason and displeasing to God; that those who help to maintain such a state of things render themselves guilty before God and before society for depriving it of the greatest boon; *then* the hope of the return of England to the one centre of unity will not be in vain. . . .

Citizens of a free country [the Cardinal went on], the English cannot but desire that the reign of justice, order and peace should be re-established throughout the world, and that is exactly the most ardent wish of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. May this wish, received with fervour and seconded in sincerity, point the dawn of a general religious renaissance, of which modern society is so greatly in need, and put the English nation at the head of this salutary return of the world to the Christian life.<sup>27</sup>

It was true that the language was very general and that a letter from Rampolla to Portal was by no means so decisive a step as one from Leo XIII to the Archbishops, but the attitude of both Pope and Cardinal had been friendly and favourable beyond all anticipation. It more than counteracted the speech, neither friendly nor favourable, which Cardinal Vaughan had just delivered at Preston. Wilfrid Ward, who was playing honest broker between Halifax and the Cardinal, was hard put to it to explain away Vaughan's uncompromising demand for submission, his derogatory allusions to Catholic practices in the Church of England, and his reminder—in that connection—

that St. Jerome had once described the devil as ‘the ape of God.’<sup>28</sup>

It was now the end of September and the Archbishop of Canterbury was enjoying a rustic holiday at Baron’s Down, near Dulverton, a pleasant house in Somerset which had been lent to him by the headmaster of Eton. Here he received an urgent letter from Halifax, informing him of ‘a very important communication from the Abbé Portal which I think will both please and astonish your Grace very much.’ Halifax was ready to ‘come up at all hazards.’ ‘I have,’ he concluded, ‘some very wonderful things to tell your Grace.’<sup>29</sup>

The Archbishop replied that he was away from Addington, but the hint was not taken and on the 27th Halifax telegraphed that he could come to Dulverton next day. The Archbishop agreed, with a reluctance which would have been much greater had he known that Halifax was proposing to bring Portal with him.

The two men arrived at ten o’clock in the morning and had a long interview with the Archbishop. He, poor man, may be pardoned if he felt that he was being unfairly rushed. He was quietly recuperating in Somerset when, after a barrage of letters and telegrams, his privacy was invaded by Halifax, who was expected, and Portal, who was not, flourishing a letter from a Cardinal, pouring into his astonished ears this amazing story of Leo XIII and his friendliness towards the Church of England, and demanding that he—the Primate—should at once write a cordial reply to the Pope or to Rampolla, expressing sentiments which he was not at all sure that he felt and was quite sure that large numbers of Anglicans would repudiate with indignation.

When Portal had finished his story, the Archbishop broke into criticism. The Abbé and Halifax were trying to make him commit himself, he protested, while the Pope remained un-

compromised. This sort of thing had happened before. It was for Rome, not for Canterbury, to take the first step. The Infallibility was not the only obstacle to Reunion; there were all sorts of constitutional difficulties, he suggested, the old Papal claim to supremacy over temporal sovereigns, for example. The letter was nice enough, but quite general, and, after all, only a letter from one Roman to another. Besides, it contained expressions which jarred upon Anglican ears, describing the Roman Church as the ancient 'mother and mistress' of us all and 'the only centre of union.' Very ominous, too, was the change of plan after Portal's first audience; and what of Cardinal Vaughan (the Pope's Rabshakeh, as the Archbishop had been heard to call him) and his speech at Preston? The more the Archbishop thought about it, the more convinced he became that the whole business was a conspiracy to compromise him.

The argument was conducted in French, and at length the Archbishop showed such signs of fatigue that Canon Mason, who was staying in the house, took the two importunate visitors off for a walk. They were deeply disappointed by their reception. Surely, they told Mason, the Archbishop would make some response to so charitable an overture, offer at least some recognition of the primacy of the Apostolic See over the West. 'Maintenant c'est à vous,' exclaimed Portal, throwing out his hands. It was obvious, he told Canon Mason, that if the Church of England was misunderstood abroad, the Church of Rome was equally misunderstood in England.<sup>30</sup>

All that could be extracted from the Archbishop was a promise to reconsider the matter, and with that exiguous comfort Halifax and Portal departed.

To me it seemed—as it still seems—[wrote Halifax] the throwing away of the greatest opportunity a man ever had, and quite inconsistent with the duty of one claiming to be the successor of St. Augustine.<sup>31</sup>

Halifax remained at Hickleton, waiting to hear from the Archbishop. At last, on October 18th, no letter having come, he wrote to Dr. Benson. Realising that his original proposal had not the slightest chance of success, he now suggested that the Archbishop should write him a letter similar to that which Rampolla had written Portal. He believed that the right sort of letter, taken by him to Rome, would elicit the *démarche directe* in the shape of a communication from the Pope to the Archbishops. He went so far as to draft the kind of public letter which he hoped the Pope might be induced to send. Having reminded the Archbishop, in terms which must have startled His Grace, that 'Dante assigns the lowest place to those who, having a great opportunity, refuse to take it,' he asked pardon for the freedom with which he had proffered his counsel. 'I am amazed at myself for writing as I have to the "alterius orbis Papa."'<sup>32</sup>

This letter crossed one from the Archbishop, contrasting the mild and amiable sentiments of Rampolla with the fiery denunciations of Anglicanism which Cardinal Vaughan and his friends, in their alarm, were making on the platform and in the Press. After all, he pointed out, the Cardinal was the Pope's official representative in England.

Further letters were exchanged, and Halifax paid a visit to Addington. He persisted in trying to extract from the Archbishop a letter equivalent to Rampolla's and, after Dr. Benson had made two unsuccessful attempts, drafted it himself; but this was altogether too much for the Archbishop. 'Halifax,' he noted, 'is like a solitary player of chess, and wants to make all the moves himself on both sides.'<sup>33</sup>

The reluctance of the Archbishop to concede the point was increased by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester (Randall Davidson), who, like Benson, was detecting the faint odour of a Popish plot about the whole business,<sup>34</sup> and further accentu-

ated by the unfortunate episode of the Archbishop of Toledo, of which some account must be given.

The Archbishop of Dublin having consecrated a certain Señor Cabrera as bishop of the Reformed Church in Spain, Halifax, as President of the English Church Union and with the full approval of his Council, wrote to the Archbishop of Toledo disclaiming and deplored this action on the part of a prelate of the Irish Church which, he pointed out, was entirely independent of the Provinces of Canterbury and York.<sup>35</sup> The letter, in which the term Catholic was used in a sense that might have misled a Spaniard, was published in *The Guardian*, and Cardinal Vaughan at once wrote to the Archbishop of Toledo a letter in Latin revealing what he thought a Continental Catholic ought to know about Lord Halifax and the Church of England. The letter was intended to be private, but the Archbishop, a man without guile, and a little bewildered, perhaps, by finding himself suddenly in the centre of a *mélée* of foreigners, sent, or allowed to be sent, a copy of the communication to *The Times*, which published a translation of it. The disclosure was exceedingly awkward for Cardinal Vaughan, who was ostensibly on the most friendly terms with Halifax. Particularly offensive was a paragraph announcing that 'The Viscount's letter is written with the object of astutely deceiving the Catholic bishops who may not be as well informed as your Eminence.'<sup>36</sup>

Although the Cardinal hastened to write to *The Times* to explain that this passage had been mistranslated, the corrected version, though better, did not alter the essentially hostile character of the whole letter. Poor Mr. Ward, who had been impressing upon Halifax that the Cardinal was a plain Englishman, whom a habit of blunt speech sometimes led into infelicities, was hard put to it to justify an action which might have suggested qualities other than excess of candour; though the worst that can be said is that tact was not among the virtues of

the Cardinal. Halifax himself was less distressed by the episode than were some of his friends—and Cardinal Vaughan's.

The great thing when a mistake has been made [Halifax wrote to Wilfrid Ward] (and who is there who does not make mistakes?) is to use it as means for a better understanding, and we must try to do so in the present case.<sup>37</sup>

When the Cardinal sent him a letter of regret, explaining that it was 'difficult for one so little skilled in the use of language as I am to combine one's thoughts'<sup>38</sup>, he accepted the *amende* without reservation and showed it to the Archbishops, in the hope of improving their view of the Cardinal's disposition.

The situation in December 1894 may be summarised: Halifax was at Hickleton, still trying to get from the Archbishop a letter addressed to himself which he might take to Rome. At the same time, either directly or through the offices of Wilfrid Ward, he was in touch with those English Roman Catholics, such as Baron von Hügel and the Duke of Norfolk, who were most favourably disposed towards a *rapprochement* between the Churches. The Rev. T. A. Lacey and the Rev. E. Denny had been working upon and had just completed a dissertation in Latin entitled *De Hierarchia Anglicana*, which gave the Anglican view of the Orders. The Abbé Duchesne, meanwhile, at the request of the Pope, had drawn up a memorandum on the same subject, in which on historical grounds he had arrived at a favourable conclusion, an opinion which Mgr. Gasparri reinforced. Portal was awaiting news from England and continuing to stir up Catholic interest in France. The Archbishop of Canterbury was reading Cardinal Vaughan's speeches and nursing the theory that a plot was afoot to induce him to make the first advances to Rome and to submit the validity of Anglican Orders to the judgment of the Pope; convinced that, if he did so, there would be an adverse verdict and a large secession of Anglicans to the Roman camp. Cardinal Vaughan, on the

other hand, was equally suspicious of a conspiracy; but, in his mind, it took the form of an Anglican attempt to obtain, behind the backs of the Roman hierarchy in England, a favourable verdict upon Anglican Orders which would immediately dam the flow of individual conversions. He was therefore preparing to go to Rome in January, in the hope of undoing some of the mischief wrought by those meddlesome Frenchmen. He was the more anxious to go, as he had heard from Abbot Gasquet—and from Wilfrid Ward as well—that 'Leo XIII had definitely decided to write a personal letter to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.'<sup>39</sup>

Halifax wanted to see the Cardinal before he left, but was taken ill, and Mr. Athelstan Riley, who had dealings with the Roman Catholics over the Education question, took his place. He did not succeed, however, in shaking the Cardinal's opposition to the projected letter.

In the New Year the scene shifted to Italy. Von Hügel was wintering in Rome and sent Rampolla a favourable view of the Anglican Orders in a memorandum stigmatised by Cardinal Ledochowski as 'un' impertinenza'.<sup>40</sup> Abbot Gasquet went out in January. Halifax followed in March, after making, on February 14th, an important speech on corporate Reunion at a large meeting of the English Church Union in Bristol. He spoke with the greatest freedom. Rome, he said, was the symbol and centre of the unity of the Church. Canterbury was the daughter of Rome, bound to her by the closest ties of faith and assistance. Since the separation of the sixteenth century Reunion had been the aspiration of generations of distinguished and saintly men, and although it was necessary not to ignore the difficulties, in the face of the new temper shown by the Papal See, these were neither permanent nor insuperable.

Halifax sent copies of his speech to numerous bishops and others, from whom he elicited comments, mostly of a com-

mendatory character. He arrived in Rome on March 12th, bringing with him a selection of these letters and the Archbishop's communication of October 27th, which was not the letter he desired, but was the best that he had got or could get. The Abbé followed him to Rome a few days later; and in April the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson arrived in Florence to stay with Lady Crawford. Their visit had no connexion with Reunion.

Cardinal Vaughan was the first to be seen by Leo XIII. He warned the Pope that the letter he was contemplating would be used to keep back converts, that the mere report of it was already having that effect.

I assured him that they [the Anglicans] are anxious only to strengthen their own position and keep waverers from Rome; that they are all opposed to the supremacy of the Pope, and that his letter could not alter that. 'Ah then,' Leo XIII replied, 'if they are opposed to the doctrine of the authority of the Vicar of Christ, that is different. How is it they cannot see that the Church must have a head?'

In the end the Pope said that, if he lived long enough, he would issue an Encyclical on the Church and her Head about the middle of the year.

I chimed in, 'That would be excellent; and if your Holiness would give two or three paragraphs of such an Encyclical to the Anglicans, kind words should be accompanied with the doctrines which they have yet to learn.'<sup>41</sup>

Gasquet also had an audience with the Pope.

Hügel most amusing on Gasquet's interview with the Pope [wrote Wilfrid Ward to his wife]. Whenever Gasquet made a strong point against Anglican Orders the Pope pretended he had lost his snuff box and became abstracted looking for it. He has not been a diplomat for nothing.<sup>42</sup>

With Halifax's arrival rumours began to fly thickly about Rome. On March 16th he reports Lady Kenmare as telling Cardinal Vaughan that people were saying

I had seen the Pope twice, and had arranged everything. The Immaculate Conception no difficulty, and easily surrendered as it had only been imposed by the late Pope!!!<sup>43</sup>

On March 13th he wrote to Lady Halifax:

We first of all called on Mgr. Mourrey, a French Ecclesiastic, recommended to me by M. Louis, who was very amusing—sharp as a needle—and I suppose the go-between, in an unofficial sort of way and perhaps more, between the Pope and the French Govt.

He thought it very desirable the Abbé should come, and appeared to be quite prepared to do what he could—as unlike an Englishman as anyone you ever saw, and such a contrast to Cardinal Vaughan whom we called upon afterwards. It was the difference between a club and a rapier. The Cardinal was very nice—Birkbeck thought very awkward—but from what I gather, I should think he was not of very much importance *here*. He said the newspapers were full of *lies* but he was glad, as it would end by people never taking them. This I suppose in reference to what has been attributed to him and his line. I had a little fun with him, asking him how he liked Lord Acton's appointment—to which he replied after some time that he hoped he might do better than some of Lord Acton's friends feared. He asked if Birkbeck belonged to them or to me which made us both laugh—and him too for that matter—in short he was very genial and will do us no harm (*because he can't*).<sup>44</sup>

Halifax had his first audience with the Pope on March 21st. He presented his budget of letters as proof of the reception which the proposal of a conference about the Anglican Orders would be likely to obtain. He also gave the Pope a memorandum, in which he respectfully urged that the first step should be a letter from Leo XIII to the Archbishops. It was, he added, es-



H.H. POPE LEO XIII

*From the photograph presented by him to Lord Halifax*

sential that this should be sent direct and not through Cardinal Vaughan. He even ventured to suggest the line which such a letter should take and reminded the Pope that in 1897 the bishops of the Anglican Communion would be meeting at Lambeth to celebrate the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine. No moment, therefore, could be more propitious for the *démarche* he proposed. The Pope listened sympathetically; and when Halifax, before leaving, referred to the rumours current in Rome that the Holy Office was about to condemn the Anglican Orders, he understood the Pope to assure him that he need have no fears on this point. Mr. Birkbeck, who had accompanied Halifax to the Vatican, was then called in and, after some further conversation, Leo XIII gave both men his blessing and the audience was over.<sup>45</sup>

Though something like a very dignified tug-of-war was taking place between the two parties of English visitors, their mutual relations continued to be most amicable. Cardinal Vaughan gave Halifax dinner at the English College, called upon Portal, conducted both men over St. Peter's, and invited them to his Mass in the Crypt.

I like that Cardinal very much [wrote Halifax to his daughter Mary], but he and his have been and are great difficulties. However, he is perfectly straightforward and he has as much right to his opinions as I have to mine.<sup>46</sup>

Halifax also went for two long walks with Gasquet, on one of which they had an animated discussion about the Prayer Book and the Anglican Liturgy. The English visitors were joined after a time by Sir Lewis Dibdin, afterwards Dean of the Arches Court of Canterbury, who attended with Halifax many of the services in Holy Week.

On April 17th Halifax, accompanied by his wife, their daughter Agnes, and the Abbé, assisted at the Pope's Mass and afterwards had a last private audience.

It was impossible to be kinder or more encouraging. He took our daughter's head in his hands, as we knelt at his feet, and said, 'Mon enfant, il faut revenir me voir.' He gave us several times over his blessing, and told us, as Cardinal Rampolla had told us the night before, to take courage, not to mind difficulties, and to persevere in our work, which would surely bring God's blessing upon us and all connected with it.<sup>47</sup>

The Halifaxes then went on to Florence, to stay with Lady Crawford, Frederick Wood's mother-in-law, who was also entertaining the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson at her villa.

The Archbishop noted in his diary:

*April 20th.* Very long talk with Halifax about his interviews with the Pope, Rampolla, Duchesne, von Hügel, Gasparri, Gasquet, Vaughan, etc., etc., at Rome. He has, he says, prevented the Holy Office from pronouncing against our English Orders directly or indirectly.\* The subject new to Romans. English Roman Catholics bitterest against them, French rather disposed to take Portal's part, Duchesne quite clear of their validity. Halifax does not seem to have done harm or compromised us, but to have made himself pleasant to them. It is not a very important question, for if they admit them, we can but hope they may go a little further in enquiring. But they will only have come to what we know without a doubt. Halifax thinks the matter should now wait for the Pope's Encyclical to our nation. It is an academic affair. But good feeling is a gain.<sup>48</sup>

On the day that the entry was made, Leo XIII's Letter *Ad Anglos* was published. It followed, with important exceptions, the lines of the draft which Halifax had submitted to the Pope with his memorandum on March 21st. The letter described the Pope's affectionate feelings towards the English people, their historic association with Rome, and the evils of schism. He

\*Halifax did not accept this as a perfectly accurate account of what he had said.

praised the strength and variety of their Christian witness and, speaking as one who had not long to live, called upon them to join with him in prayer for unity. The thirteen-hundredth anniversary of St. Augustine's mission provided an occasion when the hearts of all should be turned to this task. The letter ended with a direct appeal to English Catholics to invoke the intercession of St. Gregory, St. Augustine, St. Peter, and St. Paul on behalf of the Church. It commended the pious practice of the Rosary in connexion with prayers for unity, and promised certain Indulgences.<sup>49</sup>

It will be observed that while Leo XIII had adopted many of Halifax's suggestions, he had also kept his promise to Cardinal Vaughan. The letter was addressed not to the Archbishops but to the English people; it gave no hint of recognising that such an institution as the Church of England even existed; and the concluding references to the Rosary and Indulgences were unlikely to mollify the suspicions of the more Protestant-minded Anglicans. Once more Halifax and his friends had got the letter for which they had been working, but it was not quite what they had wanted. It could, it is true, be interpreted as an *eirenikon* to Anglicans and a move towards corporate Reunion; but it could also be read as a gentle summons to individual submission.

The first feeling of the Anglicans was disappointment. Halifax and Portal had had as their original object the opening of direct relations between Rome and Canterbury. Portal had tried to get a letter from the Pope to the Archbishops, but had merely got one from Rampolla to himself. Halifax had then vainly endeavoured to obtain a letter from the Archbishop to the Pope; and finally he and Portal, making another attempt at the Roman end, had been rewarded with *Ad Anglos*. The principals, in short, were still uncommitted and uncommunicative, talking at and not to each other.

It was now the Archbishop's turn, and his Florentine, like his

Somersetshire holiday, was in danger of interruption from Halifax's persuasive arguments, which were supported, in this instance, by their hostess, Lady Crawford. Would he not accept this qualified olive branch and extend one of his own? The Archbishop still exuded caution, at first in words and afterwards in correspondence. In a letter to Halifax, intended as an appendix to the memorandum which the latter was proposing to circulate, while avowing himself 'truly touched by the tender Christian spirit of the late Encyclical,' the Archbishop emphasised that union was only possible on a basis of Truth;<sup>50</sup> and in a private conversation with an Italian friend the most he would concede was that he thought 'the Pope was trying his best to be honest.'<sup>51</sup>

From others the response was more favourable. Gore, now a Canon of Westminster, considered that 'we should most earnestly and thankfully recognise the most Christian appeal the Pope has made.'<sup>52</sup> The Bishop of Cairo, Illinois, thought the letter 'one of the most encouraging signs of the times.'<sup>53</sup> Even Prebendary Webb Peploe, who had complained to the Archbishop about Halifax's visit to Rome, now asked the offender to address his congregation, though the invitation was subsequently cancelled out of respect for the feelings of some of the ladies of St. Paul's, Onslow Square.<sup>54</sup>

The Pope's winter visitors returned to England and to renewed public activities. Halifax circulated among selected persons the memorandum in which he traced the course of events to date, stating once more the arguments for Reunion. He addressed gatherings of the English Church Union during the summer and the Church Congress in October. Cardinal Vaughan made a speech at Bristol—*'Laudatas ostentat avis Junonia pennas,'*\*<sup>55</sup> commented Birkbeck caustically—and the

\*Cardinal Vaughan was known among irreverent Anglicans as 'the Peacock'—quite unjustly, as he was a man of the greatest humility.

Archbishop of Canterbury wrote a Pastoral Letter in which he alluded warily to the 'friendly advance made from a foreign Church to the people in England without any reference or regard to the Church of England'.<sup>56</sup> While commanding the amiable tone of the Pope's appeal, he reminded Anglicans that Reunion with Rome was not the whole matter; there were the non-episcopal churches at home and abroad; there was the Christian East. It was a line of argument which never failed to exasperate Halifax.

There was a lull in the winter months. Halifax and Portal were busy with their plans for starting the *Revue Anglo-Romaine*, a magazine dealing with the Church of England and the problems of Reunion, to be edited by Portal, written in French, and published in Paris. The first number appeared in December and aroused a good deal of interest in a somewhat limited circle of readers. The contributors were a judicious blend of Anglicans and Romans, and no secret was made of the editorial purpose. On January 4th Halifax wrote to Portal advising that Gasquet should be asked to write an article.

Only if he and others who share his opinions should say disagreeable things it would be an advantage to have something also from the other side. . . . To-day I have had a letter from Mr. Ward which pleases me. Von Hügel writes from Rome that everyone is reading the *Revue* and that Abbé Duchesne has been invited to preach on Reunion at Epiphany. Mr. Ward adds: 'That is very significant.' The *Tablet* is mischievous enough, but I believe that even there we shall see an improvement.<sup>57</sup>

Unfortunately the *Revue* was an additional offence to many English Romans. 'The Cardinal does not love the *Revue* at all,' Halifax wrote to Portal; 'he clearly detests it.' Father Puller's articles were particularly annoying to the Cardinal, who told Halifax that 'he had read the *Revue* a little and had seen in it some very bad articles by a certain Puller'.<sup>58</sup> A little later he re-

strained Wilfrid Ward from contributing, on the ground that by doing so he would give an impression of supporting corporate Reunion. 'I should have thought,' remarked Halifax drily, 'that this was a matter which Mr. Ward could well have decided for himself without taking advice.'<sup>59</sup>

In February 1896 Halifax went to Paris to stay with Portal at the headquarters of the Lazarists. Here he found himself in a most friendly atmosphere. He slept in the *appartement d'Evêque* and dined with the Lazarists—'about 200 to dinner, all in cassocks and birettas with their napkins tucked under their chins.'<sup>60</sup> He had long talks with Mgr. Hulst, the head of the Catholic Institute, and with other leading Catholics; and at an informal meeting which he was asked to address he acknowledged the truth of what Cardinal Newman, shortly before his death, had told him, that he would probably find more sympathy for Reunion among the French clergy than among the English. On the conclusion of the address, the meeting discussed the possibility of reconciling the Decrees of the Council of Trent with the Anglican formularies, the chances of conditional re-ordination being accepted by the Church of England, and the nature of the primacy of the Pope.<sup>61</sup>

Early in March Mgr. Gasparri was summoned to Rome. He, Duchesne, and the Jesuit Father de Augustinis had all submitted to the Pope memoranda favourable to the Anglican Orders. On the other side Abbot Gasquet, who had spent the spring of 1895 in Rome, had been exploring the Archives of the Vatican. He had discovered among the Papal Registers the Bull *Praeclara Carissimi* of 1555, which impugned the validity of the ordinations according to the Rite of Edward VI. This discovery was a palpable hit for Cardinal Vaughan and his contentions, since it proved the attitude of the contemporary Papacy towards the Edwardine Ordinal. Controversy raged, and in September 1895 it was formally announced that the question of the Angli-

can Orders was to be re-opened. In March 1896 Leo XIII appointed his Commission of enquiry. It consisted, on the side known to favour the Orders, of Gasparri, Duchesne, and de Augustinis, and on the other, of Abbot Gasquet, Father David Fleming, O.S.F., and Canon Moyes. Later on two other members were added—Father Scannell, who was believed to be sympathetic with the Anglican claims, and a Spanish Capuchin, Father José Calasanzio de Lleveneras, who was supposed to be against them.

It was felt, however, that the group upon whom the burden of defending the Orders must fall might be at a disadvantage in the face of such powerful and learned opponents, three of whom had, as it were, lived with the question for many years. Gasparri was a theologian rather than an historian, and although Duchesne was an historian, the sixteenth century was not his period. Accordingly it was arranged that Father Puller and Mr. Lacey should go to Rome to be at the disposal of the Commission. Father Puller, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, had met and worked with Portal during his first visit to Hickleton. He was an erudite and delightful man and a close friend of Halifax. Lacey was one of the authors of *De Hierarchia Anglicana*. He was a Latinist whose exquisite scholarship is said to have moved Leo XIII to remark, after reading his book, that he wished he had someone who could write Latin so well. Both men were eminently qualified to act as unofficial advisers to the Commission, though Lacey protested against Mr. Snead Cox's description of their relations with Gasparri as those of 'solicitors who work with counsel'.<sup>\*62</sup> Portal, introducing the two men at Rome, used to describe Puller as 'un Anglican intransigeant'

\*The protest was justified. When the Rev. Walter Frere, of the Community of the Resurrection and later Bishop of Truro, discovered in some Episcopal Registers evidence of re-ordination in the reign of Mary, he sent his information to Puller, who at once passed it on to the Commission. This was hardly the action of a solicitor.

and Lacey as 'M. Lacey—qui transige',<sup>63</sup> but that may have been the Abbé's little joke. While Mr. Lacey had many shining gifts of mind and character, his fellow-members on the Council of the English Church Union would scarcely have numbered 'transigence' among them.

During the sittings of the Commission these unofficial advisers were plied with material by the Rev. E. G. Wood, the Cambridge canonist who, it will be recalled, moved the amendment about *Lux Mundi* at the meeting of the Council of the English Church Union, and by Walter Frere, of the Community of the Resurrection.

It remains to mention that the Secretary of the Commission was Mgr. Merry del Val, described by Halifax as 'an influence altogether hostile to our action'.<sup>64</sup>

Once more, it will be observed, Halifax had obtained something that was not quite what he had desired. He had visualised a conference on the Orders between Romans and Anglicans, as an introduction to the discussion of other questions involved in Reunion. What he had got was a purely Roman Commission which could be and was represented by English Roman Catholics as a domestic enquiry to decide whether Anglican clergymen, joining the Church of Rome, needed to be re-ordained. The Commission, further, had the unfortunate effect of relegating Reunion to the background and concentrating attention upon a particular point. The subsidiary, in fact, had become the main issue.

Nevertheless Halifax and the Abbé were moderately confident of the upshot; they did not believe the Orders could be condemned, although they scarcely dared to hope for more than a declaration that their validity was doubtful. This was also the view of Wilfrid Ward, who wrote to Halifax that he believed 'the Orders will be declared doubtful, it is all you can hope for, and it is the result which seems to me most likely'.<sup>65</sup> Such a re-

sult, though falling short of Halifax's original hopes, would probably have ensured that in future Anglican clergymen, becoming Roman Catholics, would be only conditionally re-ordained.

A favourable factor was the friendliness of Leo XIII, who, according to Cardinal Gasquet, also inclined at first towards this course.<sup>66</sup> At the end of April, when Gasparri saw him and reminded him that the English were at the door, he replied, 'We shall open wide that door—*spalanchiamo*'.<sup>67</sup> The learning and bearing of Puller and Lacey were creating the most favourable impression in Roman ecclesiastical circles. The Archbishop of Canterbury was silent, but his brother of York was writing and speaking admirably, and had even appeared in the pages of the *Revue*. In April, too, an even more powerful champion entered the lists in the person of Mr. Gladstone himself, to whom Halifax had sent a memorandum of his visit to Paris. An exchange of letters followed, and eventually Halifax paid two visits to Hawarden. Towards the end of May Gladstone wrote his famous *Soliloquium*<sup>68</sup>, which was addressed to the Archbishop of York, communicated to Cardinal Rampolla for transmission to the Pope, and subsequently published in the English newspapers. The importance of this opusculum lay not so much in its contents, though Gladstone wrote in the warmest terms of the action of Leo XIII and with the deepest sympathy about Reunion, as in the identity of the writer, who, despite his eighty-six years and his retirement from politics, was incomparably the best known Anglican layman throughout the Continent. His support—almost the last of his public acts—was a reinforcement of the highest value.

Meanwhile the Commission was sitting. Even now we know little about its deliberations. It is said that the members were bound to silence for a term of years<sup>69</sup>; however this may have been, its secrets have been well kept. Nor perhaps does

this reticence greatly matter. We learn a little of the direction of the proceedings from Abbot Gasquet, and a little more from Lacey who, though not on the Commission, was able to form some idea of the course it was taking from the enquiries which were passed on to him by its members. He complained that they were devoting a disproportionate attention to points of secondary importance. 'It seems to be all about Barlow,' he wrote; and the hurly-burly of discussion round that alleged 'missing link' in the succession of the Elizabethan Orders from those of Mary,\* if not as irrational as the earlier agitation about the legend of the Nag's Head,† was, in Lacey's opinion, quite unnecessary. 'The documents about Barlow, and the absence of documents, are of no importance,' was his comment. 'These arguments are for the dustbin.'<sup>70</sup>

On the other hand, the Rite itself and its intention appear to have been inadequately discussed. That, at any rate, was Halifax's firm opinion, based upon what he had heard and upon the fact that very little information upon these two vital points was required from Puller and Lacey. Puller himself had written a careful treatise on the subject which Duchesne, for one, had not even read. It would appear, indeed, that the decisive factor was neither Barlow nor the Rite, so much as the previous judgment given in the case of Bishop Gordon, a seventeenth century bishop of Galloway, ordained according to the English Rite, who after leaving the country with James II asked the Holy See to declare his Orders invalid, so that he might be properly ordained. His request, after reference to the Holy Office, was

\*There was a theory, now, it is to be hoped, finally exploded, that Bishop Barlow, who presided at the consecration of Matthew Parker, was himself never properly consecrated.

†According to the Nag's Head Legend, the only form of consecration received by Matthew Parker, the first Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Elizabeth, was a blow on the head from a Bible, thrown at him by a brother bishop in the course of a bout of horseplay in a Cheapside tavern.

granted, and the decision of Clement XI, believed to have been based upon a very one-sided statement of the case prepared by Gordon himself, had been accepted thereafter as a precedent. Conspicuous in the evidence submitted by Gordon was the Nag's Head fable, long since abandoned by serious historians, and it was therefore presumed that Clement's sentence need not be regarded as final. Just before the Commission met, however, Gasquet and his colleagues found among the Archives of the Holy Office documents which showed that the sufficiency or insufficiency of the Anglican Rite had also been weighed in the Gordon proceedings. Whether it had been fully and properly considered is open to question, but the discovery undoubtedly put Clement's decision in a new and more favourable light, as being founded not merely upon an exploded legend, but upon other and more substantial evidence. It therefore followed that the Commission was discussing something which was (from the Roman point of view) not an uncertain issue but one on which it might be claimed that sentence had already been passed. Moreover, it had been passed at a solemn session of the Holy Office, held on a Thursday and presided over by the Pope himself, circumstances which, in the view of many authorities, gave it the stamp of Infallibility. Further researches among the records of the Inquisition showed that an adverse decision of 1684 had not been reached in ignorance of Eastern forms of Ordination, as had hitherto been assumed.

These discoveries of Gasquet's, combined with his earlier researches into the Bull *Praeclara Carissimi* and the Papal attitude towards the Edwardine Ordinal, gave a distinct tactical advantage to his party on the Commission and may have been a corresponding discouragement to its opponents. At any rate Leo XIII is said to have told Duchesne that he was disappointed in him for not maintaining his position more strongly.<sup>71</sup>

During the sittings of the Commission, rumours of a dis-

quieting kind—disquieting, that is, to the Anglicans and their sympathisers—began to filter through. It was announced with confidence by ‘people who should have been better informed’<sup>72</sup> that the Orders were to be condemned; but when Halifax wrote in some perturbation to Cardinal Rampolla, he received a reassuring reply. Nevertheless, the rumours continued, accompanied by a number of minor but depressing episodes, such as the visit to Lacey on May 23rd of Father Scannell, who had been keeping out of the way of Anglicans ‘because of the fashion he was spied upon,’ and was positive that there would be an adverse decision. ‘Impossible!’ exclaimed Portal. ‘It is the impossible that happens,’ replied Scannell.<sup>73</sup>

When the Commission had completed its deliberations, the arguments and memoranda of its members were referred to a second commission of Cardinals of the Holy Office. The intervention of the latter had always been dreaded by Halifax, believing, as he did, that its judgment was bound to be affected by its earlier verdicts. The Cardinals were given a month in which to deliver their opinion, and were under the chairmanship of Cardinal Mazzella, who was in the confidence of the Pope but was reputed to be opposed to the Anglican Orders.

Lacey and Puller, whose specified task was over, were invited to stay in Rome a little longer, in order that they might be accessible to further enquiries. Lacey was now unfortunate enough to become involved in an incident which greatly distressed him and incidentally showed how powerful and determined were the forces working against recognition. A few days after the close of the first Commission, at the suggestion of one of the Cardinals, he wrote a supplementary note to *De Hierarchia Anglicana*. It had been represented to him that on the Cardinals’ commission the Anglican Orders would have many critics and no equipped advocates. The friends of the Orders, if we adopt Mr. Snead Cox’s phraseology, would be barristers

without a brief. Lacey's statement—*De Re Anglicana*—did not pretend to be anything but *ex parte*; nor did it do more than give a reasoned and learned defence of the Catholic character of the Church of England. Very different in tone and content was the *Risposta* written and circulated among the Cardinals, within eight days of the appearance of Lacey's statement, by Abbot Gasquet and Canon Moyes. This document, the text of which is given in Lacey's *A Roman Diary*,<sup>74</sup> was dealt with so faithfully by him<sup>75</sup> that further comment is superfluous. After accusing Lacey of attempting to mislead his readers, it made a number of statements which could not have been published in England without immediate challenge. Unhappily the *Risposta* was laid before a body of ecclesiastics who were not in a position either to discount or to refute it; and when the document attained a wider public and the criticism it merited, the mischief had been done.

On June 30th portions of a Papal Encyclical, known from its opening words as *Satis Cognitum*, were published in England. Its subject was the Unity of the Church, and with much of it Halifax and his friends were contented enough. While basing the Papal claims not on Newman's theory of development, but on the teaching of Our Lord, it gave an interpretation of them which at least might have opened the door of a friendly conference; and though claiming for the Papacy all that Our Lord had given to St. Peter, it also claimed for the Episcopate all that He had given to the Apostles. So much was to the good; what was not was the manner in which the Encyclical was published. Only a summary of it, with extracts, appeared in *The Times*, prefaced by a letter from Cardinal Vaughan, in which, in Halifax's opinion, he gave to the excerpts a colouring which was not borne by the Encyclical as a whole. In this he was abetted by a leading article in the same issue of *The Times*. A similar article had accompanied the publication of *Ad Anglos*, and on

this occasion as on that, Halifax was darkly suspicious that though the hand was the hand of Printing House Square, the voice was that of Westminster.

This new rebuff drove him as near to despair as his nature allowed.

Nothing can alter the deplorable impression that has been produced [he wrote to Portal]. The Cardinal has certainly brought off his *coup*, and the Pope has aided him well. In fact, my dear friend, for the moment, it is all up with us here and there is nothing more to be done.<sup>76</sup>

The Abbé was much more hopeful. The Encyclical, he replied, separated from the Cardinal's comments, was by no means so discouraging as Halifax feared. 'Call a meeting,' he demanded; 'I will come and speak at it. What I shall say can be published from the housetops; but circumstances will give to my words a character which will invest them with importance.'<sup>77</sup>

The Abbé was as good as his promise. He arrived in London on July 13th and addressed next day a gathering of clergy and others whom Halifax had collected to hear him. The text of his speech, which was taken down and translated by Halifax himself, is given in *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*.<sup>78</sup> He spoke with a simplicity, a generosity, and a passion for unity which deeply moved his listeners. His commentary upon *Satis Cognitum* was much more favourable than Cardinal Vaughan's had been, and in advocating corporate Reunion as against the policy of individual conversion, and in attributing the principal increase in the numbers of English Roman Catholics to Irish immigration, he gave mortal offence to Westminster. 'Cardinal Vaughan, wrote Mr. Snead Cox, 'read these words with indignation and regret.'<sup>79</sup> These emotions may have been accentuated by the fact that a garbled version of Portal's speech was sent to the Cardinal by someone present at the meeting.

The moment had arrived to deal with the Abbé, and retribution awaited the poor man on his return to Paris. In addition to his speech on the 13th, he had written in a similar strain in the *Revue Anglo-Romaine*. He was now summoned before the Archbishop of Paris and informed that the *Revue* had fallen under the Pope's displeasure. It was 'far too much in the hands of Lord Halifax and the Anglicans.'<sup>80</sup> There was even a question of putting it on the Index. His Holiness was astonished at Portal.

Halifax was highly indignant. An attack upon a friend never failed to rouse him to war, and in this instance the peril to the cause was an added prick to his temper. If the news were true, he replied, 'among all my other regrets, there is one which stands out above the others, and it is that once more Rome has justified everything that has been said of her.'<sup>81</sup>

A day or two later he had again to take Lady Halifax to Mont Dore for her health. He saw the Abbé in Paris on his way south. In the interval reflection had increased rather than diminished his wrath. Not only was he angry for the injustice to his friend, but all the Yorkshireman in him had been stirred by the Pope's reported use of the term 'humiliation' as the necessity for Anglicans. It was no word for English ears, he told the Abbé.

We are quite ready to acknowledge our offences, but it is only on condition that the offences against us are also recognised, and I will never admit that, between Rome and ourselves, all the wrongs are on one side. If that must be the last word, there is not a single one of my countrymen who would not be ready to hang anyone who should talk to him of Rome and of union with her.<sup>82</sup>

Not Benson himself could have written more stiffly.

Presently the Abbé, who was far from well, arrived at Mont Dore with a further piece of ill news. He had been ordered by his Superior to abstain in future from interference in the affairs

of England. Halifax at once wrote to Cardinals Rampolla and Parocchi. What, he asked, were the Pope's real wishes? Did Rampolla want the *Revue* to continue? Had the idea of corporate Reunion been abandoned in favour of individual conversion? If this were so, it was the end to any hope of a *rapprochement*.

Cardinal Rampolla sent smooth and diplomatic replies. The zeal and perseverance of His Holiness were unabated; nor did he limit his hopes to individual conversions, although these must not be discouraged while the possibilities of corporate Reunion were being examined. The loyalty and good intentions of the Abbé Portal were beyond question, but while the matter of the Orders was *sub judice*, public pronouncements by persons not fully qualified to make them were to be deprecated. The *Revue* had not been condemned, nor would it be, so long as the editors were careful.<sup>83</sup>

Halifax returned to England and to Hickleton. On the 18th of September Lady Beauchamp arrived to stay. She brought with her an evening paper containing the announcement of a Papal Bull declaring the Anglican Orders null and void. The news was confirmed next day in a telegram from Portal, and in *The Times* of the 19th, which had a leading article obviously by the same writer as had previously incurred Halifax's suspicions.

It was, of course, the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*. Of its terms little need be said. The decision was founded not upon the alleged doubtfulness of Barlow's consecration, but upon the contention that neither in form, nor in purpose, nor in effect did the Anglican Rite make sacrificing priests in the Catholic sense; and the judgment was obviously influenced by the previous verdict of the Holy Office in the case of Bishop Gordon. The Anglican Orders were declared invalid, and Anglican clergymen joining the Roman Church must, as heretofore, be unconditionally ordained.

At Hanley, on the 28th, Cardinal Vaughan delivered himself of a dignified whoop of triumph. Even that small minority of High Churchmen must now recognise that 'the Erastian and Protestant Church of England as a body rejects all idea of a real sacrificing priesthood.' They found themselves 'shivering in their insular isolation;' but the close of the controversy, 'for those who face reality . . . will usher in a period of grace and conversion.' Corporate Reunion was 'a dream, and a snare of the Evil One.' He concluded by announcing the formation of a fund for the assistance of converted Anglican clergymen in distressed circumstances.<sup>84</sup>

The letters exchanged between Halifax and Portal, although printed in *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*, were so characteristic of both men that extracts from them cannot be omitted.

Towards four o'clock yesterday afternoon [wrote the Abbé on September 19th] the telegram received by the *Univers* was communicated to me. It is needless to tell you what MM. Courcelle, Levé, and I felt. Our first thought was for you and for our friends in England—Puller, Lacey, etc. Poor friends, who have been so good, so generous, so loyal! There is nothing for it but to bow the head and keep silence. I talk to no one. Besides, the blow is so heavy and the grief so overwhelming that I am quite benumbed.

May Our Lord have pity on us. May He at least grant us the consolation of seeing with our own eyes that we have not done more harm than good. You and yours have shown too much faith, too much abnegation, for your praiseworthy deeds and your sacrifices of every kind to be lost. They will help immensely in the salvation of your souls, and also (against all hope I hope) towards reunion. To you, my dear friend, I owe my highest joys—to work and suffer for the Church. I give you the best that my soul had of affection and unalterable devotion. I feel over again your great grief, and I suffer more for you than for myself. . . .<sup>85</sup>

Your letter fills my eyes with tears [Halifax replied]; but it does me inexpressible good. Assuredly it was love of souls that moved

us: we did not think of anything else. May something be done to put an end to the divisions among those who love our Lord Jesus Christ—those divisions that keep so many souls far away from Him!—so that those who love each other, communicating at the same altars, may love each other more; in short, so that the essential unity of the Church of Jesus Christ may be recognised by everyone. To bring that about we must come together in a spirit of love and of charity, in a spirit also of penitence for all the faults committed on both sides; with a view to dispelling misunderstandings; to distinguishing what is of faith and what is merely a matter of opinion; to dispelling prejudice and, quite simply, to seeking the will of God, as He made it known to His Holy Apostles, and as it has been understood by the Church from the earliest times; and finally to establishing ourselves upon the grounds of Christian faith and practice required by the Encyclical [Satis Cognitum].

That, my friend, is all that we wanted. I suppose the others wanted it also. But in order to arrive at this much love is necessary, much charity, much patience, great self-denial, the wisdom that discriminates. Above all is needed that love-inspired spirit which, above all difficulties and in spite of all appearances, sees the essential truth as it actually is in itself, and neglects every personal consideration, trusting others as oneself, in order to make that truth prevail. This is what was wanted and precisely what was lacking. It is difficult to speak without having the text of the document. I cannot yet feel convinced that it is all that is said. But, if Reuter's telegram be correct, there is no doubt that it realises the wishes of Cardinal Vaughan and his *entourage*, and this fact is their condemnation. It will be said of them that either through lack of intelligence or through something much more important, they have frustrated the designs of God. It will be said that they had the opportunity of doing the greatest possible good to the Church, to do much for the salvation of souls, and that they would not.

But I leave them. For our part, my dear friend, with what need we reproach ourselves? We tried to do something which, I believe, God inspired. We have failed, for the moment; but if God

wills it, his desire will be accomplished, and if He allows us to be shattered, it may well be because He means to do it Himself. This is no dream. The thing is as certain as ever. There are some bitter things which are worth all the joys of earth, and I prefer, many thousand times, to suffer with you in such a cause, than to triumph with the whole world. Your letter is more precious to me than I can possibly say. Troubles shared are already half assuaged; only I know that if we suffer, you are suffering still more, and it is this thought that hurts me most.<sup>86</sup>

How deeply Halifax felt the wound of this failure only those who knew him best were allowed to be aware. Something of the pain appears in a letter he wrote to Mr. Athelstan Riley on October 17th:

I am conscious of a great desire to retire into myself and go nowhere and say nothing for a long time. Indeed I am quite sure that it is absolutely necessary for the sake of all we care about, and also for my own, which however is a very minor point, that I should not have to go to any meetings where I have to talk about Church matters just now.<sup>87</sup>

Halifax's Roman friends, von Hügel and Wilfrid Ward, dutifully accepted the Bull, as did Duchesne among the French Catholics. Von Hügel wrote to Cardinal Vaughan that although it

is not of course exactly what I had hoped and wished for, the acceptance of its sentence has cost me little or no intrinsic difficulty . . . I had never held even silently in my own heart the simple validity of the Orders. . . . My extrinsic difficulty is purely general. It is a fear lest this decision may encourage in our rank and file a tone which now for over a quarter of a century has tried me much, all Catholic and, please God, devoted Catholic as I am; a tone which I know full well would have constituted an all but insuperable barrier to my becoming a Catholic had I had the misfortune of being born outside the Church. Bishop Brownlow represents, I think, in these matters very much the tone and attitude that not

only help me but have enabled me to be of some real help, I gratefully think, to a now not inconsiderable number of souls.

I am very sure from such direct experience, which after all but repeats on a humbler scale what can be seen writ large in the special influence of Cardinal Newman and Card. Wiseman, that there are souls, I suspect in increasing numbers, whom only such a tone would ever bring into the Church or indeed even nearer to it. No doubt your Eminence has evidence, at least as cogent and no doubt much more multifarious, of the existence possibly in much larger numbers of souls that have been helped on by exactly the opposite tack.\*

Would it not then be possible, of course within certain large limits in both directions, to encourage or at least to tolerate both tendencies? After all, the other kind of souls exist and are souls too.

It would seem as if the Encyclical *Satis Cognitum* and now the Bull and their frank and practical acceptance by the smaller party would make quite safe such toleration on the part of the larger party. The all-round feeling of such mutual concession within the bounds of the Faith would surely be desirable and fruitful.

There is for instance the *Revue Anglo-Romaine*. I do not of course agree with all it has published; indeed, had I been its editor, I could certainly not have published several articles and notes that were, I thought, distinctly inaccurate and misleading. I protested against them to Portal. Still even so I could not help being sorry at the extreme severity of those two *Tablet* leaders against it. I cannot help hoping that now that Portal is no more its Editor, or even its active collaborator, it may not be far removed from what your Eminence believed tolerable, and it may be allowed to take its chance in the ordinary struggle for existence.<sup>88</sup>

It was the generous letter of a man whose name to-day is honoured as much among Anglicans as among those of his own Communion; and the views he expressed were shared by many distinguished English Roman Catholics like the Duke of Nor-

\*Seldom can a rebuke have been more delicately administered by a layman to a Prince of the Church.

folk, who had already written in the same sense to Wilfrid Ward.

Unfortunately neither the pleading of von Hügel nor the promises of Rampolla could save the *Revue*. Its immediate purpose no longer existed: the forced resignation of Portal from the editorship was a serious blow; *Apostolicae Curae* was nearly a mortal wound; and the determined hostility of Cardinal Vaughan was fatal to such chances of life as remained. The last number appeared in 1896.

Duchesne also wrote to von Hügel:

You know that I would never have admitted the sufficiency of the Rite for the deaconate; for the priesthood the more I studied the formula the less confidence I felt. As for the episcopate, I hoped that a doubt might be allowed, although there too there was a grave objection. In these circumstances you see that I had no great sacrifice of opinion to make in accepting the decision of the Holy Father. In fact, no thought of hesitating in my submission could have occurred to me. In matters of religion the Pope, quite apart from any supernatural consideration, has lights which ordinary mortals have not got. If I had had to admit that Parker was consecrated in an inn or that Barlow was not consecrated at all, that would have been a very great sacrifice, but those points were not in question. Besides, as an historian I cannot refuse to recognise the very serious discovery made by the Anglicans themselves in the course of the discussion that numerous re-ordinations took place under Queen Mary.<sup>89</sup>

As for Wilfrid Ward, his elusiveness puzzled Halifax, and was to puzzle him anew many years later when he was writing *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders* and wanted permission to include some of Ward's letters. Halifax undoubtedly had believed Ward to be more in sympathy with his views than he really was, a misconception that may have arisen partly through Halifax's reluctance to allow anyone, whose opinion he re-

spected and whose honesty he recognised, to disagree with him. He would argue with the greatest persistence, sometimes, in his impatience, even seizing the other man by the arm and shaking him. Eventually it often happened that he extracted something—a mollifying word or a diplomatic reticence—which led him to believe that he had availed in his persuasion. Ward, like von Hügel, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Edmund Talbot (now Viscount FitzAlan), was genuinely anxious to eliminate bitterness from the relations between Romans and Anglicans. He had no hope of corporate Reunion, at least within any reasonable period, but saw no reason why the two Churches should not live amicably side by side. So he had been disposed to welcome, and even to assist, Halifax's plans, and would have preferred the question of the Orders to be left doubtful. He gives throughout an impression of taking an intellectual rather than an emotional interest in the whole business; he was a detached observer, not a partisan; and when all was over he reduced the proceedings very neatly to the form of a game of chess,<sup>90</sup> particulars of which are given in an appendix.\*

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*Roma locuta est.* So much ink has been spilled on the subject that it is unnecessary, even if it were strictly relevant, to discuss the merits of the judgment against the Anglican Orders. Roman Catholics will continue to believe that the decision was reached solely upon the merits of the evidence submitted, Anglicans that policy was the crucial factor, and that a more propitious moment might have produced a happier result. In their view the uncompromising hostility of Cardinal Vaughan made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for any other verdict to be given. But it may be added that, in the opinion of many competent observers, a declaration of the validity, or even of

\*See Appendix I, page 375.

the doubtful invalidity, of the Orders would have necessitated defining clearly the conditions of a valid Ordinal—a definition which Rome had never made and, for several reasons, was anxious to avoid.<sup>91</sup>

Halifax summed up the whole matter from his point of view in 'After-thoughts—Hopes for the Future,' the last chapter in his book. After apportioning the responsibility for the failure of his and Portal's efforts, and enumerating the advantages which might be salvaged from the ruin of their hopes, he directed the attention of his readers to the nature of the Church and of the Sacramental system which joins us to 'that chain of agencies by which the divine life is communicated to man, and man is re-united to God.'<sup>92</sup> Visible communion with Rome, however important, was of the *bene esse* rather than of the *esse* of a Church. Separation, however deplorable, could not sever us from our supernatural union with Christ and with each other which we receive through the Sacraments. Let it be granted that there was a clear-cut division between the Catholic and Protestant systems; the Church of England, with her unbroken succession of bishops, her Creed, and her Sacraments, was to be numbered with the first and not with the second. Nevertheless, it was still our duty to mend the schism of the sixteenth century. There had been grave faults on the side of Rome, but we ourselves had been and were still far from guiltless. Our part was humbly to acknowledge our offences, to make allowances for the feelings of those outside our Communion, to be patient, and, above all, to work indefatigably to the appointed end. It is hard, by a quotation here and there, to convey his argument without tearing its close texture. The chapter is probably the finest of all Halifax's writings; it must be read to be appreciated.

The enterprise, indeed, had failed, as the world judges failure and success. It might well be said to have wrought more harm

than good, since many Anglicans, not fully acquainted with the tangled history of these years, resented the condemnation as a gratuitous insult to their Church. They hastily adopted Archbishop Benson's theory of a plot. There had been an attempt to humiliate the Archbishops, and, when this had been brought to nothing by the grace of God and the wisdom of Dr. Benson, the conspirators had flung a handful of mud at the Church of England. The mud, they exclaimed, must be returned; and some of it was. Harmful, too, was likely to be the effect of the condemnation of the Orders on future efforts for Reunion. It closed with some finality a door through which communications might pass. Roman theologians have expressed the opinion that the Bull is among those rare utterances which are covered by the Infallibility. That was not Halifax's view. At least he believed that *Apostolicae Curae*, if it could not be set aside, could be explained, and in a fashion satisfactory to Anglicans, when the right moment arrived and the decision could be shown to rest upon an incomplete appreciation of the facts. That was a slender consolation; he found a more substantial advantage in the actual reopening of negotiations between the members of two Churches which, for more than three hundred years, had been at worst at war and at best at armed neutrality; and yet another gain in the new attitude of Anglicans, who had explored their pedigree and learnt to put a new value upon their birthright.

There may have been comfort, too, in the reflection that if by worldly standards he and Portal had failed, the judgment of the world is not that of a court of last instance. Not merely the heroic episodes, but even the ultimate triumphs of history, have often been born on some stricken field or in the shipwreck of some high endeavour. Nor may those who follow a religion, which draws its very life from the death of its Founder, dare to pass an easy verdict of failure upon those who have laboured

honestly, selflessly, from the highest motives, and, for their time and generation, in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Halifax, it has been seen, laid most of the blame upon Cardinal Vaughan and his *entourage*. The unyielding hostility of the English Roman Catholics was the rock upon which his ship struck in 1896, and was to strike again thirty years later. Yet he bore Vaughan no grudge. After the publication of the Bull he and the Cardinal exchanged friendly letters.

He is a person quite apart [Halifax wrote to Mr. Athelstan Riley]. No one can the least understand him who does not know him. He is quite the oddest mixture of things, that ever was . . . I like him and cannot help doing so, despite all his enormities.<sup>93</sup>

Intransigent as had been the Cardinal's attitude, two circumstances should be remembered to his credit. Firstly, he appears to have exerted himself to prevent the condemnation of Portal's brochure on the Orders by the Holy Office;<sup>94</sup> and secondly, it was at his suggestion and expense that Father Scannell, who had written in favour of the Anglican position, was added to the Commission.<sup>95</sup>

It was easy then, and it is easy now, to deplore the part which the Cardinal and the bulk of the English Roman Catholics had played; but, as Halifax warned his friends,

Let us remember how the Roman Catholic body in England has been treated under the Penal Laws till comparatively recent times. Only so late as the year 1786 a Benedictine, Dom Anselm Botton, was tried at York for his life on a charge of High Treason for converting a girl to the Roman Catholic Faith. What would members of the Church of England have said if their Prayer Books had had to be disguised as the works of Horace or Virgil, or if they had been compelled, like a Lord Arundel of Wardour, to sell their carriage horses for five pounds apiece to their nearest neighbour, or, like Mr. Constable Maxwell of Everingham, to pay double land tax, for the sake of their religious convictions?<sup>96</sup>

They had kept the Faith in days when every priest was an outlaw and every Mass was a treason. They had endured the barbarous punishments of the Elizabethans, the penal laws of the Stuarts, the repressions of the Commonwealth, the infamies of Titus Oates and his horrid gang, the long ostracism of the eighteenth century. When Emancipation at last brought them relief, they might well have exclaimed, like the chief captain, that with a great sum they had obtained this freedom. Then, from the ruins of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had risen the splendid fabric of the new Rome, with its hierarchy, its priests, its churches, its schools, its swelling congregations. We may not wonder if the heirs of this tradition looked with some disfavour upon projects of corporate Reunion, or if it seemed hard to them that their hire should be given to those who had not only postponed entering into the vineyard until the eleventh hour, but had, as it were, been picketing its approaches and harassing its labourers through the heat and burden of the day.

If such were the very human feelings of some of the older Catholic families, the converts, in quality if not in numbers so important a section of the Church, were even more severely tried by the talk of Reunion. Having endured the stress and estrangement of a great spiritual change, they too would hardly have been human if they had not shrunk from the implication that the Church which they had left was after all Catholic, her priests validly ordained, her Sacraments effective.

While it can hardly be disputed that considerations such as these had their influence in the minds of many Roman Catholics, other arguments weighed quite as heavily with them. They knew, as Dr. Benson did and Leo XIII did not know, how far from representative of the Church of England were Halifax's opinions; that the English Church Union spoke only for a minority; that on the Roman question Halifax could not

answer for the unanimity even of the Union, since there were wide differences of opinion on the important question of authority; and finally that, although the immediate question only concerned the validity of the Orders, the ultimate issue was Reunion, against which the Protestant forces in the Church of England would oppose a furious resistance. Suppose that the Orders were declared valid, that friendly advances were made by the Holy See and were accorded a chilly reception? The Anglicans would have secured the advantage of a quasi-recognition which would inevitably be used for the discouragement of those whose submission was in the balance. Reunion, by all means, was the reply of the English Romans, but let it be by the individual submission of souls and not by an attempted mating of incompatibles. To which Halifax would retort that that was not Reunion at all, and that at the prevailing rate of individual conversion Rome would have some centuries to wait before she could be said to have reclaimed England for the Holy See. Without doubt Cardinal Vaughan and many others were convinced that a flood of converts would follow a direct condemnation of the Orders, an expectation which was to be disappointed. The expectation, however, was there and had its effect.

But while, in Halifax's judgment, the principal offender was Cardinal Vaughan, he reserved a substantial share of the blame for Archbishop Benson. 'Few men,' he declared, 'have ever had so great an opportunity offered them as the Archbishop; no man, I think, ever so completely threw it away.'<sup>97</sup> Halifax believed that if only Dr. Benson, on being shown Cardinal Rambolla's letter to the Abbé, had made a direct approach to the Pope, much good might have been achieved and much evil avoided; but that, as it was, his hesitations and suspicions complemented the active resistance of Cardinal Vaughan. Yet to those who have followed the course of the negotiations this will appear too drastic a verdict. The Archbishop may well have

thought that events had fully justified his reserve, and a good many people will agree with him. Halifax was always inclined to assume in others the same standpoint and premises as his own, and to be puzzled and indignant when these did not produce the same conclusions. But the Archbishop's position was totally different from Halifax's, and it must be admitted that not once, but many times, he tried to make this clear.\*<sup>98</sup> Really he and the Cardinal, from their very conflicting points of views, were closer to each other than either was to Halifax. They, at any rate, spoke the same language and lived on the same plane. The language was that of common-sense, the plane that of practical politics. It was no more possible for their minds to meet the mind of Halifax than it is for two parallel straight lines to meet each other. As to which was right, opinions will always differ. One man will be ready to take a big risk for the sake of a possible big advantage, and another will not, partly because each sets a different value on the risk and the advantage, and partly through a fundamental opposition of mind and temperament. There will always be those who look at matters in 'the light of Faith' and those who will look at them in that of 'human calculation.'

When *Apostolicae Curiae* appeared, the Archbishop began to make notes for a reply. On October 10th he went to stay with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. He was apparently in the best of health and spirits, but the next day in church he was taken suddenly ill and died. The official Anglican reply to the Bull, a document of the greatest importance for the future, was therefore sponsored by his successor, Archbishop Temple, and by the Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan.

If Halifax was a little less than fair to Benson, his veneration for Leo XIII survived in undiminished force. There had been moments when he had thought that the Pope might have said more, and others when he might have said less; but when the

\*As in his letter of April 29th, 1895.

first pangs of disappointment had passed, he came to a just and generous view of the Pope's actions. The sincerity of Leo XIII's desire for Reunion was unquestionable. The biographer of Cardinal Vaughan has admitted that 'the growing certainty that Anglican Orders could not escape condemnation must have come almost as a disappointment to Pope Leo.'<sup>99</sup> But neither he nor any Pope, in face of the attitude of the English hierarchy and the unanimous opinion of the commission of Cardinals, could have acted otherwise than he did.

Halifax was to see Leo XIII once more. In June 1903 he went to Rome.\* He wished 'in some way to express to Leo XIII and to Cardinal Rampolla that despite all that had occurred, and the failure of what had been attempted, I was not ungrateful for all they had desired to do in the interests of reunion.'<sup>100</sup>

He was granted an audience and found the Pope 'hardly altered since he received us in 1895.' His face was 'perhaps softer and gentler, but his eyes were as bright and quick as ever.' They talked on many subjects—the recent visit of King Edward, the work in Rhodesia of Lord Grey, who accompanied Halifax, the King's Declaration on accession. Then Halifax said 'how much he had wished to hear once more a few encouraging words from the lips of His Holiness for the reunion of the Churches.' 'But it is my dream,' the Pope replied, 'what I desire most of all.' They must persevere, and pray, and pray, until Our Lord's will that there should be one fold under one shepherd was realised. He added some friendly words to Halifax personally, who then knelt and asked for a blessing for himself and for the objects he had at heart. The Pope gave him this and the audience was over.<sup>101</sup>

On the 20th of July, six weeks later, Leo XIII died.

\*The project of an audience with the Pope must have been suddenly conceived, as Halifax found himself in Rome without the necessary clothes and had to borrow a dress coat, which was much too big for him, from his servant James Adams.

## *V. The Year's Round*

After those sorrowful years, when illness and death largely governed Halifax's movements, his life fell into a routine, which, with occasional departures, he kept until he was a very old man.

His home and headquarters was Hickleton, the eighteenth century house, some six miles from Doncaster, which Sir Francis Wood had bought in 1829. It was the background of Halifax's life, as it had been that of his father's, and it held, under close competition from Garrowby, the first place in his affections. In 1858 his father had carried out extensive alterations to the house, which then assumed substantially its present form, although from time to time minor improvements, particularly affecting its front, were introduced. The making of these was an abiding interest with Halifax until the end of his life; so that as late as 1930 his letters to his son are full of the little changes he is making and speculations as to the satisfaction they will give to the returning Viceroy.

More drastic than anything which he did to the house was his transformation of the little church, dedicated to St. Wilfred, which lies about a hundred yards away, on the edge of the road through the village. During his father's lifetime Halifax had longed to see the church more in accord with his own ideas, and in 1864, when the living fell vacant, he and his father came as near as two mutually devoted people could come to a quarrel, over the appointment of a successor to Mr. Armytage. Shortly after the death of the first Lord Halifax, there was again a vacancy, and with it was the chance of a real change,

which Halifax eagerly seized. When Hickleton was reopened for Christmas 1886, he wrote to Liddon that 'the house used to be so full, and now it is comparatively so empty.' But, he added,

Mr. Dalton [the new curate-in-charge] is converting not only the parish but the neighbourhood—the church is filled to overflowing, the little brats of children come to church on weekdays through the snow at 7.30, and the question of Purgatory is discussed in the Public House.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Dalton was to stay many years at Hickleton, and though he had his differences of opinion with the patron of the living, there was a warm friendship between them. Gone, indeed, were the days of the Rev. John Armytage, 'the Divine Jack,' with his 'natty' suit, his white neckcloth, and his red carnation. Gone, too, was the old family pew, which was really a room in itself and occupied the whole of the south aisle, with a fireplace and in winter a fire which was always poked at the end of the Litany. The pew remained, but was almost indistinguishable from the rest of the church. A new altar, with a carved reredos, replaced the old Communion Table, at which four times a year Mr. Armytage had administered the Sacrament; at the east end of the south aisle Halifax installed the recumbent figures of his father and mother; and, some years later, beside the organ, which was moved to the west end of the church, he placed a fine Descent from the Cross. Halifax liked to tell how some colliers once came out to see the church and how one of them, after gazing for some time at this carving, declared that it moved him nearly to tears.<sup>2</sup> Mass replaced Matins as the principal service on Sunday morning, the Liturgy of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI being adopted in July 1894, by permission of the Archbishop of York, and used thereafter.

In the churchyard, close to the south wall of the church, Halifax put up a memorial to his three boys; and at the lychgate

opening on to the road he built a niche in which he placed three skulls, accompanied by the old device—‘*Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*’ But, lest the inhabitants of Hickleton should miss the point of the warning, he translated it into English; and though the purpose of the skulls was thus explained, they seldom failed to draw the visiting journalist into an allusion to some dark (but wholly imaginary) secret in the family history of the Woods.

Halifax was usually at Hickleton during the early months of the year, except when business carried him to London, to attend debates in the House of Lords or to preside over the monthly meeting of the Council of the English Church Union. There were other claims upon him which, as the years passed, accumulated, and, since he never allowed his membership of a board or a committee to become perfunctory, continually took him from Hickleton. He had become an Ecclesiastical Commissioner by nomination of Mr. Gladstone, a governor of Pusey House and of King Edward’s School, and a member of the Council of Keble College, to which he was appointed in 1879 on the recommendation of Dr. Pusey. And this is to name only a few of his activities. The health of Lady Halifax, too, never robust after her attack of typhoid in 1890, often necessitated journeys abroad, to Mont Dore or Biarritz or Mentone; and in most years, even after the business of the Anglican Orders was over, Halifax would make a rendezvous with the Abbé Portal at some convenient spot in France.

Apart from such excursions, there were visits to pay. Every year he must stay with his sister, Emily Meynell Ingram, at Hoar Cross or Temple Newsam. The latter was a place after Halifax’s heart, full of ghosts and romantic history. Originally a preceptory of the Knights Templar, it had passed into the possession of the Lennoxes and been the early home of the unfortunate Darnley. The Ingrams bought it from the Lennoxes and rebuilt it in the early seventeenth century.

Mrs. Meynell Ingram had become very much of an invalid and drove about her estates in a bath-chair drawn by a pony. Ill health notwithstanding, she took a vigorous interest in Church matters, supporting her brother's policies with her purse and her sympathy, and relying much upon the counsel of Canon Knox-Little, whom she had installed in her church of the Holy Angels at Hoar Cross. With the help of her brother Frederick, she governed her great estates with spirit and success. The old Whig strain lived on in her, and she was impatient of the least opposition, either from individuals or from public bodies, her normal reply, when confronted with what she conceived to be an encroachment or an impertinence, being a writ or a summons.

In his own domain at Hickleton Halifax was nearly as great an autocrat as was Mrs. Meynell Ingram at Temple Newsam or Hoar Cross. When the local Council proposed altering the road through Hickleton, he was most indignant and declared that if they dared to interfere with 'my village,' he would dig a trench across their road. If they filled it in he would dig it again and, he added triumphantly, 'I shall win.'

Strong as was his feeling for 'my village' and those who lived in it, he cared little for the practical details of estate management; partly because he was too ready to believe that things like drains and roofs, when once in position, took on an imperishable character and never required renewing. Nor, he felt, were these considerations of very great importance in a world which, as he told Charles Gore and George Russell, 'is all going to be burnt up.' But the implications of democracy were always offensive to him. Projects of a classless society or of economic equality would have seemed to him nonsense; in fact, blasphemous nonsense, since Almighty God had placed people in certain stations of life and clearly intended them to remain in them.

Someone once told him that the Bishop's Palace at Chichester was very cold in winter. 'If it was in my province,' he said, 'I would find some way to deal with it.' His chaplain suggested that this would cost money which would be better spent in charity than on bishops and their palaces—'It does not matter if bishops are cold.' 'I could never agree to that,' replied Halifax, whom no one could have described at any time as a great lover of bishops. 'But where is your moral sense, Lord Halifax?' protested the chaplain. 'I have no moral sense,' he answered, looking round him triumphantly, 'and that is my strength.'

On the other hand, where he believed the spiritual welfare of his dependents to be involved, no trouble was too great for him and no expenditure too burdensome. 'All the servants made their Communions except P—,' he wrote in his diary on Easter Day, 1897; and the absence of P— obviously troubled him as much as any delinquency of any bishop. He never grudged money for the little church at Hickleton, and was to spend a small fortune on the church which he built at Goldthorpe, to serve the spiritual needs of the new mining population there.

His care and affection for his tenants and his servants, especially for the latter, were in constant evidence. 'A most dreadful grief,' he wrote in his diary when one of them died—'he had been with the family since 1859—a most faithful friend and servant.'<sup>3</sup> There was scarcely a limit to what he would do or pay for them, if they were in sickness or difficulty; they served him and that sufficed. In his moments of impatience he would address them with an exaggerated violence which they never misunderstood. 'If you do that again, I shall beat you,' was a threat which he frequently made and, needless to say, never attempted to carry out. His wrath, when it appeared, was easily disarmed. A butler, suspected of drinking the wine with more freedom than circumspection, was summoned before him.

When taxed with his offence, the man remained obstinately silent, refusing either to admit or deny the charge. At last, in exasperation, Halifax exclaimed, 'If you don't answer, I shall shake you.' Whereupon the culprit replied: 'I knew I had drunk some, my lord, but I didn't think I had drunk as much as that'—an explanation that delighted Halifax to the point of forgiveness.

His faithful personal servant for many years was James Adams, who first came to him in 1890 and usually accompanied him on his journeys abroad. It was James who had to lend him a dress coat for his audience with Leo XIII in 1903; it was James again who played a necessary but unobtrusive part in the Conversations of Malines and was sent for by Mercier, when the great Cardinal was dying, to receive his blessing. Perhaps the most serious of all Halifax's many differences of opinion with James arose from the former's determination that James must be taught to swim. One spring at Rapallo he actually induced James to take the water—'tied up with swimming belts like a lifeboatman, and with a rope which I held.'<sup>4</sup> The immersion, viewed as a swimming lesson, could scarcely be described as a success. James was the recipient of all manner of strange instructions. For example, when Halifax died, James was to be sure and see that his false teeth were put in, as he did not 'want to go out of the world looking untidy.'

The nature of the relationship between them, and, in a lesser degree, between Halifax and his other servants, is best illustrated by a letter, 'to be opened after my death,' which he gave James in 1915.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Life is very uncertain and I want first of all to thank you for all you have done for me—now for so many years—it will be 25 years next April since you came to us—and no one could have had a better friend and servant than you have been to me. I thank

you with all my heart for all you have done for me and been to me—a real friend, one for whom, as I think you know, I have had a great affection, who has never grudged any trouble on my behalf, and whom it has always been a pleasure to have with me. I thank you again with all my heart; and I pray God to give you every blessing in this life and the next. We have sometimes joked and said that you took care of my body and that I tried to look after your soul—so in regard to your soul I say again: Be careful about your Communions and your Confessions. If you ever think of me in the future remember what I have tried to say to you when I was with you. Nothing in this life really signifies except trying to be good and to please God. Don't forget your confessions at least at Easter and Xmas. It would be good for you if you went oftener—before Whitsunday—and perhaps All Saints Day—and on your birthday. And don't you think you could go oftener to Mass—say on saints' days—and really try and get on in all the ways that will lay up for you a growing treasure in heaven? Being able to go to Mass every day, and to make my communions very often—the early Christians went to communion every day—has been the strength and happiness of my life, and I should like you sometimes to think how glad you will be, the better you have tried to serve and please God.

I hope you may stay on for many years in my son's service, for if you serve him and look after him as you have me he will have secured a good friend and faithful servant indeed, which is one of the best things this world, or rather God, can give one.

And now good-bye again. Think of me sometimes; remember me in your prayers; pray for my soul on the anniversary of my death as it comes round, and believe how grateful I am for all your goodness to me, and for all the comfort you have been to me ever since you have been my servant: but you have been a friend, not a servant, and we have, I think both, really cared for one another.

Good-bye again. May God bless you and when the day comes bring you to Himself and restore to you for ever your little

daughter, of whom I have often and often thought, and whose loss and your grief for her loss has been so constantly in my mind.

Ever yours affectly,

(Sgd.) HALIFAX.

As with his servants, so with his friends, and the sons and daughters of his friends, Halifax would put himself to any exertion if he felt that their spiritual well-being was threatened. His impetuous evangelism, while amusing his family, sometimes placed him in what others would feel was an invidious position. The daughter of a friend of his having gravely misconducted herself, Halifax, full of distress, hastened to the house, determined to speak to her himself. On arrival he was told that the erring young woman was in her bedroom. Nothing daunted, he marched upstairs. 'I know all about you,' he began. 'You are a Mary Magdalene, but, my dear child, there's no reason why you should not become a *Saint* Mary Magdalene.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Halifax never cared for shooting, but during the winter months at Hickleton he hunted regularly, accompanied by his daughters Mary and Agnes and, during the holidays, by Edward. It is doubtful whether, apart from his enjoyment of riding, he had any great love of the sport, or whether he was not as happy riding about the country as hunting a fox. But he always saw life in pictures; perhaps, in the modern phrase, he dramatised it. He had a picture of the Church of England, another of the Church of Rome, and neither was quite or all the truth, although he disliked to be faced with anything which clashed with the design. Similarly, he had a picture of the country gentleman, surrounded by a loyal and contented tenantry, and so was sometimes inclined to be impatient when a loyal and contented tenant would interrupt the picture by

asking for a reduction in his rent or a repair to his roof. In this picture of the country gentleman hunting had an unshakable place, and so he hunted.

When the spring came, he would contrive to spend at least a part of the season at his house in Eaton Square, dealing with ecclesiastical business from the offices of the English Church Union in the morning and with social engagements in the afternoon and evening, dining, going to the theatre, attending parties, or, until his year forbade, dancing into the small hours with the energy of an undergraduate. Both during the season, and at other times when he was in London, he never failed to pay regular visits to his aunt Georgiana Grey in her apartments at Hampton Court. That lady, who had been approaching middle age when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, lost none of her faculties with the years. She took the liveliest interest in all that went on, particularly in anything that concerned her army of relatives, and was a stern critic of the degeneration of the *fin de siècle*. A Whig to the backbone, at the age of ninety-nine, she was still capable, with all her kindness, of inspiring terror in those about her. Halifax, visiting her in February 1900, when the Boer War was at its hottest, found her second maid much alarmed and protesting that 'she would sooner face the Boers' than her formidable mistress.<sup>5</sup> In September of that year the old lady, the last surviving child of Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, died.

At Whitsuntide the family would go down to Devonshire for ten days or so. In October 1894 Lady Halifax's uncle, Canon Courtenay, the vicar of Bovey Tracey, died; and a month later his wife followed him. A few months before, when the Halifaxes celebrated their silver wedding, Canon Courtenay had written to them:

May God bless you both for your love and kindness, and grant you many, many years together: twenty-five years ago I was very

thankful that Charles Wood came into the family; I am, I cannot say, how much more intensely thankful *now*. You neither of you can tell how, to us, you have filled up the gap in our lives of having no children.<sup>6</sup>

Halifax now inherited from them a little house in Bovey Tracey, to which he went year after year until 1932. It was within easy reach of Powderham, the Moult, and Beckey, with all their memories of earlier and happy days when old Lord Devon was at the Castle looking after his wellingtonias and his paupers, and the boys were alive, and Charles and Agnes Wood were young. Bovey was in lovely country, in early summer at its loveliest; and there were familiar walks to be taken along the cliffs or over the moor, and if the weather were warm enough, there was bathing.

Cliff scrambles, which Halifax enjoyed so much, were sometimes perilous. When writing to his sister Emily about the death of Lady Caroline Courtenay, he recorded a narrow escape he had just had, not in Devon, but in Cornwall.

Did I tell you that I was within an inch of being drowned the other day in Cornwall? I slipped on the cliff at the Lizard and why I did not go down into the sea (it was the day of that great storm) I don't understand. It was too quick to be frightening—but I felt it afterwards. The two things I was conscious of as I was slipping and saw what was beneath, were first, that it was all over, and next, what a minute things happen in.<sup>7</sup>

The family returned to Eaton Square for the rest of the season. In August they went to Hickleton or Garrowby, or separated, to pay visits or to go abroad for a spell. Early in September they must all be back at Hickleton for Doncaster Week. The house was always full for the occasion and a large party drove over to the races. This was a cause for scandal to some unwise but well-intentioned persons, who would write to Halifax

to express their pain and surprise that a man professing his principles should encourage horse-racing and betting. To them Halifax would reply with perfect courtesy that he only wished his house were twice as large, so that he could entertain twice as many people. Actually, the racing bored him, but once more it was indispensable to the picture, and the Leger would not be quite the Leger without a party from Hickleton; let alone a fear that if he once gave up attending some interloper would capture his window on the stand. On one occasion he was so bored by the racing that he abandoned his party and set out, in his top hat and best clothes, to walk back to Hickleton. On the way he fell in with two ragged boys, whose conversation so diverted him that he took them back with him to the house; and his guests, on their return, found the three of them consuming buns in the pantry.

This, if evidence of hospitality to strangers, was a slight lapse from his canons of the duty of a host. Halifax was almost extravagantly solicitous for the comfort and entertainment of his guests. The modern, rather haphazard house-party, in which various amusements are provided and the guests are left to choose their own, would have appeared to him bad manners. From the moment when his friends entered under his roof, he devoted himself entirely to their entertainment, planning and organising it to the last detail. A visitor arriving in the late afternoon would be pressed to eat an egg with his tea; and if he looked a little jaded after his journey, Halifax would insist upon reviving him with champagne at dinner. A certain lady who came to stay asked to be given a large bedroom, with a room next door to it in which her maid might sleep. This was at once arranged. ‘And at what time would you like your breakfast?’ asked Halifax. ‘At exactly five minutes to eight. And I would like some kidneys and bacon.’ This wish was expressed after ten o’clock at night, when further provisioning was likely to

present difficulties, but it was a point of honour with Halifax to provide his guests with everything they wanted, and at five minutes to eight the next morning the kidneys and bacon duly appeared. He even went so far as invariably to reply to the 'Collins' with which the departed guest returned thanks for the hospitality he had received.

With all this Halifax was a stickler for the old customs and proprieties. He detested the sloppiness which invaded English society in the twentieth century, the rapid and promiscuous use of Christian names, which he thought vulgar, and the abandonment of those minor courtesies which, in his opinion, made life gracious. 'But things change, Charlie,' Lady Grey said to him once when he had been inveighing against modern tendencies. 'But I like the old things.' 'Yes, Charlie, but they change.' They did, but he did not.

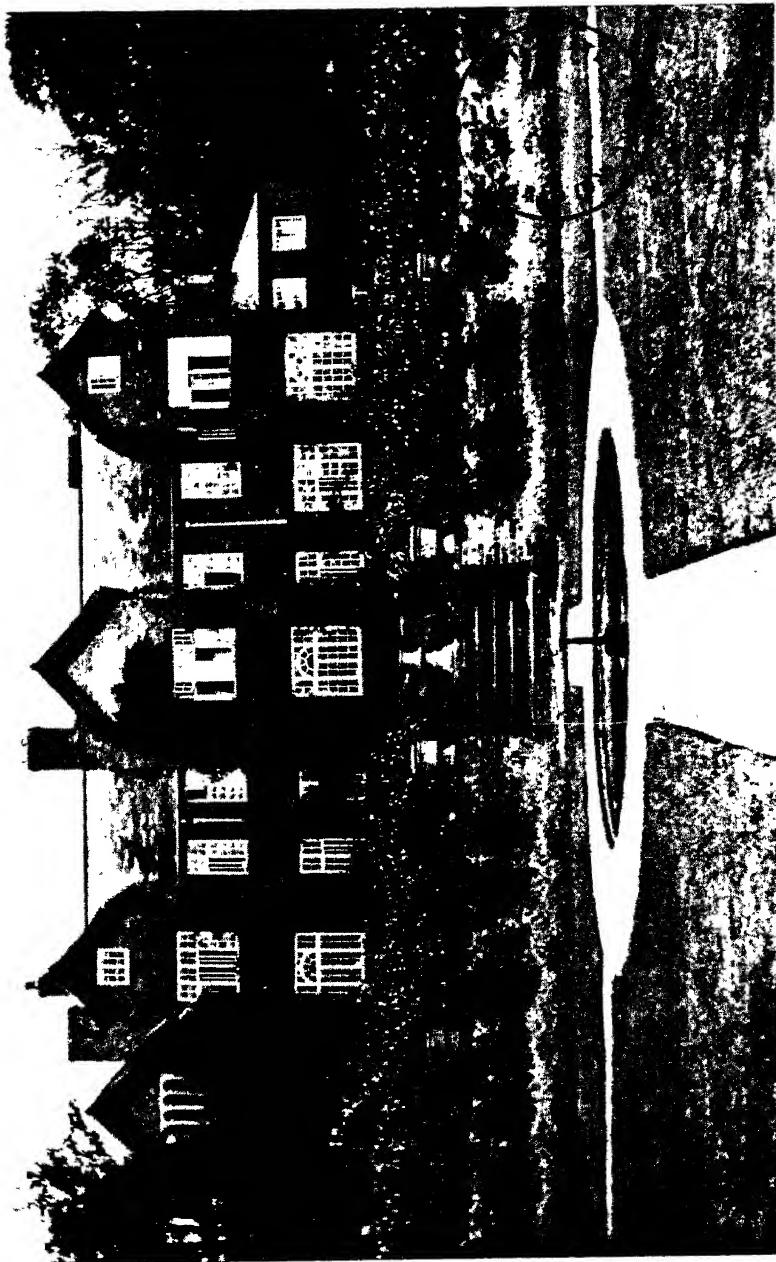
Hickleton, though not so grimy in the 'nineties as it was to be a quarter of a century later, was already darkened by the smoke from adjacent coal pits, and the next move, when the last Doncaster guest had departed, was to the cleaner air of Garrowby, raised a little above the Plain of York, with the Wolds piling themselves up behind it. Halifax always made a point of reaching Garrowby before Michaelmas, because he liked to eat his Michaelmas goose and (as he claimed) the stubble-fed geese of Garrowby were the best in the world.

The house, as it stands to-day, is largely his creation. In his father's time it was still little more than a shooting box, lodging three or four people, and surrounded by some thousands of acres of wood, stubble and grassland. Halifax resolved to transform it into a house after his own ideas, and his success in doing this, without spoiling its character, is proof of his cleverness in planning and carrying out operations of this nature. He began the work in 1892 and finished it in the following year.

The main part of the house now lies round three sides of a

cobbled courtyard, the windows of most of the sitting-rooms opening on to the garden, which falls in little terraces on to a 'ha-ha,' beyond which stretches the park. The first floor is occupied by bedrooms, above which are attics in which Halifax allowed free play to his fancy. Although he assured the clerk of the works that all the oddities which he designed were 'to amuse the children,' it may safely be inferred that they amused him just as much. There is a beautifully concealed priest's chamber, the hospitality of which he used to offer his friend Canon Wylde, in the event of the Church Association breaking into a new and violent persecution. There is a big chest with a false bottom, through which a man may reach a secret passage and eventually reappear in another part of the house. There are hiding-places, cunningly concealed, and doors which are opened by the pressure of a spring, and spyholes from hollow recesses in the walls, commanding views of some of the rooms. It was all the greatest fun to plan, and behind the fun may have been a lurking hope that some day perhaps, with great good fortune, he might find himself playing hide-and-seek in the house with the emissaries of Scotland Yard, pursuing him for some high ecclesiastical defiance.

During the later 'nineties and in the early years of the twentieth century Halifax sometimes entertained Archbishop Benson's son, Robert Hugh, the priest and novelist, who afterwards joined the Church of Rome. It is supposed that Garrowby was the original of Stanfield Place in Benson's book *By What Authority*. It is true that Stanfield was in Kent, not Yorkshire, but the priest's hole, the secret passage, the sliding panels, and the spyholes, by the aid of which Father Anthony Norris baffled the pursuivant and his men, certainly support the theory. Nor is it far-fetched to assume that in presenting Mr. Buxton, that indomitable, insuppressible Papist, who positively exulted in his recusancy and conducted his exchanges with the emis-



GARROWBY

saries of the Queen's Grace in a spirit of mischievous enjoyment, Benson had in mind his host at Garrowby. At any rate, Mr. Buxton conducted himself very much as one would imagine Halifax would have done in similar circumstances.

In other matters, besides secret passages, Hugh Benson was a most congenial companion. Ghost stories and haunted houses had a fearful fascination for both men. In 1910 they and the Duke of Newcastle spent a night in Brockley.

I went ten days ago [Halifax wrote to Lord Stanmore] to sleep in a haunted house, Brockley Manor—beyond Bristol—with the little Duke of Newcastle and Hugh Benson. We all sat up in different rooms, but, alas, no experiences. However, the house was so weird I am glad I went—brambles up to the sills of the windows, not a stick of furniture in the house, and all barred and closed up as if there were a plague or something worse inside.<sup>8</sup>

They abandoned their vigil at four o'clock in the morning, after Hugh Benson had said Mass in the haunted house.

Halifax had a great ambition to see a ghost. There was supposed to be one at Hickleton, the phantom of a housekeeper who had hanged herself and was reputed to walk the place at night. No one ever credibly saw her, but Halifax never lost hope and Edward, who, like the other children, had been brought up on the story, was heard to confess to a fear of meeting her in a dark passage. The nearest approach to a personal experience which Halifax could claim is described in a letter which he wrote from Temple Newsam to his son on February 28th, 1908.

I must tell you what happened to me last night. Your Mama and I had a nice little talk—I need not say about your affairs—and I was just settling myself to go to sleep, not feeling at all sleepy. I might have been just beginning to go to sleep. The door of my dressing-room was open and there was a good light from the fire when I saw a woman, as I thought, with something blue over her

head walk across the room towards the door which goes into the Damask Dressing-room where Alice\* is sleeping. I called out, 'A blue woman has walked across the room. I'm certain I saw her.' I lit my candle but could see nothing more. Your Mama was very frightened, called out, 'Do be quiet,' then said something about getting up, which as it was very cold, and for other reasons, I thought unnecessary. But I kept looking towards the end of the room where I could see the Indian wardrobe quite plainly. I struck my watch—it was about a quarter or twenty minutes past 12. I never felt wider awake in my life afterwards and kept looking for a long time, but nothing more happened. Your Mama made me promise not to tell Alice. I confess I was glad I was not alone in the room, and yet I really was not frightened. Of course I may have been just going to sleep and dreamt it—but why a blue woman? And I certainly never felt more certain of having seen anything in my life.<sup>9</sup>

Lady Halifax did not share his fondness for ghosts and found Temple Newsam a little too haunted to be comfortable.

Agnes and I were talking of ghosts the other day [Halifax wrote to his sister Emily]. Agnes said: 'Temple Newsam is the place where I am always most frightened, especially if I have the blue room.' 'Why,' I said, 'in the blue room you are close to Emily and her maid.' 'I know,' she answered, 'but you have to go into the passage to get to them, and I always think that they, or whatever they are, are always near the door.'<sup>10</sup>

Halifax collected ghost stories all his life with the zest of a boy collecting stamps. He had a library of volumes on the subject and kept a large book of his own, in which the supernatural experiences, mostly unpublished, of his friends and acquaintances were recorded. He would sometimes produce it for the edification of his guests.

This interest may be put down to a youthfulness which he

\*His sister.

never lost; but it also arose from his strong sense of the nearness of the supernatural. It was this same sense which led him to assure Lord Wolmer that water-divining was a trick of the devil, and to suggest, half-seriously, to Lord Stanmore, when that unfortunate peer fell out of bed and gashed his throat, that either a demon or a vampire must have been responsible.<sup>11</sup>

Lightly as Halifax might write or speak on these subjects, there was always an underlying seriousness. His sense of proportion was so different from that of the easy materialism of the day. The seen was so trivial, the unseen so tremendous. When he talked, as he often did, of the devil being busy about this affair or that, he was giving his literal belief. As in the Book of Job, the Sabeans might fall upon the oxen and asses, the Chaldeans might carry off the camels, a wind from heaven might smite and destroy the house; yet what were these but mere shadows of the eternal conflict between the hidden forces of good and evil, of thrones, principalities, and powers beyond mortal vision, of Michael and his angels and the dragon and his angels? Mr. Athelstan Riley once compared life with a game of chess, in which the players are invisible and the pieces have free will within the rules of the game and the purpose of their masters. Halifax would have accepted the analogy.

He would have added that to be interested in the unseen was not merely natural but even necessary, as a corrective to man's sense of proportion. He would have agreed with Dr. Johnson that occurrences of a supernatural kind are sometimes permitted in order to keep in us a more vivid notion of an invisible world. One way of approach to that world was forbidden. Since the Church, in her motherly wisdom, had placed a barrier across the road to Endor, Halifax condemned all the adventures and explorations of spiritualism. Ghost-hunting, however, was lawful, the more so as it might at any moment be thrust upon a man. The apparition might be of the devil; but it might

also be the working of a Divine purpose, a message, a warning, or a reassurance, which man was intended to receive and had no right to ignore. Ghost-hunting, therefore, must not be regarded too lightly, or pursued for the thrill alone. There might be evil spirits to be exorcised or unquiet spirits to be appeased; that they were as real as flesh and blood Halifax had not a shadow of doubt; and that all his life they had a strong fascination for him is quite certain.

The macabre had nearly as strong attraction for him as the supernatural; and in his more impish moods he was a little too ready to assume a similar taste in others. At various times he acquired from a medical friend in London a supply of human skulls, three of which, as we have seen, were installed as a *Memento Mori* at the entrance to Hickleton churchyard. As a test for the nerves of his guests at Garrowby, he had a collection of hideous and demoniac masks, which he hung about the attics in places where anyone might come upon them suddenly. One of them he placed in a recess covered by a curtain in one of the spare rooms, in the hope that the unsuspecting visitor, retiring to bed and drawing the curtain to see what lay behind it, might get a pleasant shock before composing himself for sleep.

It will be recalled that, as early as 1873, Halifax wrote to his father of his longing to add to and improve Garrowby.\* He suggested giving it a front like Bowling Hall, the old home of the Woods, with a garden sloping to the back and planted with clipped yew and holly hedges. He also expressed a desire to fill the park with 'creatures of all sorts.' This last ambition he also achieved. He introduced various species of deer, and even added a number of exotic and incongruous animals such as yaks, emus, and kangaroos; but they did not really thrive in their strange environment. The kangaroos had a habit of jumping

\*See Part I, page 265.

into the garden and were a source of some embarrassment and bewilderment to parties shooting the coverts in the park. The more unusual beasts died out and, after Garrowby had been handed over by Halifax to his son, the remnants of the deer gradually and unobtrusively disappeared, to the sorrow of the former and the relief of the latter.

After Michaelmas the family generally stayed on at Garrowby for some weeks; though visits might be paid to other country houses and journeys on business or pleasure made to London. At the beginning of December Halifax often made a retreat at Cowley, with the Society of St. John the Evangelist, of which he had been a founder, and among whom he would find R. M. Benson and Puller and other friends. At Christmas, of course, there must be the traditional family gathering at Hickleton, with as many brothers and sisters, Greys and Woods, Dundases and Corrys, cousins and nephews and nieces as the house could hold. The waits still turned out to sing 'Christians Awake' on Christmas morning, and in the afternoon there was a tree for the schoolchildren. There would be games in the evening, among them Pounce Commerce, which Halifax had played for as long as he could remember; on Boxing Day, frost permitting, as many of the party as could ride and be mounted would hunt, or there would be shooting; and on one night between Christmas and the Epiphany there would be a servants' concert or ball. And so the year would end.

In the foregoing pages much has been anticipated. We are still in the 'nineties, when the routine was frequently interrupted by the affair of the Anglican Orders, necessitating swift and sudden journeys and one fairly long visit to Italy. Other events, of both family and national interest, must be recorded.

In September 1892, John Dundas, who had married Halifax's sister Alice, was taken suddenly ill at Hickleton, where he was staying for the races. At first no one thought his complaint was

anything more serious than a colic, but within a week, to Halifax's grief, he died.

Next year the Home Rule Bill was the chief event, and Halifax, now as definitely among the Liberal Unionists as he was ever in any party, attended the debate in the House of Lords.

The House was packed last night [he wrote to Emily Meynell Ingram], as full as a barrel of herrings—but the speaking was dull and the whole thing, as I thought, flat. One could not hear the Duke of Devonshire very well as he dropped his voice at the end of his sentences, and Lord Spencer really had no case. Lord Ribblesdale was amusing and certainly not troubled with shyness. One meets nothing but Peers in the streets—and at Brooks', as Edward Grey expressed it, they positively crawl.

He added some gossip of the kind that both he and his sister enjoyed.

I saw Lady Montagu yesterday—she says she is a little better, but she cannot yet put her foot to the ground. She declares—the authority being Lady Spencer, who told Lady Drogheda, who told her—that the other day when Mr. Gladstone went to Islington he lost his greatcoat. Mr. Marjoribanks, who had charge of him, thought it would never do for him to drive home without one, so he bought him a coat in Islington. The next day a deputation arrived from Islington bringing the coat, but with the request that it might be exhibited—and—Mr. Gladstone consented!!! Can vanity go further?

The Duchess of —— was in the gallery of the House of Lords yesterday looking wonderfully young, from a distance. After dinner she returned with nothing on her head at all—only a frizzled head. Don't you think that on such occasions and in such places ladies are better with something to cover them?

They say Lord R—— is quite ruined, and D—— is to be sold, and yet the young man wants to speak on this Bill. It is people like him who do the House of Lords so much harm. . . .

Lord F—— insisted on sitting next me at dinner yesterday at the

Travellers. I cannot help liking him, but oh, what a bore he is. He had come up from Devonshire, had had no luncheon, but would only eat three smelts, an oyster party and some damson tart—for fear of going to sleep during the debate. This at seventy-six!<sup>12</sup>

A few days later Halifax had to return to Yorkshire, where the miners were out on strike and disturbances were taking place. 'These riots are very serious,' he wrote to Lady Halifax, and will I am afraid affect *our* pockets, which will this year be more than inconvenient.<sup>13</sup> A posse of police was stationed at the new colliery, a system of hooters and smoke signals being arranged between them and the house. The children were forbidden to visit Bella Wood alone, as it was said that gangs of men were moving about the country burning hedges, killing sheep, and robbing solitary pedestrians. Trouble of this kind always provoked the warrior in Halifax, and when, on the 11th of September, news was brought that four hundred miners were marching on Hickleton Colliery, he 'rode off there at once.'<sup>14</sup> But on arrival he found all quite peaceful.

In 1894 he and Lady Halifax celebrated their silver wedding amid a gentle rain of congratulations and gifts from relations, friends, and tenants. There was a dance for the Hickleton tenants and the tradespeople of Doncaster. He himself was unable to be present, being called away to Cardiff on business of the Church, but Edward, aged thirteen, filled his place most competently and 'danced with almost everybody,' departing next morning, with tears, to Eton.<sup>15</sup>

So the years passed. In 1897 Halifax returned from Bovey to witness the Jubilee Thanksgiving from the porch of St. Paul's and to attend the various functions. In the same year Halifax's brother Henry, the hussar who had brought back King Coffee's umbrella from Ashantee and had remained a bachelor until the age of fifty-four, married Mrs. Montagu (*née* Thellusson). Next year there was another marriage in the family. The children

were growing up, and in July 1898 Captain Hugh Sutton, in the Coldstream Guards, proposed to the eldest daughter Mary and was accepted by her. The wedding was at Hickleton in September, some thirty-five people sitting down to dinner the night before.

Edward was then seventeen. He had gone, like his father and two of his brothers before him, to Eton, where he had a creditable career; and he went on to Christ Church in the autumn of 1899.

You cannot think how capitally Edward gets on with his riding [Halifax wrote to his wife in 1896]. I really believe he will take to it in good earnest. What a delightful companion he is! So pleasant and comfortable to talk to, and always so bright and merry and good-tempered.<sup>16</sup>

In 1899 the Boer War broke out, and in the middle of October Halifax was at Waterloo station to bid goodbye to his old friend Sir Redvers Buller, sailing to South Africa to take up the command. The early reverses to the British arms filled Halifax with distress and indignation. 'Makes me ill with anxiety,' he wrote in his diary.<sup>17</sup> The anxiety was soon to be for his family as well as for the country, for Hugh Sutton had gone out with the Guards, who were presently engaged heavily and not too happily in the neighbourhood of the Orange and Modder Rivers. However, reassuring telegrams arrived, and in the New Year the war began at last to go better. Sir John French rode into Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking were relieved, and Lord Roberts entered Pretoria.

It was now the twentieth century, and Halifax, at sixty-one, was as ready for all its vicissitudes as a man of thirty.

## *VI. The English Church Union*

During the fifteen years which followed the trial of Bishop King, the English Church Union reached the zenith of its influence and numbers. Sustained by the memory of past achievements and stimulated by present perils, its membership soared to nearly 40,000, as compared with the figure of 2300 at which it stood in 1865, the year when Halifax joined it. Through its President and Council the Union intervened with tireless activity and often with considerable effect in every ecclesiastical question that arose. Possibly its most useful function was that of a deterrent, since even archbishops were constrained to pause before provoking a body with spokesmen in both Houses of Parliament and the capacity to arrange an imposing demonstration on any ecclesiastical subject in any part of the country.

The Minutes of the Council during these years show the range of the Union's interests and operations. They covered—to name a few—such matters as Education, divorce, the appointments of bishops, the Athanasian Creed, the threatened prosecutions of priests, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, and the election of Proctors to Convocation. Education, in which Halifax was deeply concerned, will be dealt with in a separate chapter. On the other subjects little need be said. The Union had always existed in an atmosphere of crisis. The Church was always in danger, the Catholic Movement on the brink of disaster. The unguarded utterance of a bishop, the latest heresy of the New Criticism, or the impropriety of a clergyman who married a divorced couple were denounced as precursors of

catastrophe. Looking back, we may sometimes feel that the element of urgency was over-emphasised, but in the politics of the Church, as in those of the State, this is an inevitable and perhaps not undesirable tendency. The blows fell, but the Church somehow survived; and we need not disturb unduly the dust which lies so thick upon the campaigns and clamours of the 'nineties.

The English Church Union drew much of its strength during this period from the calibre of those who directed its policy. Halifax was now supported by a band of men of outstanding talent, some of whom have already appeared in the chapter on Leo XIII and the Anglican Orders. In the first rank of these friends and councillors was W. J. Birkbeck, the squire of Stratton Strawless in Norfolk. In him, as in no one since the death of Liddon, Halifax found a complete affinity of temper and tastes, of mind and character.

Of all his friendship meant to me I find it difficult to speak [Halifax wrote after Birkbeck's death in 1916]. No one could have had a better or more devoted friend. There was no one whose opinion and advice were more to be depended upon, and that opinion and advice were always at my service. In any difficulty he was the first person I wished to consult.<sup>1</sup>

Birkbeck returned an equal affection. When he accompanied Halifax to Rome in 1895, he wrote to his wife:

Halifax is *quite* delightful to travel with, and I'm sure we shall have a splendid time. It is so nice being in a place like this with someone that one so entirely agrees with.<sup>2</sup>

Birkbeck, though sympathising with and supporting Halifax's endeavours to bring Rome and Canterbury together, was personally more interested in an approach to the Russian Orthodox Church. This, too, had its place in wider schemes of union, through the conception of the Church of England as a

bond between East and West, ultimately drawing them together and so closing the Great Schism. When Birkbeck first visited Moscow in 1882 he was at once fascinated by Church and people. He returned there in 1888 for the celebrations at Kiev of the millenary of the introduction of Christianity. He carried with him a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Metropolitan of Kiev, which, besides greatly gratifying the dignitaries of the Russian Church assembled for the festivities, was the opening of a brief but most amicable correspondence between the Archbishop and the Metropolitan on the subject of union.

Other journeys to Russia followed. During his second visit Birkbeck had made friends with Pobiedonostzev, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, a man of autocratic and reactionary views who by repute was not well disposed towards the English. His intimacy with Birkbeck gave him the opportunity of a new outlook, and while he remained a sceptic on the possibility of union, the *entente* between the two Churches, of which Birkbeck was the principal agent, could scarcely have taken place without his concurrence, even if it did not capture his convictions.

In 1896 Birkbeck was anxious for an Anglican bishop to attend the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II at Moscow, and at his request Halifax made the suggestion to the Prince of Wales, who commended it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bishop Creighton was chosen for the mission, which, under Birkbeck's guidance, he carried out with the utmost success. In the following year Birkbeck had an even more distinguished charge in the person of the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan). They had an audience with the Emperor, spent the Russian Easter in Moscow, and did much to foster the growing interest which Russians were taking in the Church of England. The Archbishops had lately delivered their reply to *Apostolicae*

*Curae*, and one eminent abbot, after translating it from Latin into Russian, was reported to have said that

the English Orders were evidently valid, the only doubt that could be attached to them would be the fact that they were derived from the Roman Church after she had fallen into heresy, but that now that the English Church had thrown off most of the Latin heresies the English Orders are far more certainly valid than the Roman ones!!! If Lord Halifax is in town when you receive this [Birkbeck wrote to his wife], do go and call, and read this to him: he will be so amused!<sup>13</sup>

Birkbeck wrote long letters to Halifax from Russia, describing his journeys, his impressions of Orthodoxy, and his conversations with Russian ecclesiastics. A selection from this correspondence was published in *Life and Letters of W. J. Birkbeck*, by his wife. Abounding in humorous or touching anecdotes and flavoured with a little gossip, they were such letters as Halifax, apart from his sympathy with the writer, loved to receive. He always regarded the Russian Church, and the approach to it, as peculiarly within Birkbeck's province, his own eyes being fixed upon Rome; but, while occasionally irritated by attempts (with which, however, he never associated his friend) to use Orthodoxy to divert attention from the Reunion of Western Christendom, he gave every encouragement to the movement to promote closer relations between Canterbury and Moscow.

If Birkbeck maintained an unofficial liaison between the English Church Union and the Russian Church, Mr. Athelstan Riley performed a similar service between the Union and the other Churches of the East. He had travelled in Turkey, Persia, and Kurdistan, whence he returned with a knowledge of the Christian communities of the East which was to be of considerable value not merely to the English Church Union but to successive archbishops. During the 'nineties, however, his chief

preoccupation was with the Education question, which is the subject of a later chapter.

Birkbeck and Riley were Halifax's two most active lieutenants, but the Council of those days contained many other men of learning and ability. Of these the most intimate with Halifax were Sir Walter (afterwards Lord) Phillimore and Lord Stanmore. Sir Walter Phillimore had defended Bishop King. 'Phillimore,' Archbishop Benson wrote in his diary, 'is learned and quick, but delights to believe himself omnidict and omnidocent.'<sup>4</sup> Whatever may have been the justice of this comment, Phillimore's learning was of the greatest use in times when the Union was still encamped on the threshold of the Law Courts. Lord Stanmore's function was less specialised. A younger son of the 4th Earl of Aberdeen, he was a colonial governor of distinction. His views on native rights, which he applied when ruling Fiji, would be truisms to-day, but were then regarded as revolutionary. He sat for a short time in the House of Commons and wrote Lives of his father and of Sidney Herbert, so that he had connections both with politics and with letters. Raised to the peerage in 1893, he spoke frequently on ecclesiastical questions in the House of Lords. A man of unusual charm, he was a close friend of Halifax's, a frequent visitor to Hickleton and, from 1903 to 1905, wintered at Paraggi, near Santa Margherita, where Halifax also spent some weeks. They corresponded regularly when apart and were in agreement on almost every public question that arose.

Less intimate with Halifax, though no less important in the councils of the Union, were the Rev. T. A. Lacey and the Rev. E. G. Wood. Lacey, it will be remembered, had been prominent in the affair of the Anglican Orders. He was a faithful member of the Council, even if his intellectual independence was sometimes a little troublesome to the President. On such occasions Halifax would blame the 'Oxford mind,' which some-

times, though for different reasons, he found nearly as annoying as its Cambridge counterpart. Nevertheless he had a great respect for Lacey's learning and Latinity, generally turning to him when he wished to devise a suitable inscription for a memorial or a gift to a friend.

The Rev. E. G. Wood, on the other hand, who had 'devilled' for Lacey when the latter was in Rome, was a Cambridge man with something more than the normal 'Cambridge mind.' The Dean of Pembroke College has been kind enough to describe the quality and idiosyncrasies of a most remarkable character.

He was recognised as a man of immense learning, probably the greatest canonist in England, if not in the world. After I came up he became a Proctor in Convocation and I believe that during the time that he was in Convocation he was a continuous gadfly to anyone who was doing anything illegal. It was said that he existed on about three or four hours' sleep at night; the rest of the time, if not in church or on hearing confessions, being spent in reading. He was very strict in his observance of the Book of Common Prayer. Here again there were many rumours, perhaps not all founded on fact. One was of a curate who dared to omit or cut down the opening exhortation at Morning Prayer on a weekday and was not allowed to say or take a service again, as he had broken his Ordination vows. It was said that his sole recreation was the study of Bradshaw's railway guide. . . . It was also said that he had never during the whole of his sixty-five years' connexion with St. Clement's slept out of the parish. . . .

With all his learning he was a very gentle parish priest, and the people in his small parish, even if they rarely came to church, were devoted to him.<sup>5</sup>

It is easy to believe that Wood often found himself at odds with Halifax, who sat very loose to the letter of the law. On such occasions the 'Cambridge mind' would express itself in vehement protests.

You must *please* forgive me if I say that I am *aghast* at your paper [Wood wrote in 1899 with reference to a pamphlet on the jurisdiction of bishops which Halifax had circulated]. To me it seems to vitiate every first principle of the Constitution of the Church that I have ever learnt.

After giving his reasons, Wood concluded:

I grieve to say that whatever I can do, be it little or much, I feel bound in conscience to do in opposition to what I conceive to be the wholly erroneous principles of this Circular.<sup>6</sup>

Sometimes in alliance with Lacey and sometimes in solitary revolt, Wood kept a severe eye upon the operations of President and Council. He had many clashes with Halifax, and as many more with a man who was beginning to play a large part in the Union's affairs. This was H. W. Hill, Lay Organising Secretary from 1899 to 1902, and from 1902 to 1919 Secretary of the Union.

Hill was a forceful and confident man of downright views and exceptional efficiency. He had the roughest of tongues and a pen which he wielded like a quarterstaff. It was said that he modelled his style upon that of Dr. Johnson, and certainly Boswell was his favourite reading. His letters crackled with invective. He describes one respected clergyman as 'a cross between a Bond Street masher and the worst type of South American priest.' A certain vice-president of the Union has been 'buzzing about like a parched pea in a colander.' A well-known prebendary is 'a conceited, tactless, Irish ass.' He had a low opinion of most people, and took the blackest view of the episcopate. One bishop 'has simply gone mad on the drink question.' Another is 'ignorant, a fool and something else'—that 'something else' being a culminating condemnation, frequently used but never explained. At the same time he was over-sensitive as to what other people said about him, sometimes suspecting a

slight where none was intended or a conspiracy where none existed.

He was entirely devoted to Halifax, who was for him almost beyond criticism. Halifax, on his side, had a warm affection for him; he appreciated the deep religious feeling behind those indignant outbursts and the sterling qualities which underlay that rough exterior. He was vastly entertained by Hill's letters and had a high opinion of his judgment and business sense, on which in the years to come he greatly depended.

My dear friend [he wrote to Hill in 1906], you are one of the few people who never disappoint, who are always better than your word, and who set an example to us all which we should be better men than we are if we followed more exactly. I wish I were fit to black your boots.<sup>8</sup>

He and Halifax, so dissimilar in character, made a most effective combination, probably because each brought to the association qualities which the other lacked. At no other time were the affairs of the Union conducted with such vigour, expedition, and success as during their joint administration. But Hill's services extended far beyond the business of the Union. He advised Halifax about his private charities, gave him the latest gossip when he was abroad, ferreted out ghost stories for him, and even on his behalf bought dolls for the grandchildren.

Among the younger men the most prominent was Charles Gore, though while in the Union he was never quite of it. In 1901, when he became Bishop of Worcester, he ceased even to be in it, believing that the Union and the Episcopate would be uneasy companions. Halifax, while regretting his departure for some reasons, welcomed it for others.

I am quite sure that any attempt to keep Canon Gore would be as useless as it would be unwise . . . [he wrote to Hill]. He had much better be allowed to depart with our blessing. Gideon's example in this is conclusive.<sup>9</sup>

The Union might compromise Gore and—what would be worse—Gore might embarrass the Union. It may be assumed that Hill, who regarded preferment to the episcopate as an ecclesiastical form of going to the dogs, warmly agreed with his President. Gore continued to be represented on the Union by his two friends, Canon Scott Holland, whose Christian Socialism was frowned upon by the more conservative members, and Stuckey Coles, the gifted and charming librarian of Pusey House.

Taking them all round, they were a difficult team to drive, and that Halifax should have kept them on the high road is proof of qualities with which his Protestant critics would have been loth to credit him. He never forgot the importance of unity. The fires of Protestantism had not been extinguished but had only been damped down by the failure of the Public Worship Regulation Act. They might at any moment burst into flame once more; and in the absence of a body like the English Church Union a new conflagration might have fatal consequences. Although at a later date he momentarily entertained the idea of sacrificing the Union on terms, these were to be such as would protect Catholics for ever from attack upon the vital points of their Faith.

During these years, therefore, he had to face difficulties both inside and outside the Union. In 1893 the Education controversy took on a fiercer note. At the end of 1895 the lamentable affair of Father Dolling threatened to open a breach, some members of the Union wanting to support Dolling, while others, with unstinted admiration for his wonderful work at Landport, took the view that he had behaved unreasonably towards the Bishop of Winchester (Randall Davidson). This last was the opinion of the Rev. H. M. Villiers, vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and an old friend of the Halifaxs.

It seems to me [he wrote to Halifax] that the Bishop has done

his utmost to be considerate and to be fair, and I think that Dolling has acted most indefensibly in the whole matter.<sup>10</sup>

In a further letter he wrote: 'It is to me as though a man had made a beautiful work of art and then deliberately smashed it in a fit of temper.'<sup>11</sup> Halifax, despite a great regard for Dolling and his mission, agreed in the main with Villiers, and the English Church Union, with a few grumbles from the extremists, did not array its forces against the Bishop of Winchester.

A few months later the Union lost one of its oldest and staunchest members in 'the Archdeacon,' George Anthony Denison. At the beginning of March he wrote a letter to Halifax on the occasion of a meeting at Exeter Hall. He ended, characteristically, with the words: 'This is all I can say. I make no reply to anything that may be said on it.'<sup>12</sup> On the 21st he died. Halifax had had numerous tussles with 'the Archdeacon,' whose judgment he had often suspected but whose courage and unequivocating Catholicism he had never ceased to admire. He was a 'bonny fighter,' content with no less honourable a place than the front rank, and Halifax personally made the arrangements for a Requiem Mass in St. Paul's Cathedral.

In 1897 the President nearly parted company with his Council. To commemorate the Diamond Jubilee, the mayor of a certain north-country town had presented a peal of bells to the parish church, the vicar being his chaplain and also president of one of the districts of the Union. The transaction appeared innocuous, but unhappily it transpired that the mayor, some thirty years earlier when he was a Nonconformist, had married his deceased wife's sister. A complaint was lodged with the Council of the Union. At first the members were content to leave the matter to Halifax, who ascertained that the mayor had contracted his marriage 'in perfect good faith, and in entire ignorance of the law of the Church, of which he was not a member, and at a time when it was thought the Civil Law was

likely to be altered,' and further that the vicar, whose action was challenged, 'had acted with the concurrence and approval of the Archbishop of York.'<sup>13</sup> Since the mayor sought no religious privileges from the vicar, whose church he did not attend and whose religious duties as chaplain had been limited to the preaching of one sermon in the mayoral presence, good sense as well as Christian charity suggested that this was a case when a blind eye might properly be applied to the telescope. Halifax thought so, but unfortunately the gentleman who had made the complaint continued to press it. The Council was at first disposed to follow Halifax, until it dawned upon the austere mind of E. G. Wood that he was being asked to condone an irregularity. He thereupon gave notice of a motion asking for further explanations from the vicar, and demanding that, if these were not satisfactory, a special meeting should be called to expel the offender from the Union. It is true that Wood later agreed to limit his resolution for the moment to a request for explanations, but since these, so far as the affair admitted of explanation at all, had already been given, the second and postponed half of the resolution would necessarily follow. Meanwhile the vicar, unwilling to embarrass his president, voluntarily resigned his office and membership. The Council, in the teeth of Halifax's opposition, voted to accept the resignation, only to find that, in escaping one pitfall, it had slipped into another. For Halifax, feeling that a grave injustice had been done, wrote to Colonel Hardy, the secretary of the Union, asking him to place the resignation of the president in the hands of the Council. The first whisper of this calamity mobilised the peacemakers, and Athelstan Riley, H. M. Villiers, and J. A. Shaw Stewart wrote expostulatory letters to Halifax. The affair dragged on to the close of the year, ending, as such affairs generally do, with both parties climbing down a little. Indeed, as Halifax, when his wrath had had time to cool, admitted to

Athelstan Riley, 'It is a ridiculous matter to resign about'<sup>14</sup>; while the Council was dismayed at the *impasse* into which the 'Canon Law party' had led them.

Nothing is so efficient as a real storm in quelling the teacup variety; and the incident of the chaplain whose mayor had married his deceased wife's sister some thirty years earlier was soon forgotten when, in the summer of 1898, that unrelenting veteran Sir William Harcourt renewed, with tongue and pen, his attacks upon Ritualism. These were to be the prelude to some years of controversy, which will be the subject of the ensuing chapter.

## *VII. Ecclesiastical Disorders*

The period which is chiefly associated with the Public Worship Regulation Act may be said to have closed with the Lincoln Trial. Broadly, and with qualifications, it represented an attempt on the part of the State to set in order the affairs of the Church. The Courts concerned were, in spite of a thin ecclesiastical disguise and often without even that, secular Courts, and the driving force was Parliament. The fresh effort to enforce discipline which began in 1898 may be roughly described as an attempt on the part of the Church to set its own affairs in order. To that extent the Catholics had won their point, and in other respects, too, this second campaign differed greatly in character from its predecessor. It lasted much longer, was frequently interrupted, was less intensive and one-sided, and disclosed a better understanding on the part of the leaders of the Church of the nature of the problem of discipline which they were trying to solve. This new phase may be said to have ended in 1928, when the Deposited Prayer Book was rejected by the House of Commons, and the Church too retired momentarily from a task which had proved beyond her existing powers.

That veteran campaigner, Sir William Harcourt, fired the first shot. During the summer of 1898, when the Benefices Bill was going through the House of Commons, he delivered a general onslaught on lawless ritualists and faint-hearted bishops. The P.W.R. Act was still on the Statute Book, but the episcopal veto on proceedings, which Archbishop Tait had succeeded in incorporating in the Act, was proving an effective obstacle

to prosecutions. Harcourt followed up his attack with a long letter to *The Times*, which for several weeks had been entertaining an intermittent correspondence on the subject. There was a brisk exchange with some of the leading ritualists, and at the end of September Harcourt returned to the charge. On this occasion he drew fire from Halifax, who in a spirited reply compared Sir William with Titus Oates. The controversy dragged on through the winter, with a final clash between Halifax and Harcourt in March.

F. C. Gould, the well-known cartoonist of *The Westminster Gazette*, depicted the situation in a drawing showing Archbishop Temple poised precariously in a tree, with a bull (Harcourt) and a ram (Halifax) waiting below. Temple is saying: 'Gude Lard! What BE I to do? If I get down to one side I shall be butted, and if I get down t'other I shall be tossed—and I can't stay yur for long.'<sup>1</sup>

By this time the dispute had spread far beyond the decorous borders of *The Times*. At the end of September 1898 there had been an explosion at the Church Congress at Bradford, when Mr. Kensit, following a speech by Halifax at one of the evening sessions, delivered a violent tirade against the episcopate; and in the New Year various aspects of clerical 'lawlessness' were debated in both Houses of Parliament.

If the correspondence and the debates settled nothing, they most thoroughly unsettled some of the bishops. Temple, now in occupation of the Chair of St. Augustine, was a rugged and outspoken prelate who, it was recalled, had drawn the attention of the Lambeth Conference of 1897 to the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer. This, he pointed out, contained a provision that any doubts as to the proper interpretation of the contents of the Book should be taken to the bishop of the diocese and might be referred by him to the Archbishop of his Province. Here, it seemed, was a wonderfully simple method of

settling such vexed questions as the lawfulness of incense and processional lights. Certain of the bishops accordingly declared their doubts and, since both Provinces were concerned, the two Archbishops sat together at Lambeth.

In private letters to his friends Halifax expressed his anxiety over the outlook. The bishops had been frightened out of prosecution by the readiness of priests to face it and its consequences; they might be frightened into it again by the invective of Harcourt and the Protestants. He himself was ready to come to terms with authority if honourable conditions were to be had.

Can we arrive at a better understanding [he wrote to Athelstan Riley on January 7th, 1899]? Is any common basis of action possible? Any *curtailment* of ritual, and of the expression of doctrine—such at least as can have any effect on the present agitation—is impossible. Yet a tub is wanted to throw to the whale, and to be an effectual tub it must be a big tub and one that strikes the popular imagination. We could do a great deal to provide such a tub if we could be sure we were thereby not merely helping in the present distress but advancing the cause of Catholic truth. If it could be managed by preliminary private agreement with the *Bishops* through, say, the Bishop of Winchester, how would it be to dissolve the Union at their request? This would probably satisfy even Sir W. Harcourt whose attack on us would have, in this view, been *providential*, and as the *quid pro quo* the Bishops to sanction the use in England concurrently with our present one of the Scotch and American uses and of the Mass of Edward VI's 1st Book. The legality of such an arrangement would not matter a pin if public opinion endorsed it, and the Bishops might fortify themselves under the precedent of Elizabeth's Latin Prayer Book.

I feel that to win back Edward's 1st Mass would just be everything. I am writing to H. Cecil to say I will do anything I can, but please think over all this. Would it or something like it afford an Agenda for the Conference?<sup>2</sup>

Nothing, however, came out of this plan, and the Archbishops proceeded with their investigation. After hearing the arguments of Counsel on both sides, they delivered their judgment, which was actually the composition of Temple, though his colleague of York, Dr. MacLagan, concurred. Both incense and processional lights were condemned as contrary to the law of the Church of England. In May 1900 this decision was followed by another against Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, Dr. Temple this time acting on his own authority without the support of the Archbishop of York. 'I am obliged to decide,' he concluded, after setting out the arguments at length, 'that the Church of England does not at present allow Reservation in any form.'<sup>3</sup> Those who disagreed with him were entitled to try to change the law, but were not justified in breaking it. 'Nothing can be worse than the opinion,' Halifax wrote to Birkbeck; 'but its very evil will work its cure. . . . The Archbishops must be demented.'<sup>4</sup>

These rulings found the English Church Union divided between the extremists who wished to treat them as a *casus belli* against the episcopate, the moderates, who were ready, for the sake of peace, to acquiesce, and a central party, led by the President, which favoured neither war nor surrender, but negotiation, accompanied by vigorous criticism. Halifax had given his opinion in a letter which he wrote to Riley at the end of January 1899:

What I feel as to our crisis is that while we can *agree* with the Bishops as to *regulations* of such matters as Incense, and Reservation in view of the present circumstances, what we cannot agree to is their being *condemned as forbidden* by the Prayer Book. As Canon Boyd said to me in regard to the Archbishops' Charge, 'We are given things, as things *tolerated*, instead of things as our right.'

But once admit that Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice are only *tolerated* by the Ch: of England, and you have cut the throat

of that Church. This does not exactly apply to the two points of Incense and Reservation, but it does apply to the whole of the present position. We can never admit that only *that* which is specifically enjoined by the words of the Prayer Book and Articles is lawful in the Ch: of England.<sup>5</sup>

Disappointingly mild as Halifax might appear to some of his own supporters, to the outside world he stood for all that was most uncompromising. The public demonstrations of the Union came under the open displeasure of Temple, with whom in March 1899 Halifax sought and obtained an interview.

I went to Lambeth and said:

'Your Grace has made the most serious charges a Bishop could make against any man. If it is true I ought to repent and make amends. If it is not deserved it ought to be withdrawn. I am here to know what yr. Grace has to say.'

Allocution of 20 minutes.

Proved to him he was wrong.

Reconciliation,  
and his Blessing,  
but it was an experience.  
Send me back the letters.

Our E.C.U. Demonstration has been a perfect success.<sup>6</sup>

Though Halifax treated the episode lightly, a rift which was never to be closed had opened between him and the Archbishop. Four years later he was to write to Randall Davidson:

I used to think I was of a very forgiving disposition, but even now, at this interval of time, I cannot think of Archbishop Temple's action, and of the interview I had with him at Lambeth, and not feel acutely the injury he did to the Church of England, and his injustice to myself. I do not think we ever met, or that he ever spoke to me afterwards, though this might very likely be in part my own fault.\*

\*See Appendix II.

Temple's openly expressed displeasure was the more unfair, since it was directed at the man who was in fact exercising a moderating influence upon his party. Though Temple may not have known it, it was due to Halifax that the Anglo-Catholic clergy put in an appearance at the Lambeth hearing on Incense and Processional Lights.

In June, when it was possible to anticipate the general lines of the Archbishops' opinion on incense and processional lights, Halifax again wrote to Riley giving his view of the pro's and con's. It must, he pointed out, be remembered that the ruling would have no legal force and would be given 'under very peculiar circumstances and in reference to a particular moment'; that there was a real desire to obey the Archbishops; that a general revolt would probably be met by legislation; and that the action of the Archbishops in hearing spiritual matters themselves, instead of relegating them to secular or semi-secular courts, was an encouraging sign of the growing emancipation of the Church from Erastian control. On the other hand, it was necessary to safeguard not only the rights of the Church but also those of congregations long accustomed to the use of incense and processional lights, and, further, not to concede Temple's favourite point, that anything not specifically authorised in the Prayer Book was *ipso facto* unlawful.

We seem, then, brought face to face with the task of reconciling two apparent contradictions—acceptance, that is, of the Archbishops' almost certain decisions, and the maintenance of what we believe to be the ritual rights of the Church of England. Matters, both of them important, not only in themselves but in their consequences.<sup>7</sup>

He therefore hoped it would be possible to avoid any downright condemnation of the Opinion. In some dioceses, like London and Rochester, it was fairly certain that the bishops would ignore it and allow their clergy the latitude enjoyed by them in

the past. In others, where it would be necessary to discontinue incense during the actual service, it should be possible to retain it for the procession, the introit, and the censing of the Altar, all of which took place before the service began. In this way the use would be preserved without the results which would ensue if the Archbishops were flatly defied.

When the rulings were published, opinion hardened. Most of the members of the Union were for fighting, but a strong minority, led by Sir Theodore Hope, counselled acceptance. Halifax, however, persevered in the policy he had laid down. While vigorously criticising the Opinion, he refused to risk a schism in the Union by advising its clerical members either to resist or to acquiesce. Some of them would undoubtedly withstand any attempt to enforce the Opinion, and that would be to the good; others would conform and must not, for that reason, be ostracised. Above all, it was undesirable to bring the matter to a head, and he declined to convene a special meeting of the Council to deal with it. Instead, on October 9th, the Union held a demonstration in St. James's Hall, attended by about 3,500 people. Resolutions demanding a greater liberty for the Church were spoken to but not formally put; the greatest enthusiasm was manifested; and malcontents, like E. G. Wood, though protesting, were quiescent.

Halifax was especially anxious that abstention from offering advice to the clergy should not be construed as in any sense an acceptance of the Archbishop's arguments. In November, when the Archbishop of York addressed words of warning to 'Re-cusant clergy' at his Diocesan Conference, Halifax wrote very plainly to him:

Your Grace must know that whatever may be thought as to the duty or wisdom of complying with the advice recently given by the Archbishops, there is an almost universal rejection of the reasons upon which that advice is founded.

If the Archbishop's words meant that he was contemplating taking action against so-called 'Recusant clergy' in his diocese, Halifax had only one request to make.

I remember the time when in this parish [Hickleton] there were only four celebrations of Holy Communion a year: there were practically no communicants except the Clerk and two or three old people; the observance of Ascension Day and of Saints' Days entirely ignored. The Holy Communion is now celebrated every day and twice on Sunday. Out of a population of some hundred and sixty there is usually an average of twenty-five communions every Sunday, and at Easter there are usually some 90 communions made before 9 o'clock. The Incumbent has taken, without any remuneration, the care of some two thousand colliers outside his own parish, whose spiritual interests would otherwise be unprovided for; a Mission Church has been built for their use out of private funds, and he devotes himself body and soul to their service.

These, and many other like things, he has done to win souls to Christ, but he and his parishioners—for no distinction can be drawn in this between priest and people—are among those whom your Grace calls 'Recusants.' The services as conducted in this church are in direct contradiction to the principle on which the recent 'Opinion' has been founded. It often happens that on weekdays there are no communicants. The Blessed Sacrament is always reserved for the use of the sick and dying.

If any are to be prosecuted for these things we would beg the honour of being the first selected. Canon Liddon and Canon Gregory made a similar request in regard to matters equally condemned by the Episcopate of their time. I make the same request on behalf of this Church and parish to-day.<sup>8</sup>

Since no reply from the Archbishop appears among the Hickleton Papers, we are left to imagine the feelings with which His Grace read this combative letter. Needless to say, he did not accept Halifax's invitation.

The agitation continued. In January 1900 a deputation of

churchpeople led by the Duke of Newcastle visited Temple at Lambeth, bearing with them a protest signed by 14,000 lay communicants. The Archbishop argued with them, chid them, and finally blessed them. And, as had happened and was to happen so often in the troubles of the Church, nothing very serious came of all the turmoil. Some of the clergy abandoned incense and processional lights, the majority quietly continued as before; and the bishops, having obtained the opinion of their metropolitans, showed little desire to apply it.

But a ruder and rougher adversary than Sir William Harcourt had emerged from the 'Protestant underworld.' It is a humiliating reflection on the temper at that time of the Church of England that the activities of such a man as Mr. John Kensit should have been so much as temporarily tolerated. Under his direction gangs of men invaded 'ritualist' churches and interrupted the services with noisy and often blasphemous interjections. They even provoked a scene of scandalous disorder at the confirmation of Dr. Creighton as Bishop of London in 1894. These outrages, although condemned by the bishops (themselves a favourite target for Mr. Kensit's abuse), were looked upon with sympathy by numbers of respectable people who would not have countenanced public disorders in any other sphere than that of religion. 'Lady Wimborne is now called "Kensitina",' Halifax wrote to his wife in July 1898, 'quite a nice name.'<sup>9</sup> In the previous May Mr. Kensit, by promising to abstain for two months from the interruption of services, had prevailed upon Bishop Creighton to present a protest against 'unlawful' services to the Upper House of Canterbury Convocation. On the expiration of the time limit he resumed his activities, which brought his supporters during the late summer into their first recorded contact with Halifax.

Agnes\* and I [Halifax wrote to his wife] were at St. Michael's

\*His daughter.

Shoreditch, yesterday morning, where a row was expected, which came off. The Misses Kensit and 13 myrmidons were put out—it was most exciting. Agnes could hardly be restrained from going for Miss Kensit. But we are going to have trouble I fear.<sup>10</sup>

The Rev. H. W. Clarke, who was present as a supporter of Mr. Kensit, complained indignantly to *The Times* of the precautions which had been taken to deal with interrupters. He had hardly dared to cough for fear of being set upon by overzealous stewards. ‘A ritualistic lord and his lady were present and were looking on.’<sup>11</sup>

At the Bradford Congress in September Kensit was allowed to speak and made full use of the opportunity, a piquancy being lent to the situation by the fact that he followed Halifax who, on the previous evening at a meeting of the English Church Union, had denounced his ‘organised bands of intruders and hired ruffians’.<sup>12</sup> Halifax, despite his strong language, found it difficult to take Mr. Kensit seriously. He had seen him at a distance at previous Congresses and at Bradford suddenly found himself face to face with him in the street. Advancing with a radiant smile, he held out his hand and said: ‘How are you, Mr. Kensit? You and I are always meeting on these occasions. We are becoming quite like the Siamese twins, aren’t we?’ But the ‘Protestant bookseller’ turned away with horror, as though the Scarlet Woman herself had accosted him in the street. Halifax, of course, was delighted.

Perhaps he underestimated the animosity which the extreme Protestants had come to feel towards him. To them he was not merely the president of a subversive and lawless society, but the ringleader in a recent conspiracy to deliver the Church of England in chains to her ancient enemy. The affair of the Anglican Orders was the justification to them of all they had feared and suspected; and to recover the sentiment of those days it is only necessary to turn to the pages of Mr. Walter Walsh’s once fam-

ous book *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*. It was but to be expected that before long Mr. Kensit and his friends would pay an unfriendly visit to that Yorkshire fastness in which, in their view, so much mischief to the Protestant cause was brewed.

They appeared in Hickleton at the end of March 1900. 'Kensit's people in the village,' Halifax wrote in his diary. 'Announced a meeting for Tuesday next.'<sup>13</sup> And on the following day (Sunday): 'Alarm that some of Kensit's men were coming to the church. Two were there observing, but otherwise behaved well.'<sup>14</sup> On the 3rd of April he was

Busy arranging to get rid of Kensit and his men if they came as they were announced to do at 3.30. Had some men ready in the wood-yard and some police to watch the church-yard. Some young men arrived in a waggonette and tried to speak in the village. The people would not listen, banged old coal scuttles, blew horns, etc., and hooted them out of the place. They went on to Goldthorpe where they got an equally unceremonious reception. Whole thing most ludicrous. Edward and Agnes—indeed all of us—burning for a fight.<sup>15</sup>

Not so the Kensitites, who retired in confusion—for the moment. But they had not finished with Hickleton. Early in June they returned, but this time their tactics were subtler. It was the day before Whitsunday; no one saw them arrive, and under cover of night they entered the churchyard and destroyed the Cross which Halifax had set up in memory of his dead sons.

A week later Halifax wrote from Hickleton to his wife:

Some of the village children, so Susan\* says, were so distressed at the outrage to the Cross that they came in the afternoon and put flowers tied with a blue ribbon where the poor Cross had stood.

\*An old servant and friend, who was with the family for more than fifty years.

Susan said, ‘Your Lordship does not know how we felt when we went to church early Whitsun Day to see it lying there as they had put it—we went to Holy Communion, but it took away all our relish, we seemed turned quite cold.’<sup>16</sup>

If the object had been to wound Halifax, the Kensitites had succeeded beyond their hopes. He felt the outrage deeply—so deeply that he did not even mention the occurrence in his diary. But there was a sequel, best described in a letter which he wrote to Athelstan Riley on the 21st of December, 1900.

On going to the Churchyard this morning the Cross to our children was again in its place. I have hardly looked at the poor broken base all these months; it hurt me too much and provoked feelings that I wished to avoid; but to-day it was the restoration of all that had made the restoration of the little Cross so precious, only with more, much more besides, for looking at it, and wondering why I had heard nothing of its completion, I found an inscription\* at the back which went straight to my heart. The next moment Lady Halifax put into my hand your letter, and the names of those kindest friends whose tender and affectionate thought of me and those we have lost fills me with feelings I can very ill express. It had seemed hard that the Cross in memory of our dead children should have been broken down and defaced, because it bore the Emblem of our redemption, but to-day that pain is more than swallowed up. And the Cross to-day, and for all the days to come, will remind me not only of those who are gone, but of the dear friends, so good to me, so generous in their trust and confidence, and who now for so many years have ever treated me so much better than I deserve.<sup>17</sup>

Two years later Mr. Kensit came to a violent end.

You express exactly what I feel about Kensit [Halifax wrote to Hill]. The less said about him the better. In his lifetime it was best

\*‘Paterni desiderii monumentum superstitione perversa dirutum restituit pietas amicorum.’

to treat him with the contempt he deserved, and not minister to his vanity and his importance by talking about him and noticing him. And as we can say no good of him the less we say of him the better. He was an enemy of the truth, and I find it difficult to think an honest enemy, but he is gone to his account and we can all pray for him to Him Who will make all the excuses for his conduct and language that love can make.<sup>18</sup>

## *VIII. Randall Davidson and the Royal Commission*

In 1899 the outbreak of the South African War withdrew public attention from the affairs of the Church. In 1901 the Queen died, and at the end of 1902 Archbishop Temple, after some months of failing health, passed away at the age of eighty-one. These events necessarily produced in the Church not a truce so much as a partial suspension of hostilities. One attempt, it is true, was made in the interests of peace. In October 1900 an abortive Round Table Conference of representatives of the different parties met at Fulham under the chairmanship of Dr. Wace.

The Conference is over [Halifax wrote to Athelstan Riley], and though in one way it only revealed the profound differences which divide us, it will, I think, do good at least indirectly.

The Evangelicals as represented by Dr. Barlow, Mr. Dymock (Mr. D. is really learned and a devout person) and Dr. Wace were irreconcilable. They showed themselves simple Zwinglians—Dr. Moule the same. Our differences stated *theologically* were absolutely irreconcilable, but stated *devotionally* there was a considerable measure of agreement. However, Dr. Barlow, etc., would have neither the statement of Hooker nor Irenaeus, but they did me the honour to say that Irenaeus was worse than I—and though we were all most *amiable* Gore summed up the matter to me in a letter afterwards by saying they, the Evans., were hopeless. They seemed to him to have learnt nothing and to have forgotten nothing.

Wace made a *very good* chairman, and it was very well he was chairman. He would, I am sure, have been more *mischievous* as a

simple member. Gore was quite admirable, and Birkbeck most useful.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing had been settled; and it was certain that with peace, a new monarch, and a new archbishop, a further effort would be made to cope with disorder. 'It is obvious,' Halifax wrote in February 1903 to Riley, 'that we are in for an ecclesiastical storm.'<sup>2</sup>

Of the three events the accession of Dr. Randall Davidson to the Chair of St. Augustine was the most important in the history of the Church. Halifax had known Davidson as chaplain to Archbishop Tait; he had come to a closer acquaintance with him as Dean of Windsor; and they had continued to meet and correspond regularly when Davidson was Bishop, first of Rochester and then of Winchester. From the outset Halifax appreciated the unique character of Davidson's position. To no other man has it been given to be intimately associated with the central life of the Church of England over so long a period. From the day in 1877, when he became Tait's chaplain, until his death in 1930, not a question of importance to the Church arose in which he was not concerned. His span of service, indeed, extended from the Public Worship Regulation Act to the Deposited Book. Tait, discovering at once his wisdom, his judgment, his diplomatic gifts, and his capacity for handling men, was content to leave to his discretion many matters which most archbishops would consider beyond the competence of most chaplains. As Dean of Windsor Davidson became confidential adviser on all ecclesiastical questions to the Queen, a duty which he discharged with the greatest delicacy and success until the end of her reign. Simultaneously, he was regularly consulted by Archbishop Benson, and although, during Temple's six years at Canterbury, Davidson's close association with Lambeth was interrupted, his position as Bishop of Winchester, and the experience of men and affairs which he had ac-

quired in twenty years, established him among the most important leaders of the Anglican Communion. He was therefore the natural, and indeed the inevitable, successor to Temple.

Grave as had been, and as would be, Halifax's differences with the new Archbishop, he never lost his affection and respect for him. He admired his humility, his integrity, his diplomatic genius, and his sense of justice.

I am truly thankful the Archbishop is who he is [Halifax wrote to Riley, after reading the Primate's first speech to Convocation], and that it was not R——. That prelate with all his merits is born to be the despair of his friends. I really am very grateful to the Archbishop of Canterbury and think we ought to do all we can to make it easy for him. He is a good man and a very shrewd one besides.<sup>3</sup>

Temperamentally the two men were poles apart; it was the difference between a Rupert, who would charge to victory or utter ruin, and a Spinola, who would always march his army intact into winter quarters. How remote from each other were their separate conceptions of the Church of England and of the functions of the Primate may be judged from the letter which Halifax addressed to the new Archbishop in January 1903. Extracts from it appeared in Dr. Bell's *Randall Davidson*<sup>4</sup>, but the complete letter has never been published. It reveals so plainly Halifax's mind about the Church and indicates so clearly how and where the Archbishop was to disappoint Halifax's expectations of him, that it has been printed in full in an Appendix, commended to the attention of the reader.\*

I do not think [Halifax wrote] that the ideals of St. Anselm or St. Thomas of Canterbury, of Stephen Langton or of Archbishop Laud are likely to be yours. I wish it were otherwise, but I can say with absolute truth that in view of our present circumstances, if it had depended on my voice you would be where you are.

Theoretically Halifax recognised a difference in standpoint

\*See Appendix II.

which practically he found it hard to realise; and throughout the letter he assumes an underlying agreement which did not exist. The new Archbishop, for example—‘alterius orbis Papa,’ as Halifax loved to call him—could hardly be expected to concur in regarding Protestantism as ‘an anomaly in itself hardly tolerable.’ Yet the point which Halifax was anxious to drive home had temper and sharpness. The new Archbishop, as he was well aware, was eager for a restoration of order in the Church; he had given earnest of this desire in the diocese of Winchester. But how, Halifax asked, could bishops expect compliance from their clergy so long as they ignored the teaching of the Catholic Church and their own obligations to the Catholic episcopate throughout the world? As de Maistre put it, they were ‘rebels preaching obedience’; what they refused to concede to a higher authority than their own, they themselves would never obtain from a lower. The pages of Dr. Bell’s brilliant biography disclose the complete dissimilarity in outlook and temperament. No agreement, or even argument, is possible without a common starting-point, and between Halifax and Randall Davidson this would have been far to seek.

The new rule at Lambeth began unpropitiously for the Catholic party. Early in 1903 two bills appeared in the House of Commons, the first being an avowedly Protestant measure for the abolition of the episcopal veto on prosecutions, while the second aimed at strengthening the powers of the bishops for dealing with disobedient clergy. On March 11th a deputation waited upon the Archbishops at Lambeth. In replying to them, Dr. Davidson said:

There are a few men defiant of episcopal authority and really reckless of the true Church of England’s spirit. . . . I say to you deliberately to-day that in my view of such cases, tolerance has reached, and even passed its limits. The sands have run out. Stern and drastic action is in my judgment quite essential.<sup>5</sup>

Here was a clear hint of the new policy. There was to be no general onslaught upon Anglo-Catholics, but the extremists were to be brought to book.

The situation seems to me very clear [Halifax wrote to Birkbeck on April 21st]. The Bishops feel they have to do something and something at once, something also which for the moment will if possible satisfy the Protestant party, or at all events detach a sufficient amount of support from them to render Ly. Wimborne, Mr. Bozra and the Liverpool Orangemen comparatively innocuous. For this purpose they will, as you have gathered, sacrifice some five and twenty Clergy and their Churches. These are to be thrown to the wolves to save the rest....

They will try to think they are consolidating the old historic High Church Tractarian party by such conduct and that after all what will be sacrificed will leave a great deal untouched and may perhaps be utilized as a means of levelling up certain things on the Evangelical side.

All this sounds very plausible. It is *exactly* the line which would commend itself to the Archbishop of C. and we may be quite sure it is *the* line we have to consider. How agreeable and convenient for him to be able to say next year: 'You see—5 and 20 Churches and Priests have been reduced to order, etc., etc., etc. Far from destroying their veto it is the power of the Bishops you have to increase if you wish to keep the Romanising party in order.'

But the policy would fail.

One can hardly realise that it is 30 years since P.W.R.A. *Then* we were fighting for details of Ritual, *now* for the Catholic conception of the *Church*, and for the obligations imposed on the Ch: of England and those who belong to the 'Ecclesia Anglicana' by their claim to be a portion of the *One* Holy Catholic Apostolic Ch:

It is a glorious cause and one for which we ought to be proud to fight, and if need be to suffer.<sup>6</sup>

For the moment other and urgent matters, such as the Marriage Laws, the Macedonian Christians, and the Old Catholics, engaged the Archbishop's attention, but early in 1904 he was called upon to make good his bold words. A movement was afoot for the appointment of a Select Committee, either of the House of Commons or of both Houses, to enquire into ecclesiastical disorders and to suggest remedies. The Archbishop, after consulting the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Paget) and other High Churchmen, begged the Prime Minister to substitute a Royal Commission for a Select Committee. He had found that the first, if not welcomed, would be just accepted, whereas the second would be regarded as sheer Erastianism, its proceedings boycotted, and its conclusions ignored by the Anglo-Catholics and many others.

He was undoubtedly right in this opinion. Halifax, who was out at Biskra at the time, described the proposal for a Select Committee as 'a gross piece of impertinence'<sup>7</sup>, and Hill, to whom he was writing, replied:

I have been enquiring into the methods of Select Committees and if that expedient were resorted to I think our best course would be to let them go to the devil their own gait, and treat them with absolute contempt. If they sent for one one would have to go, but if I found myself before a Committee made up of such rascals as Austen Taylor I would pretty quickly let them know what I thought of them, clock-tower or no clock-tower.<sup>8</sup>

The Royal Commission was a less objectionable proposal. Of course, Halifax wrote to Hill, its authority must not be recognised. On the other hand it might prove a useful means of ventilating Catholic grievances. He went on to suggest, a little naively, that

the Archbishop of Canterbury should be got to ask people in deference to *his* wishes to tell such facts and to make such communications and complaints to the Commission as may seem to be de-

sirable and that then the Commission should be flooded with complaints from Churchwardens and Parishioners—that vestments are not worn, confessions not heard, Mass not said, divorced people married, the Creeds (St. Athanasius) not recited—from all parts of the country.<sup>9</sup>

The Royal Commission was duly appointed. The Chairman was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, there were fourteen members, representing the moderate elements in the different parties, and the terms of reference were

to inquire into the alleged prevalence of breaches or neglect of the Law relating to the conduct of Divine Service in the Church of England and to the ornaments and fittings of Churches; and to consider the existing powers and procedure applicable to such irregularities and to make such recommendations as may be deemed requisite for dealing with the aforesaid matters.<sup>10</sup>

Both Halifax and Hill were called upon to give evidence. Hill, who appeared first, was so bluff, debonair, and confidential that the Committee can hardly have known what to make of him. He seized any chance that offered of plunging into digressions, in the course of which, with an air of innocence, he would throw out a few facts likely to be injurious to his adversaries. Ecclesiastical disorders? Yes, unhappily they existed. Low Churchmen—he would like to think them honest—were such strange people.

Of course, they are troublesome sometimes when they talk of turning us out, which, as Archdeacon Denison once said, was rather like the lodger threatening to turn the landlord out; but of course everybody knows what is going on in the way of disorder. Only the other day I was told of a case in an eastern diocese where the black bottle was drawn out—<sup>11</sup>

The Chairman hurriedly intervened.

Hill seldom allowed the offensive to pass from him. Yes, he admitted, the English Church Union had published a Tourists'

Church Guide. The Commission would understand how necessary it was while in so many churches Holy Communion was not celebrated regularly, even on Sundays. He himself had sometimes had to walk miles in Kent in order to make his Communion. (The Archbishop, in whose diocese these Sunday walks might have been taken, can scarcely have been gratified.) The evidence was full of dark allusions and reported conversations—what Mr. Gladstone had once told him, what an eminent but unnamed lawyer had said, how a certain nobleman unconnected with the English Church Union had offered £10,000 for the prosecution of lawless Low Churchmen, an offer which had been virtuously declined. His testimony was as damaging, and for much the same reasons, as was Mr. Weller's in the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*; and when he left the Royal Commissions House he was as unshaken as when he entered it.

Halifax had a stormier journey. He had prepared a lengthy statement upon the subjects into which the Commission was enquiring, and upon this he was closely examined by its members. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a very old friend of his, was brusque, the Archbishop of Canterbury suave, Sir Lewis Dibdin persistent. Occasionally there was a clash. Halifax had a passage of arms with Sir Michael over ecclesiastical courts.

*Hicks-Beach*.—‘But the practice is, I am sorry to say, too often, that the bishop is disobeyed.’

*Halifax*.—‘Quite so. He is disobeyed because, in regard especially to the last forty years, he has chiefly been enforcing the decisions of the Privy Council.’

*Hicks-Beach*.—‘Oh, no.’

*Halifax*.—‘Oh, yes.’<sup>12</sup>

There was an encounter with the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Gibson) over Reservation.

*Bishop of Gloucester*.—‘You say that reservation for the sick is not a right of the Church ordained only by man's authority?’

You deliberately say that? I do not want an answer to the question if you would rather not answer it.'

*Halifax.*—'I am willing to answer it; but it is a captious question, because it does not really elicit the truth of the matter.'

*Bishop of Gloucester.*—'Indeed it is not captious.'

*Halifax.*—'I think it is.'

*Bishop of Gloucester.*—'It is a question.'

*Halifax.*—'It is false logic. You lay it down that the Church has the right to alter things ordained by man's authority, you say that reservation is ordained by man's authority, and that therefore it may be altered. But your Lordship knows perfectly well that that does not exhaust the question.'

*Bishop of Gloucester.*—'I fail to see where the false logic is. I ask you whether reservation is one of the rites of the Church ordained only by man's authority. Either it is or it is not.'

*Halifax.*—'I do not admit that way of putting the question.'

*Bishop of Gloucester.*—'Then I can carry the matter no further if I can get no answer, and that is all I have to ask you.'<sup>13</sup>

Halifax's evidence, which took two days, involved 619 questions and answers. As a layman, he was at some disadvantage under examination by a body on which law and theology were so ably represented. But, though hard pressed and sometimes overborne in argument, he stood his ground resolutely, and in his constant appeals to 'Catholic authority' and 'the mind of the whole Church' was a disconcerting witness to those who were anxious to extract from him some recognition of an authority in the Church of England, existing or possible, to which he was ready to submit. The most they could obtain was an admission that

We are absolutely ready to submit ourselves to the judgments, and to obey the commands, of the archbishops and bishops of England sitting in their respective synods, if they will consider themselves bound by the common law and general custom of the Holy Catholic Church to which they profess to belong.<sup>14</sup>

The qualification deprived the submission of any value it might have had to the questioners' purpose.

The Commission reported on the 21st of June, 1906. After a formidable catalogue of unlawful practices in use, the Report presented 'two main conclusions.' The first was that the law of public worship was too narrow for the religious life of the day; the second that the machinery for discipline had broken down. The recommendations included the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act and the constitution of new ecclesiastical courts and a new court of final appeal, the suppression of certain specified practices by the authority of the bishops, and the issue of Letters of Business to the Convocations with a view to the alteration of the Ornaments Rubric and of 'the existing law relating to the conduct of Divine Service.'<sup>15</sup> This last recommendation initiated the revision of the Book of Common Prayer; and a more doubtful descent from the Report of the Royal Commission might be claimed for the Enabling Act of 1919.

Few and barren were the immediate and direct results of the Report. The 'unlawful' practices continued; the ecclesiastical courts went unreformed; and even the Revised Prayer Book, when, after long years, it received the approval of the Convocations, was rejected by the House of Commons. But if the Commission did not fulfil the expectations of the Church, it may have met the purpose of the Archbishop. There was a diminished bitterness among church people, partly because they were sick of quarrelling, and partly because, in the years that followed, they were awaiting legislation. But Parliament, though chary of allowing the Church to legislate for herself, has (perhaps fortunately) had little time and taste for the work of legislating for her.

It may be said that no settlement was possible, and if this were so, what remained? To the Archbishop fell the task, for which

his genius was suited, of keeping the Church together, of preventing matters from ever coming to a head, of dissolving a crisis in such a way that no one was satisfied and yet no one was so antagonised as to force an issue. He had had a Dolling at Winchester; he would have no Dollings, if he could help it, at Canterbury; and when in 1928 he at last laid down the burden which he had so honourably borne, he could claim that at least he handed on intact to his successor the charge which had been delivered to him. Like Spinola, he went into winter quarters with all his colours and a minimum of casualties.

For Halifax these years of contention were the least kindly of his life. No man can play his part in a hurly-burly without breaking a few heads, and it is a tribute to Halifax's temper that his foes were public and never private. They were the people whom he had denounced in print, or withstood on the platform, or affronted by some challenging declaration. They were numerous and very vocal; they thought him ungracious in the face of concession, impervious to argument, fundamentally in error, even disloyal to his Church. To recapture their point of view it is necessary to turn to the acidulated comments of contemporary newspapers upon his speeches and actions; or to the picturesque and imaginative pages of *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*; or, better still, to the more entertaining but no less unfavourable picture of him in *Friar's Lantern*. This was a novel from the pen of that gifted but implacable scholar, Mr. G. G. Coulton, who had gone through the Middle Ages with a microscope and a muck rake. In *Friar's Lantern*, as the result of an experiment in magic, a young Anglican clergyman, on the point of making his submission to Rome, is transported to the fourteenth century in the company of a Roman priest. During their embarrassed wanderings they fall in with an odd but familiar figure, wearing a battered chimney pot hat, a well-cut frock coat, and what had once been lavender trousers. They

recognise Lord Halfwayhouse, the President of the Anglican Catholic Society, who has suffered a transportation similar to theirs. He had been accompanied by Mr. Addlestrop Smalley (a disguise which should not be impenetrable to the readers of these pages), but they had encountered a herd of wild swine and of Mr. Smalley nothing remained but a few bloodstained fragments of Jaeger underclothing. The two clergymen continued their journey with Lord Halfwayhouse, but, on arriving at Harwich, the unhappy peer fell into the hands of the Lord Bishop, whose enquiries were more searching than those of a Royal Commission. They ended with the consignment of Lord Halfwayhouse, as an obstinate and dangerous heretic, to the rack, on which he presently died, though not before confessing that his true name was Lord Holofernes Haeret and that he was guilty of innumerable obscene and blasphemous practices. Here, for once in a way, Mr. Coulton tripped badly. Neither rack nor thumbscrew would have procured a false confession or a recantation from Lord Halifax. But the book is amusing, and it is to be regretted that Halifax, whom it would have vastly diverted, apparently never read it.

## *IX. The Education Controversy.*

While the Ritual disputes opened fissures in the Church, the tendency of the long-drawn battle on Education was to close them. On the subject of religious education there were differences among churchpeople as to the proper tactics to be pursued at any given moment, but there was none on the principles involved; so that directly battle was joined, as it was on three major occasions between 1890 and 1907, Churchmen, High and Low, abandoned their mutual recriminations about creeds and ceremonial, and presented the gratifying but unusual spectacle of a fairly united front. In fact, in the final phase of the controversy, when the Education Bill of 1906 threatened the extermination of denominational schools, the stoutest and most active champions of the Church were Halifax and the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Knox. Necessity, once more, had made strange bedfellows, and in doing so had sensibly reduced the bitterness of feeling on questions other than education; if only because it is not generally regarded as good manners for the lion, when he has lain down with the lamb, subsequently to make his breakfast off him.

The roots of the controversy stretched back to Mr. Forster's Education Act of 1870, which brought into existence rate-supported schools. Most of the pre-existing voluntary schools had been established and, with some assistance from the State, were being maintained by the Church, which had first assumed this expensive responsibility at a time when the State was unprepared to recognise its obligations in the matter. During the twenty years after 1870 a series of Acts of Parliament created

free universal compulsory education throughout the country. Out of these changes two problems, of vital interest to churchpeople, emerged. The first was concerned with the nature of the religious education provided in the new Board Schools. The Cowper-Temple Clause in the Act of 1870 directed that 'no religious catechism or religious formulary of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school.' Undenominational religious teaching, brought to birth by this clause, was suspected and disliked by numbers of churchpeople. To them it was not religious teaching at all. It might be a colourless exposition of selected passages from the Bible; it might be indistinguishable from Unitarianism; what it could not be was definite instruction in the faith of the Church of England. Moreover, it meant that, as the Board Schools multiplied, undenominational teaching was the only form of religious instruction which the children of large numbers of Anglican parents would receive. Churchpeople naturally found this prospect alarming. 'Once admit,' wrote Halifax to Hill, 'that we are satisfied with any form of undenominational religion on any day of the week and we are ruined for ever.'<sup>1</sup> Nor could this opinion be termed the habitual unreasonableness of the High Anglican. Even Dr. Dale of Birmingham, the distinguished Nonconformist preacher, expressed the fear that undenominational teaching would ultimately leave men with no religion at all.

Equally grave was the position to which the old voluntary schools found themselves relegated. They faced with increasing difficulty the competition of Board Schools supported by the rates and therefore able to maintain a higher standard of building, equipment, and salary than the Voluntary Schools could afford. Very soon a demand arose for equality of financial treatment between the two classes, the Anglicans being joined in pressing this claim by the Roman Catholics, who had been busily establishing schools of their own.

During the 'nineties, however, the burning issue was that of undenominational teaching in the Board Schools. By the Act of 1870 the management of these schools was vested in elected Boards, with power not merely to acquire sites by compulsory purchase, but also to take over Voluntary Schools by agreement. The London School Board, by virtue of the area which it controlled, was the most important of these bodies; and Mr. Athelstan Riley, in the hope of asserting a more explicitly Christian interpretation of undenominational teaching, secured election to it for Chelsea. In this he had the warm approval of Halifax.

The one thing I do feel convinced of [Halifax wrote to him] is that undenominational teaching is a snare and a sham, detestable in principle and as bad in practice, and that the only way in which our countrymen can be made to see this is by such object lessons as you are giving them.<sup>2</sup>

Such words, though strong, were not extravagant. Mr. Riley, with an eye to subsequent legislation, was trying to expose the chaos into which undenominational teaching was throwing the schools. Certain of the teachers had complained to the Board that the Trinity and the Incarnation were 'sectarian' doctrines; and when Mr. Riley asked Dr. Clifford whether the Divinity of Our Lord was a 'sectarian' or an 'unsectarian' belief, that eminent Nonconformist divine refused to answer. As Hill put it, when he appeared in the company of Halifax and Mr. Gladstone on a deputation, 'the Board did not teach enough religion to save a tom-cat.'

Although the heat of the controversy had cooled a little in 1894, intense interest was taken in the London School Board Election of that year, when, amid scenes of excitement rivalling those of a Parliamentary contest, Mr. Riley, against whom the greatest animus had been shown, was re-elected for Chelsea.

To say how I rejoice is impossible [Halifax wrote exuberantly when the result was known]. I congratulate you with all my heart. I don't think I ever cared about anything so much in my life. You have trampled on the Dragon—let us now do our very best to kill him for good and all.

I rejoice, I rejoice, I rejoice. . . .<sup>3</sup>

To commemorate the event he sent Riley a little silver cup, engraved with the latter's arms.

Unhappily Education had become a party issue, the Conservatives, on the whole, advocating denominational religious instruction, the subsidising by the State of Voluntary Schools, and the preservation, in the main, of their independence, while nearly all Liberals supported undenominational teaching and were only prepared to finance Voluntary Schools on condition that these were brought under secular control and forfeited their denominational character.

In 1897 the Voluntary Schools were strengthened by an Act of Parliament which gave them a special grant of five shillings per scholar; but the entire situation was changed by the highly contentious Act of 1902, brought in by the Government of Mr. Balfour.

This measure, which was designed to range the Voluntary Schools with the national system, was the work of Mr. Balfour, of Sir Robert Morant (the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Education), and, in a less degree, of the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Randall Davidson), who was consulted as the voice of the Church. The Bill conceded, on terms, much that Anglicans and Roman Catholics demanded. The old Boards were abolished, and in their place the Local Education Authority had the management of provided schools. The premises of the Voluntary or Non-provided Schools were to be supplied by their trustees free of charge, but the expense of maintaining them was in future to be borne by the Local Education Authority out of the

rates, their control being vested in managers, two-thirds of whom were to be appointed by the trustees and one-third by the Local Education Authority. Under an amendment moved by Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, religious instruction in the Voluntary Schools, while remaining in accordance with the provision of their trust deeds, was henceforward to be under the direction of these managers. The Voluntary Schools, in short, obtained the financial support for which they had asked, at the price of conceding a measure of control.

This solution, taken in relation to the other provisions of the Bill, was not unfavourable to the Church, and the Bishop of Winchester, while opposing the Kenyon-Slaney Clause, gave the measure his blessing. Many churchpeople, however, like Canon Lacey, were ready to wreck the Bill rather than allow the control of religious instruction to be taken from the hands of the clergy and given to a committee of laymen, one-third of whom might not even be churchmen. Halifax thought the Kenyon-Slaney amendment 'an intolerable insult to the clergy.'

It directly affects the denominational character of the school by putting the responsibility for the religious teaching into the hands of a body of managers two-thirds (*sic*) of whom need not be members of the Church. It makes it possible to oust the Incumbent of the Parish from all control of the religious education of the Church children in the Parish, and it transfers, in what are *ex hypothesi* Church schools, the duty of teaching religion from the Clergy to Committees constituted by the State. Nothing more monstrous can be conceived and it is a great question how far we ought to consent to come under the operation of a Bill so amended.<sup>4</sup>

A meeting of churchpeople in the Albert Hall, designed as a demonstration in favour of the Bill, transformed itself spontaneously into a demonstration against the Kenyon-Slaney amendment.

When the Bill reached the House of Lords, Halifax confessed himself converted to voting for it by the speeches of its opponents; but in committee he peppered it with amendments. Throughout he believed that the bishops had allowed themselves to be trapped by the Government.

'As to the Episcopate,' he told his fellow-peers, 'everything that has happened in connexion with the Bill showed the extreme imprudence of the course they had taken.'<sup>5</sup>

While many churchpeople were dissatisfied, Nonconformity was rampant against the Bill, on the ground that religious instruction according to the tenets of the Church of England would be subsidised out of the rates, and therefore out of the pockets of Nonconformists. The opposition, led by Dr. Clifford, attained to formidable proportions and developed into passive resistance, numbers of Nonconformists preferring distraint of their household goods to payment of the rates. Their cause was espoused by the Liberal Party, and in 1906, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was confirmed in office by an immense majority, it was clear that a new Education Bill would be one of the earliest tasks of his administration. The President of the Board of Education was Mr. Augustine Birrell, the son of a Nonconformist minister in Liverpool; and the mood of the Parliamentary majority promised that if the Act of 1902 had gently flicked the Church with whips, the Bill of 1906 would lash it with scorpions. Actually Mr. Birrell showed a milder temper than some of his supporters, and in his first correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson)<sup>6</sup> was conciliatory enough; but the Liberal back-benchers, swollen with the pride of victory, would not hear of compromise, and the Bill which Mr. Birrell introduced on April 9th, 1906, was utterly unacceptable to the Church. By its provisions the only recognised schools in future were to be those under the Local Education Authority, which could acquire existing Voluntary

Schools by agreement or, in certain circumstances, by compulsion. No teacher would be required to give any religious instruction, though undenominational teaching might be given by the staff, at the discretion of the L.E.A. Denominational teaching would be allowed in transferred schools on two days a week, if this were a condition of the transfer, but might not be given by regular members of the staff; and in urban areas, in certain circumstances, facilities for denominational teaching by the regular staff were to be afforded, but not at the expense of the L.E.A.

Such was the challenge which Halifax, supported by the English Church Union, at once took up. As early as February 20th, when he filled the Church House for the first General Meeting of the year, he had made plain what his attitude would be.

Let me formulate our position [he said in his speech]. Education shall not be divorced from religion. No preference shall be given to undenominational religious teaching over denominational religious teaching. Religious teaching must be given in school hours, religious teaching shall not be given by those in regard to whom there is no security that they believe what they teach. We will not consent to the Bible being treated as a mere reading-book or as a convenient vehicle for ethical instruction; we deny the possibility of Christian teaching being anything but dogmatic; we will not consent to the tearing up of our trust deeds, or to such a spoliation of the Church as would be involved in the compulsory sale of our schools and the establishment of a universal system of undenominational religion. Should such a scheme be proposed, and carried, we shall consider ourselves justified to resent it by every means in our power, one of which will be a general withdrawal of the children hitherto attending the schools.<sup>7</sup>

Nearly all the 400 Branches of the Union responded with meetings and resolutions, and Halifax declared that the weaker

brethren on the Council, who were already whispering of the need for compromise, 'ought all to be strangled.'<sup>8</sup> When the full enormities of the Bill were disclosed, he even spoke of threatening the Government with 'universal resistance, passive and other',<sup>9</sup> if they persisted in their course.

During the summer the Albert Hall was the scene of successive meetings. Roman Catholics, London Churchmen, and Lancashire men in turn thronged to it to protest against the Bill; the English Church Union converted their Anniversary meeting into 'a quite unparalleled demonstration'<sup>10</sup>; and a memorial to Mr. Birrell, sent out by the Union, carried half a million signatures.

All the time Halifax was desperately anxious. His letters to Hill are full of his fears, not so much for what the enemy might do, as for what the leaders of the Church might weakly concede. Which of them might be trusted? Not the archbishops; nor the bishops—'indeed a poor lot'; not Southwark (Dr. Talbot), who had an incurably 'academic mind'; and least of all Charles Gore, whose ways were quite incalculable to Halifax.<sup>11</sup> Even the Council of the Union was troublesome, with E. G. Wood complaining of the President's 'somewhat hasty and arbitrary mood'<sup>12</sup>, and begging Hill to restrain him from drafting resolutions in future; while at one meeting it was necessary to reduce Lacey to silence in the most peremptory fashion.

In August, when the Bill, having passed through the Commons by large majorities, went up to the House of Lords, Halifax spoke on the Second Reading. The debate was resumed on October the 25th, after the Recess. Halifax, though at one time he had thought the Bill 'so bad that I don't see how it can be amended',<sup>13</sup> joined with zest in the business of drawing its sting. Meanwhile both he and his son took part in a last monster meeting in Trafalgar Square, at which they both made speeches.

Trafalgar Square did, I should think, pretty well [Edward wrote to his mother]. I was very much uplifted by the reception that those thousands of people gave to Papa; most moving. There were a great many people, and the greatest possible enthusiasm.<sup>14</sup>

It is recorded of Halifax that he became so vehement in his indignation that he first broke his umbrella and then knocked off a policeman's helmet.

The debate dragged on through November. Halifax thought some of his allies most disappointing.

Neither Michael Hicks-Beach [Lord St. Aldwyn] nor the Duke [of Devonshire] has the faintest conception of what we mean by the Church, nor do I find that they really care for Christian liberty or Christian dogma. I mean the rights of Christian liberty and Christian dogma, which are matters outside belief. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, though a Presbyterian, has the heart of the matter in him. He is in earnest and cares. These two do not.<sup>15</sup>

Some of the Lords Spiritual were worse than their temporal brethren. By the end of the month one prelate deserved 'to be unfrocked,' and the bishops generally were 'disgraceful.'<sup>16</sup>

Nevertheless the Bill went back to the Commons changed out of recognition. What Halifax now feared was 'an unworthy compromise'<sup>17</sup>, such as he suspected, with some justification, that the Archbishop of Canterbury might be designing. But tempers were too high for concession on either side to be easy. The Commons contemptuously rejected the Lords' amendments and, although at a Lansdowne House conference the Archbishop supported a conciliatory policy, Mr. Balfour was for fighting.

Halifax wrote daily to his wife from London, now hopeful, now despairing. The King was said to be pressing the party leaders to come to an agreement and the Archbishop was 'active'; but the Bishop of London was not budging an inch. On December 18th the party leaders had a conference at Crewe

House to discuss the proposed concessions to the Opposition. Halifax, getting wind of these, almost abandoned hope.

I have not really the heart to write, even to you [Lady Halifax]. I see, short of a miracle, that the Bill will pass, and what deals a fatal blow to the Church, so far as human action can be fatal, will be successfully carried. But I cannot speak of it. I hope against hope, but I fear that Crewe's concessions—which are no concessions—will be accepted. It means, unless we can in some way get round the Bill, that Miss Hand will never teach the Catechism again in Hickleton school. . . . It is the ruin of the Church schools in all the rural districts. . . . I was busy all yesterday afternoon and till quite late writing to and seeing different people, Lansdowne, the Duke of Devonshire, etc., but I know it is all of no use. . . . For my part, after this, I don't care if the House of Lords is destroyed to-morrow. . . . Perhaps in Paradise, if we get there, we shall see the reason of these things.<sup>18</sup>

The attempted compromise, however, failed. After all, the Lords insisted on their amendments and the Bill was dead.

We have indeed escaped a great danger [Halifax's ally, the Bishop of Manchester, wrote to him]. There are others to follow, but there is no battle that one can fight with so clear a conscience as that of God's little ones. We have to thank you for your unwavering firmness.<sup>19</sup>

Halifax had the idea of immediately introducing a measure representing the irreducible minimum which the Church could accept. He even drafted such a Bill; but his friends were inclined to be critical of it, on details and tactics rather than on principles; the Archbishop was discouraging; the moment was unpropitious; and a sharp attack of influenza put an end to all activities until after the middle of January. Eventually he dropped the scheme.

After the defeat of the Education Bill Mr. Birrell was transferred to the Irish Office, where he was to find the problems as

insoluble and the forces as unbending as those of the denominational struggle. The new President of the Board of Education was Mr. Reginald McKenna. The Government, taught by experience, had decided that no settlement was practicable which was not acceptable to the more moderate men in the Church and in Nonconformity alike, and in this new course secured the co-operation of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In February 1908 Mr. McKenna introduced a Bill enabling denominational schools to contract out of the national system. Though an improvement on its predecessor, it was far from satisfactory to the Church, and between the first and second reading the Bishop of St. Asaph brought in a measure of his own, which would have secured freedom for teachers to give either denominational or undenominational teaching and provided facilities for the former in all schools during school hours on three days in the week. Neither Bill aroused any enthusiasm, but to many it seemed that jointly they provided a basis of settlement.

Halifax hated them both. His own opinion had hardened into a simple demand that denominational teaching must receive treatment as favourable as undenominational. All his suspicions of the episcopate were revived by these manoeuvres and, after listening to the debate on the second reading of the St. Asaph Bill, he reported to his daughter that the Bishop himself, 'and more especially the Archbishop, made odious speeches. They are neither of them to be trusted for a single instant.'<sup>20</sup>

On April 5th Campbell-Bannerman resigned, and in the ministerial shuffle which followed Mr. Walter Runciman replaced Mr. McKenna at the Education Office. The new President made an energetic attempt at conciliation. He produced a fresh scheme on the principles of the McKenna Bill, modified in some directions by the proposals of the St. Asaph Bill. The Archbishop, believing that the scheme gave the Church as much as she was ever likely to get, accorded it a qualified and

reluctant approval; and both he and Mr. Runciman set to work to convert their extremists. Here their greatest troubles began. The Nonconformists were sore at the dwindling of their high hopes, and on November 4th the Standing Committee of the National Society gave the Archbishop a foretaste of the opposition he was to encounter among his supporters. Lord Stanmore, who was present at the meeting, sent Halifax an amusing account of it.

R. Cantuar was seated in the chair, flanked by the Bishop of Southwark, and faced at the other end of the table by the Bishop of St. Asaph. No other Bishops were present, except my Lord of Bangor who before long sauntered out of the room. At a later period B. of Peterborough sauntered into it, and after a brief stay again departed.

The Archbishop made a 'long and clever speech.' He asked the Committee to approve the basis of the Government's proposals, as affording 'the best offer we should ever get.' After he had sat down there was a long silence, broken by Lord Hugh Cecil. The Archbishop was sharply heckled. Mr. John Talbot wondered whether the resolution he had proposed might be interpreted as a vote of censure. ('Oh, don't mind me!' interjected the Archbishop.) The Bishop of Southwark 'patted the Archbishop on the back,' and 'Sir F. Powell assured us that Mr. Runciman had a *heart* and that we might safely trust to Mr. Runciman's *heart*.' In the end the Committee adjourned for a week.<sup>21</sup>

I nearly strangle with rage every time I think of the Archbishops and the Bishops generally [wrote Halifax on November 7th]. Oh the traitors! Some few remain, but for the rest I should like to put them all into a bag and make a parcel of them to Dr. Clifford to clean his boots and brush his clothes.<sup>22</sup>

Once more he mobilised his friends and talked of passive

resistance if the scheme went through; but in December it collapsed like a house of cards. A yawning financial gulf opened between the Archbishop and Mr. Runciman, the Bishop of Manchester wrote an Open Letter to the Bishops of England, the National Society denounced the Bill as a 'colossal surrender,' and at the Representative Church Council, convened on the demand of Athelstan Riley, the bishops alone gave it a majority. Since it was clear that neither the Church nor Nonconformity would accept the settlement, Mr. Asquith announced the withdrawal of the Bill. 'Rejoice, Rejoice, and again I say Rejoice,' Halifax exulted to Athelstan Riley. 'It has been a wonderful and astonishing victory and we have to thank God for it.'<sup>23</sup>

The failure of Mr. Runciman's scheme marked the end of an epoch in the Education controversy. Other grave national questions pressed forward to claim the time and attention of Parliament. The War intervened; and when it was over a new outlook and new minds appeared. In 1920, when Mr. Fisher was President of the Board of Education, the Archbishop made a further attempt to secure a lasting settlement. He was ready to agree to a solution which would have merged the Church Schools in the national system in return for a guarantee that religious instruction according to the tenets of the parents should be given in school hours, but by teachers appointed by the Local Education Authority. The negotiations, however, were abruptly terminated by the refusal of the National Society to entertain any proposal involving the surrender of Church Schools.

Although no solution was discovered, the bitterness had happily diminished and is diminishing. So different in these days is our approach to the old problems that it is hard for us to share the excitement and anger of 1906, to put ourselves in the place of the men on either side who fought so stubbornly, and

yielded so grudgingly, and saw in each event catastrophe or the promise of Utopia. So great was the turmoil, so small the result. Yet, on a longer view, the dispute about religious education has a painful relevance to our present troubles. It was a major landmark in the growing secularisation of life of which the nineteenth century saw the development and we ourselves may not see the end. Halifax, even when wrangling most obstinately about details, never lost sight of this truth. There was the closest connection between religious education and those other causes to which he devoted his life—the recovery of Catholic belief and practice and the Reunion of Christendom. He was convinced that the world was making its choice between the Christian commonwealth on the one side, and on the other the kind of society that Russia was to become. The elimination of religion from the country's schools was of obvious and fearful import to this choice. To sacrifice the Church schools was to sacrifice everything, and he was adamant in their defence when the Archbishop was ready to sacrifice them in return for concessions, which Halifax believed would be illusory, in the national system.

But there was little hope of reconciling his attitude with that of the Archbishop. It might be said that the one man was too preoccupied with strategy and the other with tactics; that Halifax was for contesting every inch of ground, whatever the cost might be, and that the Archbishop was for evacuating positions which he believed to be untenable in order to occupy with some hope of success a more strongly fortified entrenchment in the rear. On November 4th, 1908, he wrote to Halifax:

My honest conviction is that the alternative before us for the children of England is not what my correspondents (mainly) suppose it to be, but is a choice between some settlement on lines like those suggested, and a period of embittered and harmful strife ending, for us, in a *débâcle*.

I may be quite mistaken, but such is my firm conviction. In five years' time—as things run—more than three-fourths of the Church's children will be in Council Schools. Already in some towns, like London, five-sixths are there. It is vital that we should not let slip the opportunity of securing *for good* the place of the Church in those Schools.<sup>24</sup>

Subsequent events have largely justified the Archbishop's fears. The attrition which he deplored has continued; the number of Church Schools has declined, their position visibly deteriorated. Equally far-sighted was the dread, which he frequently expressed, of the political consequence which would follow the summary rejection of Mr. Birrell's Bill of 1906. The great constitutional quarrel between Lords and Commons was probably inevitable; nor could the Lords, without prejudice to their constitutional rights, have waived their amendments to the Education Bill. But, as Archbishop Davidson foresaw, the day on which the efforts to find a compromise finally failed was the day on which open hostilities between the two Houses may be said to have begun.

## X. At Home and Abroad

A portion of the winter or early spring was usually spent abroad, for the sake of Lady Halifax, who had a liability to bronchitis and asthma. In April 1903 the first visit was paid to Paraggi, near Sta. Margherita, a favourite haunt of Lord Stanmore's. 'Delighted with Paraggi,' Halifax wrote in his diary—'a dream of beauty.'<sup>1</sup> He stayed there for two months, breaking the visit by his journey to Rome to see Pope Leo XIII. In 1904 he was in Paraggi for only ten days, but in 1905 he spent six weeks there. He took a little house, built right on the rocks over the sea, and the bathing, the opportunities for leisurely reading, the long walks among the olive and pine woods among the hills behind, the gorgeous views, and the company of friends who came to stay, such as the Hicks-Beaches, the Bishop of Stepney (Dr. Cosmo Lang), and Father Waggett, made up the kind of life that Halifax loved.

We take long walks [he wrote to Emily Meynell Ingram during his first visit], Agnes and I sketch, just as we used to do at Nice. . . . I enjoy every moment of the day. We get up at 7, say our prayers, have our coffee all together *en déshabillé* at 8, dress afterwards, draw, read, write, take the air till a quarter to 12, then our *déjeuner*. A little reading till 1.30 or 2, then we go out, take long walks, or sketch, till about a quarter to 7, when we come in, dine, read, play cribbage, and go to bed at a quarter to 10. . . . This place is perfectly unsophisticated. No one objects to your walking anywhere; entrancing woods, and the views across to Rapallo, Chiavari, Sestri and Spezia ravishing. . . . Imagine Agnes last Monday walking up to the Church of Santa Maria di Monte Allegro behind Rapallo, a hill 1900 feet high! Was not that a creditable performance?<sup>2</sup>

In 1905 he recorded that his last bathes were 'chiefly employed in trying to teach Fr. Waggett to take headers'<sup>3</sup>. As a pupil, Father Waggett, like James, does not appear to have done him much credit.

A little earlier he had written to Hill:

The Bishop of Stepney is really delightful. . . . I am more than convinced that he is the man we ought to wish and pray for as the next Archbishop of Canterbury.<sup>4</sup>

'The next Archbishop of Canterbury' (Dr. Lang) has kindly contributed some recollections of these continental holidays.

During the years in which I was Bishop of Stepney (1901 to 1908) it was my good fortune to spend some delightful Eastertide holidays with Lord Halifax, first at the Castello di Paraggi near Portofino on the north Italian Mediterranean coast, and also at a little village called La Croix among the Montagnes des Maures. The Castello was a most picturesque house built on a rock jutting into the sea. From the windows we looked straight into the blue depths of the Mediterranean, sometimes into the very decks of the boats of the patient fishermen. Not infrequently from a ledge in the rock we would discern the agile figure of his lordship himself vigorously swimming. At La Croix we lived in a small and simple hotel between the hills where we walked and the sea where we bathed.

At both places his appetite for 'expeditions' (how he loved the word!) was insatiable and his energy was untiring. Sometimes the patience and good temper of Lady Halifax were sorely tried. But to her mild expostulations he would only reply, 'Now, Agnes, don't be tiresome'; and she would give in like a kindly nurse to a wilful child. Among the hills at La Croix there was something almost cat-like in the swiftness and stealth with which he led the way through intricate paths, and his son Edward and I were hard put to it to keep pace with him.

There was an honourable understanding between us that in these holiday times there would be no discussions on ecclesiastical

subjects, still less on our ecclesiastical differences. On the whole the understanding was faithfully observed. The incessant talk wandered over all sorts of other subjects—history, politics, literature, ghosts, and gossip about persons, in which he took an interest always lively and never uncharitable. He would end some story of a humorous situation with the characteristic comment, ‘Was it not diverting?’ But, I need scarcely say, behind all this eager conversation there was the background, always felt but never obtruded, of his own deep religious spirit. Sometimes our talk would quite naturally pass into the deeper things of religion. He loved to join in the worship of the village churches; and I can see him now kneeling in one of them absorbed in devotion or crooning a simple Litany which the peasants were singing.

I have had many good holiday companions, but none who brought such a fascinating gaiety, charm, and imagination. I like to think that he shared to the end my thankful memories of these days. Writing to me not many days before his death he said, ‘How your letter brings back to my mind Paraggi and La Croix; how I think of the delightful bathes, the delightful walks we had together. The only sad thing is that those days can never come again.’

I may add here a note about Christmas Days at Hickleton, many of which I spent there when I was Archbishop of York. Surrounded by his children and grandchildren he was the life and soul of the merry party. I think of a sudden invasion of the hall by a gruesome figure on all fours representing a wild bear—a pale face peering out from a large rough rug, the mouth emitting savage growls. Even though the children discerned that it was only grandpapa, it was some time before their fright was lost in laughter. How few were the signs of that ‘labour and sorrow’ which according to the Psalmist attend four-score years!

These notes may serve to show how little they knew of Lord Halifax who only knew him as a conspicuous figure in the ecclesiastical controversies of his time. He was full of that gaiety of spirit which has often been the fruit of a piety so sincere that it has

no trace of self-consciousness. His life was a fulfilment of the promise that 'they that are true of heart shall be glad.'

In 1903 Halifax lost his brother Henry, who was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia and died on January 5th; and in September his younger daughter Agnes was married to George Lane Fox (now Lord Bingley), a nephew of the older George Fox, who was Halifax's contemporary and friend. The wedding was suitably and even magnificently celebrated at Hickleton.

Everything really went off very well. 150 tenants to dinner in a tent, some 200 to 300 to tea, and 100 to luncheon in the house, with a dinner of 36 or 38 people in the evening, followed by fireworks and a dance. Our servants did wonders. They really are too good for anything. The service in Church was nearly perfect and our Roman friends were much edified by the Mass. In short it was good all together.<sup>5</sup>

To Halifax it was an ideal marriage, his feeling for George Lane Fox being nearer to that of a father than of a father-in-law. 'It will be a dreadful pang losing Agnes,' he wrote to Athelstan Riley, 'but it is altogether a delightful marriage. We have known him and his always. . . . There is no one I should have liked better.'<sup>6</sup>

The Halifaxes, accompanied by James and Cresswell, Lady Halifax's maid, went to Algiers in January 1904, later moving on to Biskra. In spite of the fascination of new places, the weather was mostly bad, and there was little for Halifax to do, so that his chief consolation was the improvement in Lady Halifax's health.

We had a detestable journey here [he wrote to his daughter Mary from Biskra]—torrents of rain and an accident on the line which caused us to tranship from one train to another, with some hundreds of yards of mud on the edge of a precipice to tramp through. We were finally compelled to sleep at a little inn where



HICKLETON CHURCH

there was one room downstairs with only a series of little rooms down a passage beyond. Your Mama and Cresswell slept in one and James and I in another. . . .

This place is in the middle of the desert—all Arabs, negroes, etc.—creatures like bulky bundles of rags, a sort of Meg Merrilies of all colours. . . . Camels everywhere making horrid noises when they were made to kneel down. . . . We had gazelle for dinner to-day. How I hate such experiments! It was like hare and roe deer combined.<sup>7</sup>

Joined by Edward, they returned by stages through Sicily and Italy, ending up at Paraggi, and calling at Paris on the way home for a glimpse of Portal. In July they were abroad again at Mont Dore; and in October there was a more ambitious enterprise in the shape of a voyage to South Africa to pay a visit to Mrs. Sutton, whose husband had an appointment at Cape Town.

The Halifaxs sailed in the *Galeka*; they took Cresswell with them, but James was left behind this time, his place being taken by Valenti, a domestic whose antics were to provide Halifax with unfailing amusement, until one day he chased the cook round the table with a carving knife and had to depart abruptly. They had a pleasant voyage. A Cowley Father celebrated Mass, there was plenty of time for reading the Life of Bishop Creighton, and the passengers included ‘one or two minxy ladies whose goings on amuse me.’<sup>8</sup> Teneriffe was rainswept and horrid, but St. Helena was lovely, though ‘Longwood made me ashamed of England for having sent Napoleon to such a place.’<sup>9</sup> The flirtations of the passengers mildly amused Halifax, who was anxious for the Captain to put a young man, who had gone rather far, ‘in irons on one side of the ship, and the very unattractive young lady in irons on the other.’<sup>10</sup> The principal event of the voyage was a fancy dress ball, in which Cresswell appeared as a dignified Pompadour, while Valenti, having

painted his face, blacked his eyes, and put on a sham nose, was a perfect clown—‘wonderful—no Englishman could have done it.’<sup>11</sup>

They reached Cape Town on November 15th. Here they stayed with the Suttons for some agreeable weeks, making expeditions on foot and on horseback, and meeting all the notables. There was a visit to J. F. X. Merriman, whom Halifax thought ‘pleasant, well-read and intelligent, but he gave me the impression of a man with little ballast,’<sup>12</sup> and a lunch at Muizenberg with Milner, with whom Halifax discussed South African politics; and on one eventful day Lady Halifax was ‘hauled and dragged’<sup>13</sup> to the top of Table Mountain. Edward joined them towards the end of the month. They had planned going on after Christmas to Johannesburg and Rhodesia, and had originally had the idea—though it was the most ephemeral project—of sailing from Beira to India in February, and so to Ceylon in March.

Even the African itinerary, however, was never carried out. They made a ten days’ track across the Swartzberg Mountains, but on their return to Cape Town found awaiting them disquieting news of Emily Meynell Ingram. She had been in delicate health for some years, and in October had had a serious shock when her little Maltese poodle Valetta, to whom she was devoted, was set upon and mauled by a greyhound in King’s Cross Station. She was very unwell at the beginning of December and on the 19th was so dangerously ill that her brother Frederick cabled to Halifax. On the 21st she died.

Halifax at once abandoned his plans and, with no heart for sightseeing, took the next steamer home. He felt his sister’s death and his own absence more painfully than anything that had happened since the death of his sons.

What would I not give to have been with her at the end [he wrote to Canon Wylde]—to have been at Hoar Cross! She was

like the half of my soul. We never had an interest which was not in common, and it is as if a shadow had fallen over everything which makes everything but the thought of her indifferent.<sup>14</sup>

It was a sorrowful homecoming, with the pain sharpened by the business of settling Mrs. Meynell Ingram's estate. She left Hoar Cross to her brother Frederick, who changed his name to Meynell, and Temple Newsam to her nephew Edward, though Halifax was to have the use of it for life. The bulk of her great fortune was divided between the two properties, and the house in Eaton Square was left to Halifax and was in future to be his London residence.

The King sent for him on his return. He questioned him about the situation in South Africa and in particular about Chinese Labour; after which he spoke gloomily on the troubles in Russia. He was, he told Halifax, expecting a bloody revolution, with which the Emperor of Germany was better fitted to cope than was the Tsar.

On February 8th, Edward having resumed his interrupted journey to India, the Halifaxes went to Valescure, where Lady Halifax presently performed one of those feats in which her husband took such pride by accomplishing an excursion of three and three-quarter hours. In March they crossed over to Corsica, before making a leisurely progress through Italy to Paraggi.

The Halifaxes sailed to South Africa once more in August. The voyage was uneventful; the Captain—'the most excellent person that ever was'<sup>15</sup>—had prayers on deck every day, but as he was a British Israelite and supported missions for the conversion of Irish Roman Catholics, Halifax refused to attend; and at the fancy dress ball James, once more in attendance, was arrayed as a Chinaman.

Halifax recorded his second journey to South Africa in a series of letters to his daughter, Mrs. Lane Fox. Edward, coming

from Australia, joined his parents at Cape Town, where they again stayed with the Suttons. There was a 'delicious' expedition into Basutoland, where 'your Mama rode twenty or thirty miles a day, up and down precipices and across rivers, over, down and up dongas, and galloped for miles across the il-limitable veldt in a way that was truly astonishing.'<sup>16</sup> Then they travelled by car to Kimberley, where they went 'all over a diamond mine'<sup>17</sup>; and on by train to Buluwayo; and further north still to the Victoria Falls, which nearly exhausted even Halifax's vocabulary of admiration, but did not overawe him out of bathing 'several times, regardless of crocodiles.'<sup>18</sup> They turned south again to Buluwayo, where they visited Rhodes's grave in the Matopos—'It is like seeing Moses's grave—only no one ever did see it—on the top of Mount Nebo'.<sup>19</sup> Resuming their southward course, they inspected Ladysmith and some of the battlefields of the Boer War, before plunging into the great excitement of their journey—a trek across the Transkei in an ox-waggon and Cape carts. Edward, unhappily, was unable to accompany them, having left them at Ladysmith to return to England.

Halifax wrote again to his daughter from Pondoland:

It is a most lovely country. Imagine all the wolds magnified a hundredfold, all grass, no enclosures anywhere, wood, forest, rivers, beautiful mountains in the distance, intersecting valleys—a glorified Thixendale and Givendale, but glorified beyond conception and with the opportunity of riding for ever and ever, in all directions and wherever you like. . . . We are living in a funny little house, your Mama and Cresswell in one room, James and I in a thatched sort of round wigwam, very comfortable by ourselves. The garden full of red Natal lilies, daturas, sweet verbena, sweet geranium, passion flowers and white lilies, with below in a sort of marsh acres of arums. . . .

We post from place to place in the Cape carts, each drawn by four horses; the luggage follows in a cart drawn by oxen. We

outspan for breakfast and luncheon. James and Cresswell prepare the most excellent meals—the other day James gave us some excellent asparagus—and we drive as it were through endless Megdales, up hill and down dale from early morning to the middle of the afternoon.<sup>20</sup>

It was a delicious experience, albeit a little strenuous and alarming for Lady Halifax, who nevertheless surmounted its hazards and contrived to conceal from the party a perfect 'longing to be started home.'<sup>21</sup>

They were back in London by the middle of December.

Politics—and more particularly the Education Bill—kept Halifax in England during 1906. In March 1907 he had a few days in Paris with Portal, and in April, when he went to La Croix Lady Halifax stayed at home and his companion was Edward. On the Channel crossing they fell in with the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Paget) and the Dean of Christ Church (Dr. Strong), who had never been to France before.

The Bishop was in quite a good way [Edward wrote wickedly to his mother], and he and Papa after a preliminary reconnoitring of each other from a distance settled down and had a real good talk. Exactly like two dogs who are not sure whether they will fight or not, and so walk round each other making up their minds on the subject, until they finally settle it is less trouble to be amicable.<sup>22</sup>

Walking, reading, basking in the sun and the mountain air, with Mass at six every morning, they spent a full fortnight at La Croix, being joined there after the first few days by the Bishop of Stepney and a friend.

In 1908 Halifax stayed in England, except for that visit to Portal without which the year, if possible, must not be allowed to pass. The Abbé, having been warned off the Church of England, was turning his attention to the Russian Orthodox Church and was thinking of accompanying Birkbeck on one of

his journeys to Russia. In February 1909, writing to thank Halifax for the gift of a Yorkshire ham, he added:

C'est en Russie que nous allons travailler et si je ne me trompe d'une manière très fructueuse. Je vous conterai tout cela. Et notre conclusion sera que Notre Seigneur est bien bon et que vous n'avez pas tout à fait perdu votre temps lorsque vous avez travaillé à la formation d'un élève qui sait ce qu'il vous doit et qui a conscience de ne pouvoir jamais vous être assez reconnaissant.<sup>23</sup>

A month later Halifax was in Paris again, and at Easter there was another journey to La Croix. That summer the English Church Union celebrated its golden jubilee and its President the forty-first year of his office, a double event which was commemorated by an Address and a presentation to which more than 1400 members and associates subscribed.

We feel [the Address declared] that it is impossible to overestimate what we owe to your lordship's faithful and courageous leadership during the forty-one years of your occupancy of the President's chair.<sup>24</sup>

The presentation consisted of a replica of Logsdail's portrait of Halifax for the Council Room, an eighteenth century silver-gilt chalice with paten for Hickleton chapel, and a set of cloth of gold vestments and a cope.\* Halifax was genuinely touched by this appreciation of services which he himself consistently depreciated. 'The only things,' he said in his reply, 'which are really our own are our failures.'<sup>25</sup> Looking back upon his long Presidency, what he had been able to achieve seemed to him so little by contrast with what he had tried to achieve.

An event of even more personal interest took place three weeks later, when at half-past two one morning Edward burst into his bedroom and woke him up with the news of his engagement to Lady Dorothy Onslow.

\*Halifax eventually gave the vestments to York Minster.

It happened last night at Lady Esther Smith's [Halifax wrote to Mrs. Sutton]. Before it happened she [Lady Dorothy] and Edward were talking together, and she said, amongst other things, that she had been to a fortune-teller with some others, and she was sorry she had, as it had given her a shock. After the event, Edward having said he did not approve of fortune-tellers, asked her what the shock was. She said the fortune-teller had seen *his* name in her hand. There's for you! What do you say to that? Edward is, I believe, going to bring the young lady to see us to-day. Everyone says she is delightful.<sup>26</sup>

The marriage took place at the end of September.

The year 1910 was overshadowed by the death of King Edward.

It must be getting on for sixty years [Halifax told the English Church Union at its Anniversary Meeting in June 1910] since, as a boy, I had first the honour of the King's acquaintance. I can recall now playing with him in the gardens of Buckingham Palace; I remember the rides I had with him at Windsor when I was at Eton, and, counting up the years that are past, I see that it is just fifty-three years ago since I went with him to the English Lakes, and later in the same year spent some time with him in Germany. And ever since those days, now so far away, I have nothing but an unbroken record of his unvarying kindness to recall.<sup>26</sup>

Directly Halifax heard the news of the King's death, he went to London.

I saw Francis Knollys for a moment in St. James's Park [he wrote to his son] and asked him if I could see the King. The result was I got a message from the Palace in the afternoon to say I could come. I was taken up to his room. He was not the least altered and had that look on his face which death so often brings. He was lying in a little bed screened off from the rest of the room, just under the picture of Prince Eddie and his Mother. He looked just as one would have wished. After I had been there a little while and had left the room the Queen sent for me and took me once again into

the room and talked for a long time, uncovering his face and saying, 'Does he not look beautiful?' And then how she had felt she *must* get home, with a sense that she could not delay and that something would be amiss.

She was most brave and touching, calm but breaking down now and again. I thought all the time of how I had seen her come down the stairs as a bride in all her beauty to attend the Reception which she and the Prince had in St. James's Palace directly after their marriage—the only reception there ever was in my memory at St. James's Palace at night. Life beginning for him in all its brightness, and here it was finished, the chapter closed, her life, so to speak, ended, and she standing a widow all in black by the side of her dead husband. . . .

I was much touched by her taking up a prayer book on a table by the side of the bed and saying, 'That is the prayer book you gave him; he *always* had it with him.' It was the one—the *Treasury of Devotion*—I had had bound and sent him at his Coronation.<sup>27</sup>

Later in the year Halifax erected a cross in Hickleton as a memorial to the King in whose household he had once served and for whom he ever retained a deep regard and affection.

On July 31st his daughter-in-law, Lady Dorothy, gave birth to twin daughters, one of whom, Anne Dorothy,\* survived; and on November 4th Frederick Wood, his youngest and favourite brother, died after a few days of illness.

Later in the month Halifax was in Paris again. He was busy with his book *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*—his most substantial literary work, and needed the Abbé's counsel.

I should never have discovered by my own unassisted light the things the Abbé wanted to be left out, or the things he wished put in. He certainly is one of the cleverest people I have ever known. I can see the book makes him sad and I don't wonder. 'J'ai le sentiment de visiter un tombeau—c'est ma vie.' I sometimes think I have been a great misfortune to him. . . .<sup>28</sup>

\*Now the Countess of Feversham.

The labour of the book, which consisted in the main of letters, was not so much in the writing as in the choice of what to include and in obtaining permission to include it. ‘The difficulty I find in getting this book into order is something I cannot describe,’ he told Lord Stanmore<sup>29</sup>. Some of Halifax’s correspondents were a little difficult, particularly Wilfrid Ward, who was ‘quite extraordinary in his sensitiveness as to what people say of him’<sup>30</sup>; but Halifax, as always, sat loosely to the Law of Copyright, acting on the principle that anything which ought to be published must be published. Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Snead-Cox’s *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* he wrote to Lacey:

I have read those chapters [dealing with Anglican Orders] and wrote at once to the Abbé after doing so. It is quite obvious I must get my volume out giving all the correspondence and publishing all the documents. I shall not ask leave for this; most of the people are dead or doting, e.g. Abp. of York (MacLagan), and as for the Abp. of Canterbury, I *may* ask him as to his letters, but in such a way as to make refusal impossible....

Both the Cardinal and Abp. saw only the difficulties and the human side of things. It was the Abbé and—if I may say so—we who had *the faith* to believe that something might be done towards smoothing those difficulties, if not immediately, at least in the future.<sup>31</sup>

The book kept him busy during 1911, but in June, on his way to Bovey Tracey, he made a leisurely tour by motor through the West of England, to Littlecot—‘most romantic, and the sort of thing I really enjoy’—through Savernake Forest—‘a dream of beauty and splendour’<sup>32</sup>—Wells, Glastonbury, Taunton, and Exeter.

In January 1912 he lost one of his oldest and dearest friends in Lord Stanmore. On the 25th, after hearing that Stanmore could not recover, he wrote to him:

And now, my very dear Friend, I want to say something which it is easier to write than to speak. Your friendship and affection have been a great happiness to me. You have treated me in such a way that I have felt towards you as I have only felt towards a few. It has been a feeling of complete trust and confidence, the trust and confidence which has its root in things outside this world, which transfigures human friendship and places it upon a rock, investing it with a sense of security which nothing can shake. Such a friendship is outside time and place, the changes and chances of this mortal life cannot touch it, and such has been our affection and friendship for one another. There is no better gift of God, and I thank Him for this His gift with all my heart. Such things are difficult to say, just as I found it impossible to say what I felt when you said what you did about that little book of prayers. There is nothing I could value more, or which will be more sacred and dearer in my eyes—only the thought of what such a gift implies cuts deep, and brings home what I was feeling all the time, that you yourself were putting aside the thought of recovery, and anticipating the one only certainty in the life of us all.

It is so unreal with a friend like you to decline to speak of that one certainty that I will not do so. I will speak of it, and doing so, I think I can say with truth that, except for the sorrow it would be to others, for my shrinking from ever saying goodbye, and for the pathos which attaches to the close of all that has made up one's life, and for all the affection I have for the past with which I should be parting (I say nothing of the sense of one's own demerits), there is a glory and a splendour about death greater than any glory and splendour which life can give us; the one supreme opportunity given us by God for showing how completely we trust Him, how content we are to leave ourselves in His hands, and how great the privilege is, if He gives us the consciousness of what may be coming upon us, of making our supreme sacrifice in union with His, and so with open eyes, having drunk of His cup and been made sharers in His death, to be awaiting our welcome by Him and all those we have loved in the past, within the gates of our only true and abiding home.

It must be like the first going back home after being sent to school. How I remember what that was to me, and what a faint shadow must all that have been of what by God's grace is reserved for us when our trial here is ended! It will be a letting out of school, and a return home indeed. . . .

Death always seems to me to be a friend indeed, and I used to think I should like to meet him in some desert cave all alone—only God, myself and the angels—*now* I think I should like it to be at home. But surely one of the blessings of making one's communion every Sunday is that beyond such preparation as one is always making, or at least such preparation as one tries to make at Easter or Christmas or at a Retreat, there is nothing particular to be done in case of his approach, and one can be laid up and think death is more or less possible or even probable, and yet not wish to make any difference, and be just as much interested in all things here below as ever. Not to be so really means that we are radically selfish, and that is not your case.

But, my very dear friend, I do not know why I say all this, except that I don't deny I am anxious about you, and that being anxious, it is so unreal not to talk to you as I should like to be talked to myself, and to be silent about what, whether it is near or far off, is always a possibility and at the back of all one's thoughts.<sup>33</sup>

Lord Stanmore died on the 30th of the month.

*Leo XIII and Anglican Orders* made its appearance in March, Halifax giving away copies to his friends on a scale that must have been a delight to his publishers and a despair to book-sellers. The numerous letters of thanks, appreciation, and criticism which descended on him included a few lines from his old and indomitable friend George Lane Fox (the elder), which began:

I have read your book and some of the reviews and I notice one great mistake in all, namely, that the question of Anglican, or any, *orders* is a matter of *fact* and not of *policy*, and it is all through

treated as a matter of *policy*, and the Vicar of Our Lord is condemned and called names because he did not treat it as a matter of *policy*.

After remarking gaily and quite inaccurately, ‘I suppose you know that Pius X expelled Abbé Portal from Rome for Modernism and Liberalism,’ he ended with a postscript: ‘*Deo gratias*, that Women’s Bill is dead.’<sup>34</sup>

In July Halifax entertained King George and Queen Mary to luncheon at Hickleton. They were making a tour of industrial England and were staying with Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth for a visit to the Yorkshire coalfield. The visit was marred by a terrible explosion at Cadeby, not very far from the pit down which the King was to go that afternoon. The Archbishop of York was among the guests at Hickleton, and for a while there was some uncertainty among the King’s entourage as to whether His Majesty should be advised to abandon his visit to the pit. Both Halifax and the Archbishop, though loaded with a sense of their responsibility, gave their opinion that the King should go; and he went, with the happiest results.

Their second visit to the Pit after the explosion, quite late Tuesday evening, has done a quite untold good [Halifax wrote to Birkbeck]. They, the miners and all the people, were much impressed by the King going down a Pit in the afternoon after the accident in the morning. And I am told the women were so moved when the King and Queen came to the scene of the accident in the evening, and spoke themselves to the miners, that they were ready to go down on their knees and kiss the Queen’s feet.<sup>35</sup>

In August Portal paid a visit to Hickleton, and in October the Halifaxes went to Baden Baden. Shortly before their departure Edward’s and Lady Dorothy’s eldest son was born. He was christened Charles Ingram Courtenay, after his grandfather, his grandmother, and the old owners of Temple Newsam.

The Halifaxes were abroad again in March 1913, and in Au-

gust Halifax stayed with Queen Alexandra at Sandringham. James, who was with him, formed a poor opinion of the place, which he insisted had no air about it.

After luncheon [Halifax wrote to his wife] the Queen took me upstairs to see her rooms. I never in my life saw so many rooms so full of objects. . . . She showed me her sitting-room, dressing-room, bedroom, and then the King's dressing-room and bathroom, in which were put out all his things as if he were just going to use them. Cupboards with all his clothes, including hats and sticks, and all his under-garments, gloves and shoes, amongst them the coat he had worn the day he died. . . .

At dinner I sat again between the Queen and the Empress [the Dowager Empress of Russia] and had really very interesting talks with both of them: with the Empress about Queen Caroline Matilda and with the Queen about her past, and more about the actual present. 'Every dog has his day, etc., that is what I say,' she said.<sup>36</sup>

In 1914 there was no journey abroad. The political situation was full of anxiety, though Ulster and not the Balkans seemed to be the danger spot during the spring and early summer. On June 20th Halifax was at the Centenary Dinner of Loder's Club, sitting between the Chairman, Lord Rosebery, and his old friend Henry Chaplin. He and Chaplin, he remarked, were the oldest members of the Club at the dinner. He was at Hickleton when war broke out on August 4th.

## *XI. Family Letters*

Halifax was devoted to his three children. Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Lane Fox were necessarily less at Hickleton after their marriages, but he contrived to see as much of them as the circumstances of three separated households allowed. The journeys to South Africa began as visits to the Suttons, and later, when they were back in England, they were encouraged to make a second home of Hickleton. When his younger daughter married, Halifax consoled himself by his affection for George Lane Fox and the nearness of Bramham.

If ever we begin to feel how much we miss you [he wrote to Agnes on the evening of her wedding day], it will only be an opportunity and the occasion for remembering that you are giving us another dear son. . . . I see a vista of the most delightful things in the future.<sup>1</sup>

In time there were little Suttons and Lane Foxes, who must pay frequent visits to Hickleton and a most diverting grandfather.

The children and I have just had a tremendous romp [he wrote to Agnes in January 1912] ending up with snapdragon at which Wee Wee\* performed prodigies of valour. For the romp I dressed up Cresswell in a mask and brown cloak and hood and hid her in one of the maids' bedrooms, at the very end of the passage. Then I told the children we would go and look for the old witch who I expected we should find, like the Fairy Nettlesting, in one of the rooms at the end of the passage. We advanced with infinite precautions and tremblings; opened all the doors—nothing—; at last

\*Margaret Lane Fox.

one door opened, we peeped in, and sitting hunched up was the old witch. Such screams as you never heard. They ran, I ran, and we did not feel safe till we were half way up the stairs to the Nursery.<sup>2</sup>

Halifax's happy relationship with his children is perfectly illustrated in his letters to his son, over whose career he watched with ever-increasing interest and appreciation.

In April 1902 Edward came of age, the event being celebrated in July with gatherings of the tenants and the other festivities enjoined by tradition. Some months earlier in the year Halifax had written to his sister Emily:

Edward is taller than ever, and though I say it as shouldn't, nicer and more delightful than ever. Coming out of church this morning, I said to old Mrs. Clark of Barmbro' who is always there, 'Well, Mrs. Clark, he (Edward) don't grow any smaller!' 'Nay, that he don't. He puts you quite in the shade, but never mind—there's good stuff in small parcels.' Aren't our Yorkshire people delightful!<sup>3</sup>

In the years between 1900 and 1914 father and son were often separated. Edward was at Oxford; then he travelled, married, was elected to the House of Commons; and during his absences he and his father wrote to each other at great length and very often.

Halifax's letters are extraordinarily revealing. Such was his relationship with his son that he could write with none of those half-conscious reserves that inhibit the letters of most men to most of their correspondents. He had a perfect assurance of being understood. He knew, for example, that when he declared, as he often did, that he would like to strangle somebody, Edward would know that he was merely voicing his irritation at something the man had said or done. But the letters tell their own tale best. Where the supply is so great, the task of selection

is by no means easy, but a few have been chosen from the years between 1903 and 1914.

The first letter is from Paraggi, from which Edward had just departed in April 1903.

It was with a heavy heart I wished you goodbye yesterday. It has been such a happy visit and it has ended so soon, and now everything we do here will remind us of our walks with you and we shall be feeling all the time, 'Oh, if only Edward were here!' And somehow the bloom will have gone and it will all be only a second best. Do you remember that first walk your Mama, you and I had together? . . . It cannot be like that again. But we shall of course enjoy ourselves, and I shall be making plans all the time to come back here again with you. . . .

I had a doleful journey back to Sta. Margherita. The carriage was full of tiresome men; one spat all the way, nearly on my foot; and they pulled the blinds to keep the sun out. . . . I could hardly see to read my newspaper and was haunted with a fear of being whisked past Sta. Margherita. . . . However, I was safely landed about six. I walked home, expected to find your Mama at home, but she was out, gone, James said, to Porto Fino; and then from the window—it was then about  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6—I saw both your Mama and Agnes coming along the road. . . . They were returning both very tired and both as afflicted as I was at the thought that you were gone, that there was no bathing, no cheerful dinner, and only three miserable places instead of the happy four we had had hitherto. After dinner we read our books and your Mama did Patience—need I say without the slightest glimmer of success? The poor little maids were much depressed when we went to bed; there was no talking and laughing, and James summed up the situation by the remark, 'Well, I'm very sorry Mr. Edward is gone.'<sup>4</sup>

In October Edward had just finished his time at Oxford and was sitting for a Fellowship at All Souls.

It is half past eleven and very nearly time to go to bed, but before doing so I feel inclined to begin a letter to you. I am in the middle

of Mr. Gladstone's Life. As a literary work it seems to me wonderfully well done. . . . As soon as you have time you must read it. You could, I think, hardly read a more improving and instructive book, and then I long to hear your impressions of it. It will be delightful discussing it with you. I have also finished the Siege of Constantinople. The final catastrophe moved me deeply. It was a disgrace none came to the help of the East Christian Emperor and his people, and yet how inclined people and Govts. are to behave in the same way now. . . .

I have also been thinking a good deal of your plans. It seems to me you have been working hard now for some time and that a good rest and change would be a good thing for you. After this next examination, whether you get the Fellowship or not, you will be free and it is a freedom which will not occur again in so complete a way. . . . County Councils, Yeomanry, etc., are all impediments to getting away; it might perhaps be a good thing not to get entangled with all these till after you had corrected and supplemented the knowledge got from books by the knowledge which comes from *seeing* men and things. How would it be for you to go abroad for a year—to visit South Africa, Australia, India and perhaps America, with Japan thrown in? But I only throw this out as a suggestion for your consideration. . . . A great deal could be seen in a year or a little longer, and then with all this experience you might come home, energise on the London Council, prepare to come into Parliament, and begin the course which, if God pleases, is to enable you to do great things for Him and the Catholic Church, England and the world generally.<sup>5</sup>

Three weeks later Edward's success at All Souls was announced.

I cannot say what a pleasure it was when, on coming home from my ride yesterday, I found three telegrams—from you, from Walter Riddell, and from F. Cunliffe, telling me that you were elected. It was just a feeling of pure joy and happiness and gratitude. You will know how impatient I was for your Mother and

Mary's return from York, where they had gone for a sale of work at the Orphanage. I could only tell my joy to James, who was *quite delighted*, and to Mr. Wiltshire\* at tea—he too was very much pleased, as were Nigel† and Margaret‡ who had tea, tea-cake, and cream to commemorate the event. Your Mama arrived about 6.30. 'Is there a telegram?' 'Yes, three. Edward has got it.' And then such rejoicings and delight as never were. We were—we are so pleased. My dearest son, it is indeed delightful and I do thank God for your success with all my heart.

This bit of your life completed, and so completed that there is nothing left to be desired. It remains all good, all finished, and an earnest, please God, of how it may be with each successive part till that end comes which shall set the seal upon the whole. I am indeed happy, happier than I deserve, for I never gave my Father this pleasure. He was to his Father what you are to me, a source of pride and delight, and I like to think that you are making up for my deficiencies and giving him the pleasure which he would have been so pleased and happy could he have had at my hands, but of which I never gave him one drop.<sup>6</sup>

In February 1904 Halifax wrote sorrowfully of the illness of his old friend and neighbour of Powderham days, Lord Morley.

We are in great distress at the terrible news about Morley. They say he may live for weeks but that it is hopeless. . . . Is it not too sad! But what a lesson not to care too much for the things of this world and to be able to give them all up cheerfully when God sees we have had enough of them! It seems horrible to talk of trying to be cheerful when one is to set out for God, but so it is. If only we had the faith to realize the invisible as we do the visible, how easy everything would be! If it were not for your Mother and your Aunt Emily and for not having done my little book on the

\*The Chaplain.

†Nigel Sutton, Mrs. Sutton's stepson.

‡Margaret Sutton, her daughter.

Roman question, I would willingly change places with him. You and Mary and Agnes (love apart) would really get on quite as well without me and I don't see that I am likely to be of much more use to anyone. I have always thought that it would be a very special favour of God to know that one was to die if there was not much pain, only I should like no one to know it but myself.<sup>7</sup>

In 1907 Halifax, in lighter vein, writes of the dental trials of his chaplain.

I am sorry about your tooth. There is really no misery like the misery of such a night. One feels at the end of it quite desperate and ready to have *all* one's teeth pulled out to spite the horrid things. Unfortunately the moment one gets near the dentist all one's courage evaporates—at least so it is with mine.

Mr. Gillett\* went into Doncaster to have his enemy removed. It appeared there were two enemies; one he would have risked, though he was afraid of two without gas. (Half a one would have damped my courage.) Search for a doctor to administer the gas—not a doctor to be had in all Doncaster. . . . Poor Mr. Gillett had then to come home *re infecta*. Ten of the next morning was fixed for the deed. He went back, handed himself over to the executioner, gas applied, no result. Discovery that the machine wouldn't work and couldn't be mended. Second return to Hickleton with his teeth in. On the third day Dr. and dentist and gas were all ready, but they managed so badly that though they kept pumping more and more gas, the victim was twenty minutes in the chair and conscious all the time; they never produced insensibility and the wretched Gillett suffered all the pangs and worse than the pangs of acute martyrdom. It was some comfort that he was fairly cheerful when he came back without his teeth and was able to eat quite a good dinner.<sup>8</sup>

The pleasure which both father and son took in an exchange of gossip is illustrated in a letter of June 14th in the same year.

I must say old letters are most amusing and I am longing to get

\*The Rev. Gabriel Gillett.

all my typed correspondence into shape. I shall hope to get it so arranged with notes and elucidations that you may some day be able to publish a book which will be the Paston Letters of the 19th century.

You will be glad to hear that my wretched Address is done, gone to be typed. I shall not be able to be in the same room with any Bishop after it has appeared, but the prudent ones say it is all right and I think it is.

Your Mama, Mary and Agnes all looked well at the Palace Ball. . . . Everyone was smarter than smart and the display of diamonds was wonderful. I am still frivolous enough in my old age to like to see pretty things. After supper I was standing in the corridor near the upper end of the Ballroom talking to Mary and Agnes when I suddenly found myself in the arms of the King [Edward], who was very gracious. Said, 'You have not seen the King of Denmark.' Then turning to the King of Denmark whom I also suddenly discovered close by—'You have not seen Lord Halifax, I think.' I had not seen him to speak to for forty years or more, indeed, not, I believe, since the King's wedding; which led to my remarking to that King, when he said what a pleasure it was to him to be in England, that I thought it must also be a pleasure to see the Queen of England looking as young as the day she married. That Queen did look quite lovely, and to see her sitting by the side of the Queen of Denmark, who is so much the reverse, was to be reminded at once of the beautiful and ugly Princesses in the fairy stories of our youth. . . .

The Bishop of London's sermon did not please me, nor did it please the people who heard it. His suggestion that such services as belong to Corpus Christi should be used in the *Autumn* in connection with Harvest Thanksgiving is an instance of the limitations of that most excellent and delightful person. . . .

There is a bad account of George Fox. He is at Bramham, but they say will never leave it. Who would have thought in 1865-6 that he would go back to die in his old home with a Chapel arranged and a Priest saying Mass every day in the House!

A—— B—— was riding with Mrs. C—— in the Park the other day. Shameless, George Fox\* thought it, and so did I. That young man does not please me at all. I see what you anticipated in the P—— Divorce case practically happened. If I had a son of that sort I should hang him or myself....

A delightful letter from the Abbé who has been lionizing George and Agnes over the Bois de Boulogne. He, like Wilfrid Ward and others, has been denounced at Rome, but that dear Abbé seemed quite able to deal with his enemies.<sup>9</sup>

In April 1910 Halifax wrote after lunching with the Archbishop of Canterbury:

I had luncheon at Lambeth yesterday and took a walk with the Archbishop afterwards. We discussed all sorts of things and I found him most friendly and reasonable. He was very indignant with the Government, as everyone must be, and thought it—which indeed it is—a perfect outrage that the King should be put in the position in which he is likely shortly to find himself. I think myself that every member of the Government ought to be hung, and I should be delighted to pull the rope....

I went all over Lambeth yesterday, including the crypt, Cardinal Morton's reception chamber, and many other bits of the Palace I had never seen before. It really is a wonderful place. I could only wish such a house was not so full of such an atmosphere of women and babies—there was nothing but children being sent off to the Tower and the Zoological Gardens, with the general effect of domestic arrangements, which are not the arrangements most suitable to an Archbishop! It is quite true they were only friends and relations, but I prefer an atmosphere of chaplains and the exclusion of all this female element.<sup>10</sup>

On September 1st, 1913, Halifax has some agreeably macabre information to impart.

We fell in with Luxmoore from Eton at York the day we were at Garrowby and he spent most of last Wednesday with us. . . . He

\*Evidently the younger George Lane Fox.

used to be quite a friend of mine at Eton and there were many topics we both cared for to be discussed between us. Among other things he told me this:—When George IV opened the vault in St. George's in which Henry VIII and Charles I were buried, Sir Henry Halford and the Doctor took out of Charles's coffin the bit of the vertebrae which had been separated by the axe and cut off a piece of the King's imperial. These were kept in a glass table in Sir Henry Halford's house in London. Later they were given to King Edward, when Prince of Wales, who desired to restore them to where they had been taken from. The Queen heard it of and absolutely forbade the grave to be again opened. She was eventually persuaded to relent, but only on condition that it was done at night when nobody was about and none would know of it. Accordingly one night the Prince of Wales and the Dean of Windsor (the present Abp. of Canterbury) met in the Chapel and the vault was opened. The Prince would allow no one to touch the box containing the relics, except himself, but though they saw the coffin at the bottom, the vault was too deep to allow the Prince to place the relics upon it, although he lay on his stomach on the floor of the Chapel and stretched down as far as he was able. The difficulty was only surmounted by their all tying their pocket handkerchiefs together and letting the box carefully down till it was deposited in its proper place.

Later on the Dean was so impressed by the scandal which might develop if the story came to be known of a small box having been buried secretly at night by the Prince of Wales and himself in St. George's Chapel, that he persuaded the Queen to allow the fact of the restoration of the relics to be announced in the papers.

The bones of Henry VIII were all lying about the floor of the vault (he was a man of gross habit), having burst the lead coffin. It was remarkable he [Luxmoore] said, how big the bones were, the shoulder blades especially showing what a big man the King must have been, as indeed is known to have been the fact.<sup>11</sup>

Halifax added some gruesome details about the burial of King Edward VII.

In April 1914 he summed up all his sentiments towards his son in a letter for his birthday—‘a day that has brought us our greatest happiness.’

May your children be to you what you have been and are to me—I can wish you no greater happiness. You are indeed the apple of my eye, the one with whom it is the greatest joy and the most delightful thing in the world to be—my most delightful companion, my best adviser and the complete joy of my heart.<sup>12</sup>

It was at once a fulfilment and a transmission of the wish expressed by old Sir Charles Wood in 1860 on the twenty-first birthday of his eldest son.\*

\*See Volume I, page 59.

## XII. *The House of Lords*

After Lord Granville's overtures in 1886, no further attempt was made to induce Halifax to join any Government. Nor, it is safe to assume, would an invitation, if given, have been accepted. In Halifax's view the Liberals, always unsound on Church questions, had, with the departure of Mr. Gladstone and the Whigs, become a menace both to Church and State. The Conservatives were not very much better because, although heirs to a nobler tradition, they sinned obstinately and repeatedly against the light. If Halifax had had to take a label, he would probably have called himself a Liberal Unionist, but the designation hardly fitted a man who was never a Liberal and, on the other hand, was not a passionate Unionist. Nor did the contradiction end at that. It might be supposed that among the Liberal Unionists Halifax would have found his greatest affinity with the Duke of Devonshire, the last of the Whigs, whom he regarded as 'a great gentleman.' Actually his sympathies were rather with the Radical Mr. Chamberlain, whose vigour, resource, and pugnacity pleased him. But he was really a cross-bencher, critical of Conservative and in opposition to Liberal Governments, particularly of the administration which came into power in 1905 and by 1907 had become 'the most detestable government that we have ever seen.'<sup>1</sup>

Halifax attended the House of Lords regularly and often spoke. Generally his interventions were on ecclesiastical or semi-ecclesiastical questions, such as Education, Divorce, or the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Occasionally he spoke on other

matters, and once or twice with the effect which rewards the speaker who has no party ties.

In 1906 the triumphant Liberal majority in the House of Commons insisted on censuring Lord Milner on account of an incident which had taken place during his rule in South Africa. Halifax, who had returned from his two journeys in that country an ardent 'Milnerite,' was most indignant with the resolution and with those who had supported it. As for Winston Churchill, he wrote to Edward, 'I could have strangled him with my own hands.'<sup>2</sup> He proposed to retaliate with a resolution asking the House of Lords to record its high appreciation of Lord Milner's services. Some of Milner's friends thought Halifax's motion injudicious, Sir Algernon West writing that 'another debate in the House of Lords will do him [Milner] an infinity of mischief'<sup>3</sup>, besides forcing a clash between the two Houses; while, among Milner's critics, Mrs. Drew (Mr. Gladstone's daughter) wrote protesting that he had 'done immeasurable harm in South Africa.'<sup>4</sup> Halifax, however, persisted in his intention. He dreaded the debate and was sure that he would fail, but his speech, with which he took the greatest pains, was eloquently chivalrous and brought him a sheaf of congratulatory and grateful letters, including a few lines of thanks from Milner himself. The resolution, which was seconded by Lord Ampthill, was carried by 170 votes to 35.

Another matter in which Halifax was deeply interested was the Declaration on religion required from a new sovereign. This had been framed in 1678 when the country was in a panic over the Popish plot and it contained expressions about Transubstantiation which were offensive to the King's Roman Catholic subjects and by no means agreeable to many Anglicans. On the death of Queen Victoria an effort was made to alter the wording of the Declaration. Lord Herries, a leading Roman Catholic peer, wrote to Halifax to enlist his support.

Cardinal Vaughan, he complained, with all his merits, was wanting in tact and had already set about the business in quite the wrong way. The letter found Halifax more than ready for action. On July 2nd 1901 he went to see Queen Alexandra.

She was most amusing about all sorts of things, and very touching about others. She talked much about Prince Eddie, that it [his death] had taken *all* the interest out of her life, and that she cared for nothing more, of his wanting to marry Princess Hélène [of Orleans], of the Pope, and all sorts of matters. Then of the oath, which she said she hated; that she agreed with me in all those things, but that it was no use saying so.<sup>5</sup>

On August 18th he wrote to Hill:

To get rid of that Declaration would be a triumph for *our principles*, and to fight for them on that ground is to fight where we have everything to win and nothing to lose. The mass of the R.C.s are very helpless, but the Cardinal is keen on this, and I can see every advantage in a crusade on this subject.<sup>6</sup>

He threw himself into this new fight with an enthusiasm which disquieted some of his friends, including the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Talbot), who begged him to desist, apparently on the ground that his intervention would be a needless embarrassment.

I hope [Halifax commented acidly] I don't mind its being made so apparent by all my friends that the less they have to do with me the better, but I wish I felt quite clear it was for the real advantage of all we have at heart that I should be silent. It does not seem to me obvious, but I see Lord Grey, Lord Morley and Lord Clinton think so.<sup>7</sup>

Whatever securities Parliament chooses to take that the King shall not be a Roman Catholic [he wrote to Lady Halifax], this method of picking out particular doctrines and making men deny them is not the way to do it. . . . There is a *sense* in which the term

*transubstantiation* is objectionable; there is another in which it is very useful; but to distinguish between them in such a document as the Declaration is almost impossible, and if you don't distinguish you commit yourself in the eyes of many to what you don't believe, and what has to be resisted at all costs.<sup>8</sup>

A Declaration Bill, introduced by Lord Salisbury, merely roused the Protestants without satisfying the Roman Catholics. To the indignation of Dr. Temple, Halifax spoke and voted against it, he and Lord Kinnaird, a stalwart Protestant, making an incongruous pair of tellers, while the Roman Catholic peers abstained from voting. The measure passed in the Lords by 95 votes to 6, but, as Lord Rosebery said, 'Everybody was in the main against the Bill,' and eight days later even Temple changed his mind. The Bill collapsed, but King Edward VII was the last monarch to make the Declaration in its ancient and offensive form.

During the reign Halifax continued an intermittent agitation to have the Declaration re-cast. In June 1903, when, accompanied by Albert Grey, he had an audience with Leo XIII,

. . . something was said about the King's Declaration, and that Albert was charged with a 'projet de loi' in the House of Lords for its abolition. Albert explained that he was in communication with the Duke of Norfolk, and had promised to introduce a Bill on the subject. 'C'est très bien,' said the Pope, 'ce n'est pas digne de l'Angleterre de qualifier comme idolâtres' some of the King's most loyal subjects, that he was 'content, et qu'il fallait continuer,' etc.<sup>9</sup>

Next year there was another unsatisfactory debate on the subject in the House of Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) was 'shuffling' and the Bishop of Bristol (Dr. Browne) was

bad beyond the expression of any words of mine. He made me so ashamed that I really could not look up all the time he was speak-

ing. There could hardly be a greater humiliation. I said a few words, but they were not good. The whole thing was muddled, and I came away and have continued ever since miserable. This is silly, but it is the truth. It is so horrid to see the Church of England dragged through the mud by her own Bishops. . . . I can see the Archbishop is frightened to death by the Protestants; such an unworthy fear, but then he is, at bottom, a Protestant himself.<sup>10</sup>

Nothing was done until the accession of King George, when among all but the extreme Protestants the necessity of altering the Declaration was recognised. The Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury, both of them masters in the art of drafting reconciling formulae, applied themselves to the task of finding words which would avoid either offence or equivocation. They finally agreed upon a plain Declaration of adherence to Protestantism which was just acceptable. Halifax, who had told the English Church Union in June 1910 that the simple and sensible course was to abolish the Declaration altogether, thought the general effect of the new wording was 'odious.'

I cannot make up my mind about the Declaration [he wrote to Stanmore] except that I cordially dislike it, and think it absurd and ridiculous. All Asquith's arguments made for its inutility and deletion. As it originally stood, though no doubt it could be glossed, it tied the King to the Church of England, but identified the Church of England with '*the Protestant Religion as by law established.*' I might have preferred *that* to what we have got. . . . In the amended form the King declares himself a 'faithful Protestant.' If that means that he rejects Ultramontane Pretensions involving a right to interfere in the *temporal* affairs of all the Kingdoms of the earth, I agree with it, but in *popular estimation* it means something quite different, i.e. a profession of *Protestantism* versus *Catholicism*, which I for one cannot stomach. I shall therefore come to London, make a speech for the freedom of my own soul, and vote against all amendments which are worse than what the

Government propose. The Declaration ought to be abolished altogether.<sup>11</sup>

The Bill passed through both Houses without difficulty and received the Royal Assent on August 3rd.

During the declining years of the Unionist Government Halifax kept in touch with the leaders of the Party through his friendship with the Rt. Hon. J. S. Sandars, Private Secretary to Mr. Balfour. Warm as was, in many respects, his admiration for the Prime Minister, he had a greater faith in the dynamic energy of Mr. Chamberlain. He was an early convert to Tariff Reform and helped his sister Emily to entertain Chamberlain at Temple Newsam when he visited Leeds in the early days of his campaign. In 1907, when the Education Bill had shown the cloven hoof of the new Government, Halifax wrote a long letter to Balfour, urging him to place Old Age Pensions on the programme of the Unionist Party, both for their merits and as providing an attractive and constructive policy for the next election. The proposal apparently originated with H. W. Hill. Balfour's reply was amiable but non-committal, and the scheme, of course, was presently appropriated and carried through by Mr. Lloyd George. The battle of the Education Bill has been dealt with in Chapter IX. The Licensing Bill touched Halifax less nearly, though it moved him to write to Edward, 'I am beginning to think drunkenness a virtue.'<sup>12</sup>

In 1909 the 'People's Budget' opened the constitutional struggle. Halifax was in favour of the House of Lords either rejecting the Budget altogether or at least eliminating from it the land taxes. On October 9th he wrote to Lord Lansdowne, urging a bold and straightforward policy. By acquiescing, the Lords would incur the charge of cowardice and the contempt of their supporters. The fate of the Education Bill, Halifax believed, was a sign that in the face of resolute opposition the Government might give way, but if there was to be a fight, it

was essential to have it on ‘a plain and intelligent issue.’ That Halifax had again been consulting Hill appears from his statement that

one of the shrewdest men of business that I know, who is mixed up with all sorts of people, and one who has very good means of judging, said to me not long ago that he had no sort of doubt what the House of Lords ought to do.<sup>13</sup>

The House of Lords did it, with the immediate consequence of a General Election and ultimate consequences that are familiar to everybody. Halifax had a personal interest in the Election of January 1910, as both Edward and his son-in-law, George Lane Fox, were standing for Yorkshire constituencies, the former for Ripon and the latter for Barkston Ash. To his delight they were both returned, but the Liberal Government, retaining a majority with the assistance of Irish and Labour votes, launched its offensive on the House of Lords.

Early in that troubled year Halifax joined his fellow-peers in the fashionable but barren pastime of devising a reformed Second Chamber. His own scheme elicited the support of Lord Balfour of Burleigh and the criticisms of the Duke of Northumberland. Of the last Halifax wrote with some irritation to his son:

When I insist to him [the Duke] on certain principles, [he] says, ‘Most true, but all that was given up in 1867.’ Can there be a more enraging and more unpractical point of view! But all Irvingites are full of cranks.<sup>14</sup>

Nevertheless the initiative remained with the Government, which was more concerned with the veto than with the composition of the Upper Chamber. The death of King Edward called a truce, but in the autumn hostilities were resumed with fresh fury. In December there was another General Election. Edward and George Fox were again returned, but the state of

parties was almost unchanged. It was now reported that the King had promised, if necessary, to create sufficient peers to pass the Parliament Bill. 'A more unhappy prospect I can hardly imagine,' Halifax wrote to Stanmore on January 8th, 'and it makes me so anxious and miserable I can hardly bear to read the papers.'<sup>15</sup>

Between the disagreeable alternatives of the Bill and a mass creation of peers Halifax found it hard to make his choice.

After much hesitation and a good deal of consideration [he wrote to Lansdowne on July 14th] I have come to the definite conclusion that the worst thing for the House of Lords, and the worst thing for the country, which is a more important consideration, would be for the House of Lords under existing circumstances to yield to anything short of *force majeure*.

I believe that the House of Lords *ought* to insist on its amendment, by which I mean your amendment and Lord Cromer's, to face the King making a *certain* number of peers—or at least definitely and publicly announcing that he is ready to make them—I believe it would be better that he should make some—, and upon that fact, or upon such definite and distinct threat, when it was made quite patent to everyone that the Bill will be forced through and must be passed in any case, that the House should yield.<sup>16</sup>

'I prefer the Bill by itself to the Bill plus the peers,' he added.

A movement had arisen against surrender. It was led by Lord Halsbury and Lord Willoughby de Broke and was carrying with it a large number of peers, who came to be known as the 'Diehards' or the 'Ditchers.' Halifax, among others, received their circular appeal, but refused to respond.

I follow Lansdowne [he told Lord Camperdown] and, unless the situation is changed from that which he described to us, I shall not vote *against the Bill*. I could not bring myself to vote for it, and I believe there are many besides myself in that position. I don't see how any of us could vote *for* it—I should hate myself for ever

if I did—though we may walk out. I think this makes my position clear.<sup>17</sup>

He hoped that if, in spite of such abstentions as his own, the Bill were defeated in the House of Lords, the King would refuse to create more peers than were actually necessary to redress the unfavourable balance. The Government, however, was taking no risks. They let it be known that if a creation were forced, it would be on a scale adequate to give the Bill a clear majority.

As the day of decision drew near the contention between 'Hedgers' and 'Ditchers' grew sharper. The latter had gathered strength until it was apparent that, if the former merely abstained from voting, the Bill was in peril of defeat. Therefore, to keep the House of Lords from being submerged by a flood of Liberal peers, it would be necessary for a number of Conservatives to vote with the Government. This was more than Halifax and a number of other abstentionists could tolerate, and on August 3rd the Duke of Norfolk announced that if Lord Camperdown voted for the Bill, he would reverse his decision and support Lord Halsbury. Halifax did not proclaim his intentions until the eve of the debate, when he too threw himself on the side of the 'Ditchers.' He only spoke for two or three minutes on the night of August 10th, but his intervention was important. It had a share in influencing a few waverers to oppose the Bill and in finally determining a number of peers, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, to vote for it. The Bill was carried by a majority of 17.

Halifax was disappointed with the King, furious with the Government, and disgusted with those peers who had done violence to their own convictions. So out of joint were the times that he retired with some relief to devote himself to the labours of his book on Leo XIII and Anglican Orders. He was recalled, however, by the battle over Welsh Disestablishment,

which, of course, he strenuously opposed, both in the House of Lords and in the country. His only fear, as he told Lord Lansdowne in November 1913, was lest the Welsh Church should be sacrificed in a bargain over Home Rule. Such a policy would be bad principle and worse tactics.

I know from my own experience that speeches against the Welsh Church Bill can be made in our Northern constituencies with a success which would be impossible if Home Rule were the subject.<sup>18</sup>

When it became clear that the Welsh Church Bill was to be forced through the House of Lords by the operation of the Parliament Act, Halifax for a time favoured the notion that the King should be persuaded to veto it. But even if such a course had been encouraged, as it was not, by the leaders of the party, it is improbable that the King would have consented.

The attack on the Welsh Church was, in Halifax's eyes, a worse offence than the simultaneous attack on the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Naturally he detested every act of the most detestable of governments; but, apart from the politics of the hour, his sympathies were with the South rather than with the North of Ireland, and the business of Orange lodges, Protestant drums, and commemorations of the Battle of the Boyne was thoroughly distasteful. He was at best a reluctant ally to men who marched to the slogan of 'To hell with the Pope.' 'The Orangemen,' he wrote, 'are the most senseless and bigoted faction on the face of this earth and the sooner the Conservative and Unionist party can get rid of them the better for that party.'<sup>19</sup>

It may be suspected that, as with so many peers, the Parliament Act took the heart out of politics for him. He would continue to do his duty, to vote and speak occasionally, when the service of Church or State summoned him; but the Constitution had been broken and there had been a betrayal. He had

turned the last page of a worthy and dignified volume, in which in 1831 his father had helped to write the first chapter. He had little love for its successor. Indeed the whole business of politics had become uncongenial, not by the act of one unscrupulous government so much as by a slow process of deterioration. As early as 1905 he wrote a little sadly to his daughter Agnes:

There are few things left for gentlemen nowadays, but at least they can say, 'Take me or leave me; but you take me on my terms, not on yours. And as for explaining and justifying my conduct, that is a thing I will do to please nobody.'<sup>20</sup>

### XIII. *The English Benedictines*

In no aspect of the Oxford Movement was Halifax more deeply concerned than in the revival of monastic life in the Church of England. As a young man he had a part in the foundation of the Society of St. John the Evangelist.\* He tried his own vocation at Cowley, and though, on the advice of Father Benson, he went back to the world, his interest in the Society was unabated. Some of the Fathers, as Benson himself, Puller, and Waggett, were close personal friends and, unless unavoidably prevented, he made an annual Retreat at Cowley.

His interest did not end with the Society of St. John the Evangelist. When in 1893 Gore was looking for a home in the north for the Community of the Resurrection, Halifax offered the Order a house near Hickleton and the spiritual charge of the little mining town of Goldthorpe. The offer was declined, perhaps fortunately, since the normal possibilities of friction between landlord and tenant were likely to be increased when the landlord was Halifax and the tenant was Gore. As it was, although Halifax was on intimate terms with Dr. Frere, who succeeded Gore as Superior, and with Edward Talbot, who followed Dr. Frere, he was always a little suspicious of the Community, after its establishment at Mirfield, on the ground of its infection with what he regarded as Gore's religious and political heterodoxies.

From the comparative proximity of Kelham to Hickleton, it might be supposed that Halifax would have interested himself in the Society of the Sacred Mission; actually, however, his

\*See Part I, Chapter XII.  
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connection with it was very slight. In 1933, a visitor, on his way to Hickleton for the week-end, spent the Friday night at Kelham. It was mid-October and the morning of Saturday was very wet; but although Halifax was ninety-four, within three months of his death, and suffering from a bronchial cough, he insisted on personally motoring over to fetch his guest from Kelham. On his arrival there, he was taken over the chapel and, as he was helped back into the car, explained that this was his first visit to the Society.

He had, on the other hand, a conspicuous part in the re-establishing of the Benedictines. As early as 1864 he went over to Norwich to visit Father Ignatius in his priory there. He left no record of his impressions, nor does he appear to have had dealings with Llanthony Abbey, where the new Benedictines subsequently led a precarious and officially unrecognised existence under the erratic guidance of Father Ignatius. The revival of the Benedictine Rule with which Halifax was associated was of independent origin. In 1887 a young man named Aelred Carlyle became one of a number of Oblates under a Superior at Ealing. The Community was soon dissolved, but after an interval a second group, with Carlyle as Superior, was formed at Chat-ham. Eventually he moved, by invitation, to the Isle of Dogs, where the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple) authorised his profession under the Benedictine Rule, subsequently approving his election as first Abbot of the Community, which now numbered seven monks. The year 1902, therefore, is the date at which the Benedictine Order, suppressed at the Reformation, was canonically revived in the Church of England.

By this time the monks, having left the Isle of Dogs, were living at Caldey, a small island off Tenby in South Wales. Halifax, who had been sympathetically watching the enterprise, now invited them to make their home at Painsthorpe, close to Garrowby, in the house where Admiral Richardson, half-

brother to Sir Francis Wood, had once lived with his old coxswain Bob. A chapel was built, certain alterations were carried out, and the Community moved in, with the sanction and approval of the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan).

I think Father Aelred and his people—so far as I can judge—are perfectly simple [Halifax wrote to Stanmore in October 1903]. The *religious life* which after all in its essence does not vary with time and place is their object. Such work as they do or may come to them occupies the second place. Their life is not for the sake of the work, but the work grows out of and is possible on account of the life.

It is sacrifice in its highest form bearing its proper fruit. I think you would feel this if you saw them. Of course the whole attempt may break down, but so may any venture of faith. . . .

What constitutes a Benedictine Community is as you know obedience to the Rule, not affiliation. This the monks observe in its simple and primitive strictness, and in doing this they have the imprimatur and authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Their offices are said in Latin unaltered, and most refreshing it is to hear them. Certainly I never expected to hear the Antiphons of Our Lady sung in Latin in an English Parish Church. But do come and see them.<sup>1</sup>

Aelred Carlyle was ordained deacon and priest and installed as Abbot by the American Bishop of Fond-du-Lac, who, as Father Grafton, had been associated with Halifax in the foundation of the Society of St. John the Evangelist nearly fifty years before. The start was as propitious as it could be. ‘So many novices are applying,’ Halifax wrote to Hill on October 21st, ‘that we must beg, borrow or steal £2000 to provide accommodation.’<sup>2</sup>

Difficulties, however, soon developed. There was trouble with Father Ignatius, who had begun by offering support, but a little later was inclined to regard the new foundation, sponsored

by bishops, as a reflection upon his own earlier but still unrecognized Community at Llanthony. There was also a financial embarrassment. The monks were unduly optimistic in their expectations and ambitious in their plans. A promise of £600 from Father Ignatius never materialised. Before the end of 1903 the Community's Bank Manager was threatening to close its account and Dom Aelred (as he now was) was appealing to Halifax for a loan of £1000 or £600 or even £500 to tide him over. Halifax, who had already supplied the Community with house, land, building materials, and money, was unable at the moment to help, nor would those friends whom he approached provide the loan. Hill, on being consulted, was highly critical. The Abbot's suggestion that Halifax should himself borrow £500 for the use of the Community was 'very audacious'; a good deal more information about the position and prospects of the monks was necessary; Hill suspected them of keeping open house for the benefit of enthusiastic visitors. Besides, 'it is always a bad sign when people want money on the "stand and deliver" principle.'<sup>3</sup>

Halifax, who was on the point of leaving for Algiers, thankfully handed over the business to Hill, and the financial crisis was overcome, though by what means the correspondence does not disclose.

The Benedictines stayed some four years at Painsthorpe. By 1905 their numbers had increased to fourteen and they had to face the alternative of enlarging their quarters or of moving elsewhere. In the following year their problem was solved for them by the offer of the freehold of Caldey Island at a price which they were able to meet. The move was facilitated by a gift of £600 from Halifax, and in October 1906 they changed their home. By this time they had broken completely with Father Ignatius.

*All negotiations are broken off between Father Ignatius and*

ourselves [wrote Abbot Aelred to Halifax on April 21st, 1906]. He has proved himself most impractical and quite impossible to deal with. After all Mr. Heatley's trouble in preparing the documents, at the last moment he refused to execute them unless we agreed to throw in our lot with him, adopt his methods and opinions, and surrender ourselves entirely to him as Abbot of Llanthony!⁴

Father Ignatius died in 1907 and Llanthony was then transferred to the Caldey Trust.

Halifax continued to interest himself in the Community after its migration from Painsthorpe. He paid them a visit in July 1908.

I must tell you about Caldey [he wrote to Edward]; it was delightful—a paradise. Sunday was the most beautiful day you ever saw. There were staying at the Guest House, overlooking the sea and just under the tower from which the old monks used to look out for pirates, so as to give the Convent notice to close their doors and defend themselves, Birkbeck, Athelstan Riley, S. Hoare\*—how nice and clever he is!—and myself. Very comfortable arrangements. I had a delightful room. Very good food and wine.<sup>5</sup>

He gave further particulars in a letter to his daughter Agnes:

The Convent Mass was at  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 preceded by Terce and followed by Sext. Very well sung and most moving. I was at one end of the bench on which we all sat. Athelstan Riley did not wish to disturb me and so tried to get in at the other end where there was a sort of box curtained off. He got through the curtains and found himself tumbling over the Abbess of Malling who was sitting there 'enclosed,' for all the world like an old hen in a coop. After breakfast the Abbot took us round part of the Island. Oh, what cliffs, what caves, what sandy bays like the coast at the Moult, and that piece of shore between Portlemouth and the Prawle, quite quite ideal! After a time I could bear it no more, and the Abbot, the Chaplain and I scrambled down and had the most de-

\*Now the Rt. Hon Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P.

licious bathe that ever was. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. If Caldey did not belong to the Monks I would give anything to have it myself....

At 6.30 Evensong in the old church and then Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament with intercessions and Compline in the Monastery Chapel. It really was the chief dream of my life realized.<sup>6</sup>

Halifax's enthusiasm grew as the enterprise prospered. 'Caldey and the Abbot appeal to all the things I care for most,' he wrote to Athelstan Riley in October 1908. He had 'enormous visions' in prospect, the rebuilding of the Abbey and the church, and the restoration of the old priory.<sup>7</sup> He must see his man of business, of whom he was feeling a little afraid. How large were Halifax's ideas and how good were his grounds for fearing his 'man of business' appear from a further letter to Athelstan Riley in January 1909, when he talked of paying off the mortgage of £8000 on the Island and giving the Abbot £2000 for building.<sup>8</sup>

In 1910 the Abbot took a mission at Hickleton.

The people in the village and the servants [Halifax wrote to Stanmore] were enchanted with him and indeed I must say I never heard better addresses—so plain, so practical, so thoroughly sound, and yet so done that even people like Webb Peploe would have been impressed and pleased. He really is a remarkable person. When he was not preaching he was telling us ghost stories, which he does to admiration.<sup>9</sup>

Hill; however, was beginning to become uneasy about the Abbot, who was travelling about and talking too much for his liking.

I do sincerely pray [he wrote to Halifax] that Caldey is not going to become a seed-plot of foolishness, mischief and disaffection. It is a remarkable thing that the Religious seem never able to learn from the mistakes of the past. If they had minded their own

business in the Middle Ages how different the course of things would have been. . . . He [the Abbot] ought to stay on his Island looking after his monks and not go running about all over England doing work which others can do quite as well if not better than himself.<sup>10</sup>

His forebodings were shortly to be justified, though not quite in the way he had expected. Although the Community had been recognized by Archbishop Temple, it had so far enjoyed complete independence and exemption from episcopal jurisdiction and visitation. The situation being irregular, at the end of 1911 the Abbot approached the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) with a view to setting it in order. The Archbishop suggested that the Community should select a Visitor from among the bishops, his own recommendation being Gore, who had lately moved from Birmingham to Oxford. The Abbot fell in with this proposal, which, indeed, seemed eminently reasonable. What more appropriate Visitor could there be than Gore, himself the Founder of the Community of the Resurrection? But Gore, as Halifax might have warned him, could be difficult. He was a Catholic, he had been a religious himself, but he was also a stern disciplinarian, busy at the moment in trying to regulate Reservation in the diocese of Oxford. In October 1912, on receiving the Abbot's invitation, he replied that he must know more about the Community before he could accept the position of Visitor. Accordingly he sent two Commissioners—Dr. Darwell Stone and Mr. W. B. Trevelyan—to Caldey Island. They came and saw and reported; and presently Gore announced that he could only consent to be Visitor upon four conditions, 'outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession.'<sup>11</sup> The property of the Community must be properly secured to the Church of England; the ordained members must take the usual oath committing them to the exclusive use of the Book of Common Prayer; observance of certain festi-

vals, including the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, must be abandoned; and Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament must be given up. The conditions were undoubtedly drastic. The first and third did not offer insuperable difficulties, but from its inception the Community, with the permission of Archbishop Temple, had used the Roman Benedictine Breviary, and while it might be recognised to lie within the competence of a bishop to forbid Exposition and Benediction, to sacrifice them was to sacrifice something which for many years the monks had enjoyed without molestation. A brief correspondence between the Bishop and the Abbot ended in the refusal of the latter to concede the conditions demanded.

Early in December 1912 Halifax wrote to Birkbeck to enquire what the trouble at Caldey was about. 'I am never happy about that Abbot,' he concluded.<sup>12</sup> When enlightenment reached him, he was inclined to be cross with all the parties concerned, with the Abbot for opening the question at all, with Gore for his stringency, and even with the Archbishop for 'wishing' Gore on the Community.

'I have a *very* unsatisfactory letter from that Abbot,' he wrote to Riley on February 1st, 1913. 'I am doing what I can, but have no real hope of success.'<sup>13</sup>

Already there were disturbing rumours abroad. A Roman priest had been seen at Malling, the Benedictine Community for women; and the Abbess, who was reputed to have Roman leanings, had a considerable influence over the Abbot. The bother was all so unnecessary and need never have arisen if 'that Abbot' had been less impulsive or 'that Bishop' less rigid. As it was, the solution was perfectly simple. The Benedictines had got on very well for fifteen years without a Visitor; let them continue as in the past, abandoning their desire to be regularised until the times and the Episcopal Bench should alter for the better.

On February 14th, when the defection of the Community had become an ominous possibility, Halifax wrote an appealing letter to the Abbot. It was inconsistent, he urged, to be discouraged by scandals or setbacks of the existence of which they had all been aware when the enterprise began. There was nothing to warrant despair in the Church of England.

Next day he wrote to Gore to offer his services as mediator:

I have just seen a correspondence between the Abbot of Caldey and yourself which makes me very unhappy. It can have but one result and will supply the Abbot with the excuse he has *perhaps* been looking for—for a step we shall all regret.<sup>14</sup>

He suggested seeing Gore first and then the Abbot, but the former's reply was discouraging.

The Abbot, unhappily, was past influencing. It is almost literally true that he went to bed one night an Anglican and rose up next morning (in intention) a Roman Catholic. He carried his Chapter with him, and the Community, which had increased to thirty-two, with four exceptions made its submission to the Church of Rome. They were followed, at a short interval, by most of the Sisters of St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, to which the Community at West Malling had recently migrated. The Anglican press, more in sorrow than in anger, broke out into leading articles, while the Roman Catholics and the extreme Protestants, from different angles but with a similar complacency, informed the world that they had told it so.

The high hopes which Halifax had had for the Community give the measure of his distress at this catastrophe. As to the rights and wrongs of the dispute, there was, he held, wrong on both sides. As he wrote in *The Church Times*, he would never concede that it was the duty of clergy and laity to submit unreservedly to the rulings of an individual bishop, or that it was more improper to use the Roman Breviary in a monastic

chapel than to use the First Prayer Book of Edward VI in Hickleton church. ‘Can anyone suppose that if Bishop Wilberforce and Archbishop Tait had acted on the principle which seems to have been applied to Caldey, the communities of Clewer and All Saints’ would have flourished and developed as they have?’ On the other hand, ‘the Bishop of Oxford’s letters are no justification for the action of the Abbot of Caldey.’<sup>15</sup>

I confess [he told Athelstan Riley] (though I think Gore managed as badly as possible—he clearly gave the Abbot the excuse I suspect he was looking for—) that I am more and more inclined to believe that the Abbot was riding for a fall.<sup>16</sup>

The secession produced an exceedingly awkward financial question. For years the Community had been collecting money from sympathetic Anglicans, without whose support there would certainly have been no Caldey and possibly no Benedictines. Halifax himself had been a generous subscriber, though to what extent he hardly knew. ‘I have certainly given the Abbot £2000,’ he told Hill. ‘I think it is nearer £3000.’<sup>17</sup> Although some of the Community’s benefactors might swallow the change in allegiance, others would undoubtedly claim that their money had been misappropriated. The Abbot at first had no qualms on the subject. He published the astonishing statement that, apart from ‘some yearly subscriptions, very little has been generally contributed.’<sup>18</sup> The property was ‘legally and morally’ the Community’s, and would so remain, notwithstanding the revolution that had taken place.

This position, however, was soon found to be untenable. Ethics apart, there was that small remnant of four, including one fully professed monk, who had not seceded and were prepared to carry on the Benedictine revival in the Church of England. It was not an altogether unreasonable contention that the property should go with the faithful minority and not with the departing majority.

On March 25th Halifax wrote to the Abbot:

I had so hoped that you might have been the one to restore the Benedictine Rule, and to rebuild the old waste places of monastic observance within the limits of that *Ecclesia Anglicana* with which God has been so graciously dealing all these years; but that apparently is not to be your work. . . .<sup>19</sup>

Since the question of the Community's property remained to be settled, Halifax proposed the appointment of a small committee of arbitration. The Abbot, who was on the point of leaving for Rome, promised to consider the suggestion, which he subsequently agreed to accept. The committee consisted of Halifax and Athelstan Riley for the Anglicans, and of the Duke of Norfolk and the Bishop of Menevia for the Roman Catholics. The chairman was Lord Balfour of Burleigh, a member of the Established Church of Scotland, chosen not merely for his detachment and the high respect in which he was held, but also for the experience he had acquired in the kindred controversy between the United Free Church and the 'Wee Frees' of his own land.

The deliberations of the committee were most friendly, though not without some of the humours inseparable from its composition. All, for example, were agreed that the proceedings should be opened with prayers, but who was to offer them? Clearly not the chairman. In the end, out of consideration for the Roman Catholic members, the prayers were offered silently. When it came to the drafting of a Report, an unexpected situation arose. The Chairman, Riley, and the Bishop of Menevia had arrived at what they considered a fair settlement, only to be met by the determined obstruction of Halifax and the Duke. Halifax, who had almost veered round to Abbot Aelred's opinion of the comparative insignificance of a change of Church so long as the Benedictine Rule was preserved in Caldey, wanted a more generous treatment of the seceding

monks; while the Duke of Norfolk thought it intolerable that any money belonging to Anglicans should be applied to Roman Catholic purposes. When the deadlock was complete, someone suggested that, as neither man would give way, the committee would have to present a majority report signed by the Chairman, the Bishop of Menevia, and Mr. Athelstan Riley, and two minority Reports, one on behalf of the Anglicans by the Duke of Norfolk, and the other on behalf of the Roman Catholics by Lord Halifax. Faced with this Gilbertian situation, the Duke and Halifax withdrew their opposition. The seceding monks retained Caldey Island, but were committed to repaying the sum of £3000; and it was agreed that Pershore Abbey, which had been unconditionally presented to the Community by Mr. H. E. Wise, should, if he wished, be restored to him.

Deep as was Halifax's disappointment over the whole affair, his natural buoyancy quickly asserted itself in fresh schemes for carrying on the Order in the Church of England. The 'Wee Frees' remained, those faithful few, of whom a correspondent in *The Church Times* had tartly written that the seceders had 'left practically all the brains of the Community behind them.'<sup>20</sup> Halifax was ready to have them back at Painsthorpe. Father Benson of Cowley invited them to a house belonging to his Society. But when Mr. Wise, having received Pershore back from Abbot Aelred, offered it to them, they accepted it and went there, under the leadership of Dom Anselm (Mardon) and Brother Denys (Prideaux). In 1915 Dom Anselm, having followed his former brethren into the Roman Church, was succeeded as Superior by Father Denys. The Community continued to have its vicissitudes, but Halifax supported it staunchly with his purse and his name. In 1926 it moved from Pershore to Nashdom, where it now lives and thrives.

#### XIV. *Pietas Anglicana*

The secession of the Benedictines distressed Halifax not so much for the change of allegiance involved as because it was a check to an experiment on the success of which he had set his heart. He had, of course, nothing of the mentality of the Victorian Anglican, for whom the flames of hell crackled every time anyone made the passage from Canterbury to Rome. He had too strong a sympathy with the other camp (which he would never regard as the other camp), and too many friends in it like Wilfrid Ward and Baron von Hügel ('My dear good brave Lord Halifax'), some of whom would join with his Protestant critics in wondering when he too would make the submission which seemed to them the logical outcome of his beliefs and activities.

Some of them did more than wonder. As early as 1863 Père Doussot the Dominican had gently drawn his attention to the claims of Rome.\* George Lane Fox had followed with his fiery importunities;† and after him a series of well-intentioned proselytisers attempted the attractive but hopeless task of converting the President of the English Church Union. One of the most patient of them was a Mrs. Longworth Storer, the wife of an American gentleman who held a succession of diplomatic posts on the Continent. For some years she wrote to him at great length and fairly frequently, and he would not have been Halifax if he had not responded on a similar scale. The last of all the proselytisers was Cardinal Mercier.

'Would you mind,' he asked Halifax during an interlude in

\*See Part I, p.101, pp.127-8.

†See Part I, pp. 123-6.

the Conversations at Malines, 'if I say something very personal?'

'I can't imagine myself minding anything that your Eminence might say,' Halifax replied.

'I've heard you say,' Mercier went on, 'that if you were to come over to us you really would not know the difference in belief and practice. Don't you think, if this is so, you being an old man, that it would be a good thing if you made your submission?'

Halifax laughed. 'If I did,' he replied, 'half the people would say, "He's in his dotage," and the other half, "It's what we always expected."'

'I think so too,' Halifax reported the Cardinal as replying, 'and I won't ask you such a thing again.\*'

It was a long roll from Doussot to Mercier, from the hot-gospelling of Lane Fox to the mild persuasiveness of Mrs. Longworth Storer.

Halifax's attitude puzzled them all in turn. He recalled to them Pius IX's description of Pusey as 'a bell which always sounds to invite the faithful to church and itself remains outside.' Since, doctrinally, nothing separated him from Rome, some of them reached the erroneous conclusion that a core of spiritual pride must be the obstruction. They never quite understood that what restrained him was not any feeling *against* Rome but a feeling *for* the Church of England. He had a favourite phrase, *pietas Anglicana*, to describe a quality possessing which a man would be securely anchored in Anglicanism, and without which he was in jeopardy every hour. It was a sense of the grandeur and continuity of the Church of St. Augustine, her lineage, her traditions, her inalienable privilege as the Catholic Church in England. Her Orders were valid, her Sacraments—as none was better assured than Halifax—were effec-

\*As related by Lord Halifax to the writer.

tive. She had a title which no dereliction or scandal could invalidate. For a man to abandon her because of the folly of a bishop or the trespass of a secular court was to convict himself of a false sense of proportion; as though he were to disown his mother because she had caught a cold in the head. That the Church should have been marred and despoiled was not a reason for leaving her; it was merely an incentive to work for her reparation.

The Church of England was Catholic, but while her Protestants were 'lodgers by permission,' a breach which had lasted for three hundred and fifty years gave them a claim to special consideration. Nothing irritated Halifax more than an obstinate insistence by Anglo-Catholics upon points of minor importance or a slavish imitation of things Roman.

At the same time Halifax found his *pietas Anglicana* compatible with the friendliest feelings towards the Church of Rome and even to those Romans among whom was the stumbling block to his lifelong ambition for Reunion. On several occasions he was a guest at the Wiseman, a Roman Catholic dining society whose members were always delighted to welcome him, however firmly they might dissent from his opinions. His relations with Romans sometimes put him into difficulties with his own Church. In 1909 he accepted an invitation to be the principal speaker at the opening of a Roman Catholic School in Pickering, a town in Yorkshire not very far from Garrowby. The priest in charge, Father Bryan, was an old friend who had once been Anglican vicar of Hensall in the same diocese. This circumstance, as well as the fact that he was conducting an active mission in Pickering for the conversion of members of his old Communion, accounted for the dismay with which local Anglicans heard of Halifax's impending visit and its purpose. The Archbishop of York (Dr. Lang) and others, apprised of these heart-burnings, begged him to excuse

himself, which at first he was most reluctant to do. In the end, though unpersuaded, he gave way out of deference to the Archbishop. 'I have no alternative,' he wrote to Father Bryan, 'but to comply with the wishes of the Archbishop, and to render him that obedience which I am sure you would render to your own Bishop under similar circumstances.'<sup>1</sup> The incident closed with a long letter to Halifax from Sir Mark Sykes, regretting the decision in the interests of Reunion.

One last point which may interest you from an historic point of view is that my Bishop told me that it was beyond his power as a R.C. Bishop to restrain a layman from being present at a non-ceremonial function, and was surprised at the greater powers wielded and exercised by his Grace.<sup>2</sup>

Halifax's position in his Church was not made easier when, as occasionally happened, friends, lacking his *pietas Anglicana*, passed from Canterbury to Rome. He thought them mistaken, but did not allow the lapse to distress him unduly or to affect his private relations with them. Their departure had nothing of the character of the disaster which broke the friendship of Newman and Pusey. If they felt like that, he would say, it was better that they should go; they would have his wishes and his prayers; and if in fact he saw less of them after the change, it was simply because one great common interest had been eliminated.

Some of the secessions touched him closely, as, for example, that of Mr. Golding-Bird, at one time his chaplain, a saintly man with a happy knack of mending watches and binding books. During 1900 he became unsettled and towards the end of the year, under guidance from Father Maturin, made his submission, with a precipitancy which rather annoyed Halifax. His position in the Hickleton household might be thought to have made his defection a little compromising, though that was not an aspect which would have troubled Halifax. In March

1901, when Golding-Bird was at the Beda College, Cardinal Vaughan presented him to Leo XIII.

As soon as the Cardinal mentioned Mr. G-Bird's connexion with you [wrote the Rev. W. R. Carson to Halifax], the Pope's whole face lit up, and he said with much animation, 'Lord Halifax must come too. Tell him ritual is nothing without authority—the authority of Peter.' He then quoted the text '*Tu es Petrus*, etc.' striking his breast vigorously at the words '*hanc petram*', as though *he* were personally Peter. And he said a good deal more to the same effect, speaking very affectionately of you.<sup>3</sup>

So impregnable was Halifax's own Anglicanism that he often represented the last reserve, called up when all else had failed, to keep some doubter in the Church of England. In this task he often succeeded and sometimes failed. For obvious reasons no record of his successes was ever made public; the doubter returned to his old allegiance fortified presumably by a fresh injection of *pietas Anglicana*. The failures were more conspicuous because the subjects were less reticent.

Among the last was Hugh Benson, the son of the Archbishop. Halifax was very fond of him and enjoyed his company at Garrowby, when long walks over the wolds would be followed by ghost stories in the evening. On one walk Halifax and Benson were accompanied by Gore and Edward. They went across the moors in Wharfedale, and it is recorded that Benson, jumping off a wall, lost one of his shoes in a bog.

Benson took Orders and eventually went to Mirfield.

My Hugh comes home on Saturday for a week [Mrs. Benson wrote to Halifax in 1898]. Did I tell you that he has joined Canon Gore's Brotherhood and has been at Mirfield since the end of August? I am a little nervous as to the possible effect of the life on him. One would be prepared for a certain change, only I want him to take me with him, though we don't by any means always agree.<sup>4</sup>

Five years later, when Hugh Benson was on the threshold of the Roman Church, he went to Hickleton, as the sequel to a long conversation in London. There is a guarded allusion to his visit, with no names given, in his *Confessions of a Convert*. Halifax lent him letters, apparently dealing with the Anglican Orders, and after he left wrote him an affectionate letter:

And now, my very dear friend, one more word. Don't make a mistake. We have attractions for all sorts of things, but it by no means follows that what we like, feel drawn to, and are attracted by is always what God intends for us. . . . I think God has work to be done by us in the position in which we find ourselves, work most important in the interests of Christendom, and that you will be leaving this work and making it more difficult for others. . . . I think, too, you will change your difficulties, not get rid of them. I am afraid there will be disappointment, and that you will find yourself hedged in, hampered, and practically unable to do the very things you would be most wishing to do for the truth and for souls. . . .

There are some people who for various reasons I should be very glad went—people who one sees never could or would embrace the truth or be kept in it with us—but that is not your case, and therefore I want you to stop and fight where you are, with the prospect—what would I not give to see it?—of some day mounting the throne of Canterbury, reconciling England with Rome, and, as the supreme crown of it all, losing your head in the attempt. That is a sight I *should* enjoy, and the very thought of it puts me quite beside myself.<sup>5</sup>

The rehabilitation of the Church through the martyrdom of an Archbishop was a theme which never lost its attractiveness for Halifax. When his old friend Dr. Lang became Archbishop of York, and later when he was Archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax used to say to him: 'I cannot conceive anything more splendid than that your Grace should be executed on Tower Hill. Nothing but the martyrdom of an Archbishop can save

the Church of England. I crave the honour of it for you and that I should live to be there, so that I might plunge my handkerchief in your blood, and pass it on to Edward as the most precious of heirlooms.\*

There was to be no blood-stained handkerchief for Edward, nor martyrdom for either the Archbishop or Benson. A fortnight after the date of this letter a few sorrowful but grateful lines announced that Benson had taken the step.

I do beg you to believe, my very dear friend [Halifax replied], that if you are not controversial and unjust—and I cannot conceive of you as either—your hopes and fears, your objects and interests will be just as much a matter of concern to me as ever they were.<sup>6</sup>

In October Halifax wrote to Athelstan Riley:

Hugh Benson was here for a few days before his submission. It was thought I might be useful to him. When he had come and we had talked I felt I could be of no use. There was a certain very delightful and attractive pigheadedness about him—a certain resolution, I think, to have his way, as he saw it—which coupled with other things made the result inevitable, but he went in the most friendly spirit, not judging the case for others but only for himself. . . . He is a delightful person and, as I told him, the step he contemplated made no difference so far as I was concerned.<sup>7</sup>

Halifax read Benson's books with deep interest, though not always with approval. By *What Authority* pleased him for its association with Garrowby; but *The Lord of the World*, he wrote to Stanmore,

provokes me so much I can hardly turn over its pages. I am very fond of him [Benson], but I do not feel happy about that young man's future. There is something lacking in all that family. I feel it, though I cannot exactly put my finger on what it is. I think it is an overdevelopment of the intellectual faculties out of proportion

\*As related by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

with other and more important things. Hugh Benson has a sceptical side to him, combined with a credulous and imaginative one, which leads to very insecure results.<sup>8</sup>

*Confessions of a Convert* irritated Halifax into a vehemence which was a little unfair on its gifted author. He thought it 'provoking,' 'superficial,' even 'conceited.' 'I am very fond of Hugh Benson, but his book annoys me more than I can say.'<sup>9</sup>

Other converts who spent almost their last Anglican days at Hickleton were Father Ronald Knox and Father Vernon Johnson. The former described his visit in *A Spiritual Aeneid*. Among the company at Hickleton he found Father Martindale, the well-known Jesuit, whose presence was not to be looked for on such an occasion. At the time Father Knox thought it was a happy accident; but after his book was written and published he was told that Halifax had especially arranged for the visits to coincide, so that if his own advice was unconvincing, Father Martindale's might be available. It was evidence of Halifax's recognition that souls were to be saved in Rome as well as in Canterbury and must on no account be reckoned as so many scalps for the reward of the most skilful dialectician. As it was, the few words which Father Knox exchanged with Father Martindale availed more than the weightier disquisitions of their host; but Halifax was inclined to think that Father Knox would really be happier if he seceded, and that, if this were so, it would be a mistake to try to detain him.

In his talks with these impending converts Halifax appears to have consistently taken a certain line. It was not that of Lord St. Dunstan (of whom he was reputed to be the original) in Bernard Holland's little book *A Reported Change in Religion*. He never talked of 'the Anglo-Catholic Church,' nor would he have said that 'my natural inclination is to reconcile myself with the central Church.'<sup>10</sup> His habitual argument is well shown in the letter he wrote to Father Knox on August 3rd, 1915:

Difficulties and troubles are no reason for abandoning a post. What would have happened to the Church if the Catholics had allowed themselves to be driven out by the Semi-Arians? They are only reasons for a greater constancy and a more determined resistance. ‘J'y suis, j'y reste’—that ought to be the motto of everyone of us. And for myself I can only say that every day, every year, that passes only increases my absolute conviction of the truth of the position to be defended in the Ecclesia Anglicana, of the value of that position to the whole of Christendom, and of the honour and glory it is that God should have seen fit to call us—all unworthy as we are—to contend for the faith under all the difficulties and discouragement, yet not without the increasing conviction of His abiding blessing, which attach to the position He has assigned to us here as members of the Ecclesia Anglicana in the long line of battle which is every day being waged by the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.<sup>11</sup>

Halifax's personal humility in approaching such a task of reassurance was remarkable. He was always a little surprised when people thought that he could help them and quite indignant if they or anyone else tried to pay him compliments.

As to myself [he wrote to Mrs. Longworth Storer], I am nothing at all. Please do not have illusions about me. Any little thing I do is only done by God's help and every day and hour I realize more and more my own nothingness. What we do God does, and what we might do by His grace, and don't do—that is all we can properly call our own.<sup>12</sup>

Or, as he wrote in 1900 to Mrs. Radford, ‘After all, the only things which are really ours are our failures and shortcomings.’<sup>13</sup>

## XV. More Controversies (1906-1914)

In 1909, at the beginning of the Jubilee Year of the English Church Union, Halifax declared in his Presidential Address:

It is needless to dwell upon the details of the battles the Union has waged during the past fifty years. It has been a long campaign in vindication and defence of the doctrine and ritual of the Church of England in their relation to the Sacrament of the Altar, coupled with the assertion of the Church of England's spiritual rights as against the encroachments of Parliament, the Privy Council, and the Courts subject to the jurisdiction of the Privy Council.<sup>1</sup>

Whatever successes the Union could claim, the struggle continued. In the years immediately preceding the War there was no such frontal assault on the Catholic Movement as was represented by the Public Worship Regulation Act. It was, however, repeatedly threatened from various quarters and on different issues. Education, the Athanasian Creed, the Divorce Laws, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the Revision of the Prayer Book as adumbrated in the Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, the efforts of bishops to suppress Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, and the writings of Modernists—of such matters did the routine of the President and Secretary of the English Church Union consist.

It was an irony of the situation that, although Halifax was now on the friendliest of terms with many of the leading bishops, his differences with them did not appear to diminish. Indeed, his disappointment in them was the greater, because his expectations of them were higher. His gravest and most frequent disagreements were with the Archbishop of Canterbury,

but he had his moments of irritation with his old friend the Archbishop of York. With Gore he continued to have clashes, in which both men wrote and spoke their minds without reserve and without rancour.

In 1905, when Convocation was debating the Athanasian Creed, Gore touched a sensitive place when, as reported in *The Guardian*, he quoted Liddon in support of a proposal that bishops might dispense incumbents from the use of the Creed. ‘Where does C. Gore expect to go to, after using Liddon’s name in Convocation as he has done?’<sup>2</sup> Halifax enquired indignantly from Canon Wylde. He wrote a protest to *The Guardian*, eliciting an equally indignant reply from Gore, who complained that his quotation had been curtailed. The guilty party, it appeared, was a reporter, but that Gore had dared to use Liddon’s name at all in such a context rankled.

Honestly, would Liddon have been with you or with me in this matter [Halifax wrote to Gore]? Would he have liked seeing his authority quoted to discount an opposition in which he would have joined heart and soul?<sup>3</sup>

In 1914 Gore again incurred Halifax’s displeasure by returning to the Kenotic theory in an Open Letter in *The Constructive Quarterly*.

If He [Our Lord] is limited in regard to knowledge, how can He be infallible [Halifax wrote to Birkbeck]? Again, can He Who is *the Truth* be in error or mistaken? . . . I do not like what Gore said about Jonah: I think also that he takes much too absolute a view about a great many things and that his letter shows signs throughout of just that attitude of mind which was so unfortunately exhibited in all his dealings with Abbot Aelred of Caldey.<sup>4</sup>

Modernism, Catholic or non-Catholic, was the enemy. In 1912 a group of young Oxford men produced *Foundations*, a book which went a good deal further than *Lux Mundi* and united Halifax and Gore in a joint condemnation.

I have read *Foundations* and dislike it very much [Halifax wrote to Athelstan Riley]. 'Bad taste in one's mouth' is exactly the expression I used in regard to it in writing the other day to two or three people about it. I am willing to give the authors credit for orthodox intentions, but for all that I think it is an attempt to reconcile what is essentially a Socinian position with Catholic doctrine, and that I never read a production which more completely justified all that Liddon used to say about *Lux Mundi*.<sup>5</sup>

Halifax and Gore were again of one mind in the condemnation of the Rev. J. M. Thompson, who published a book discounting the miracles of the New Testament, and Professor Sanday, yet another Oxford man, who showed a disposition to defend Thompson.

Two episcopal friends who periodically fell from favour with Halifax were the Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Talbot), who 'makes me positively ashamed of our bishops'<sup>6</sup>, and the Bishop of London (Dr. Winnington Ingram), whose 'easy cheerfulness'<sup>7</sup> was sometimes very irritating. Warm as was his affection for both men, the interests of the Church came first, and when he thought that these were touched, he would never be silent.

Much of the correspondence of these years dealt with the defence of the Marriage Laws. Halifax reserved some of his loudest thunders for clergymen who performed the marriage ceremony over divorced persons.

Recent events [he told the English Church Union in 1909] must have convinced the most unwilling of the intolerable evil that has been done to the Church by the Divorce Act of 1857. That law allowed, and indeed attempted to compel, the celebration in churches of marriages forbidden by the law of God. . . . Those who disregarded the law of the Church must take the consequences. If they disregard that law they have no right to expect, nor will they be given, the privileges of Churchmen.<sup>8</sup>

Partly, it may be, owing to the vigilance of the English

Church Union, which seldom allowed an irregularity to escape without comment, there was a marked decline in the number of churches in which it was possible to procure the celebration of marriages contrary to the Church's law. More serious than the individual peccadilloes of easy-minded clergymen was the threat of legislation which followed the Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes of 1912; but this did not really materialise until 1920, when Lord Buckmaster introduced a Bill which passed the House of Lords, but went no further.

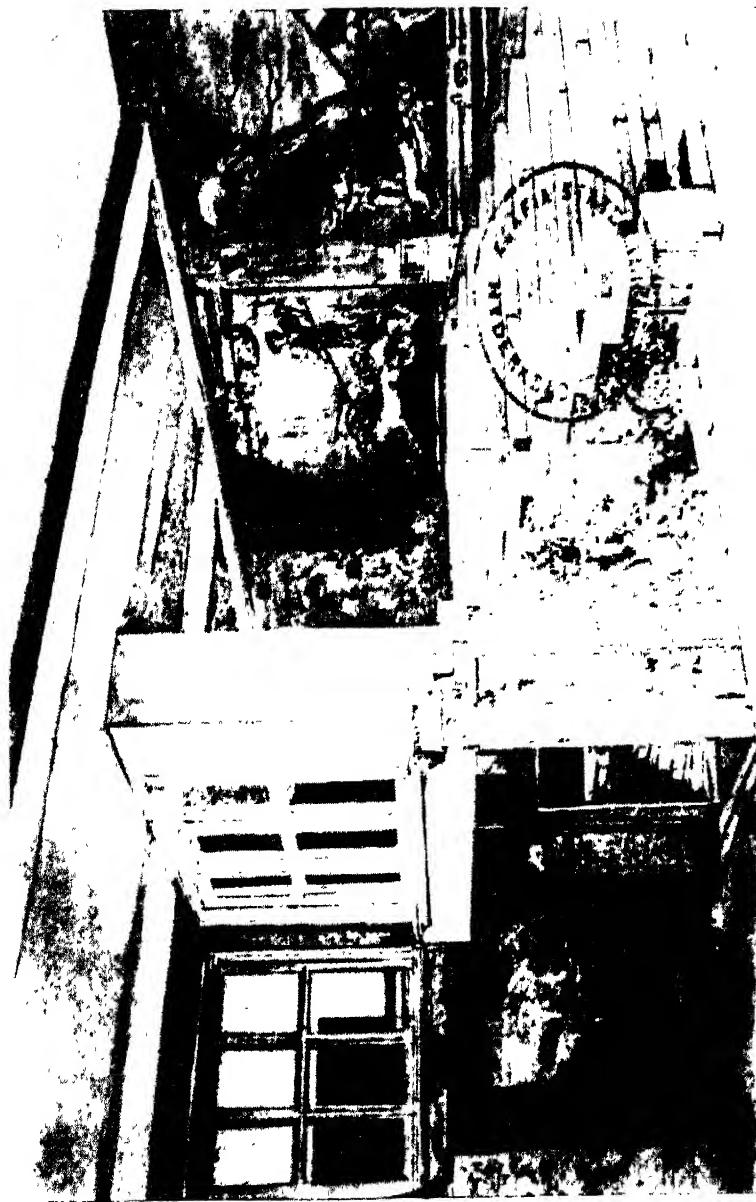
Halifax incurred some odium from his unflinching defence of Christian Marriage Laws, but his unpopularity was largely with the people who had not troubled to understand his position. The State, if it pleased, might legalise adultery, though not with Halifax's approval; what he regarded as intolerable was any attempt to detach the Church of England from Western Christendom by compelling her to solemnise marriages at variance with Catholic law. On the religious side of the question Halifax was adamant; on the social side he was less rigorous than was sometimes supposed. A sin must not be condoned; but the sinner was not to be too harshly treated. Before the wedding of his son, Halifax was discussing with him whether an invitation should be sent to a certain friend who had remarried after divorce. 'It is very awkward, Edward,' he said. 'I certainly should not have her at Hickleton, but I might send her a haunch of venison for Doncaster Races.' The distinction expressed his attitude pretty accurately.

Halifax offered a similar resistance to attempts to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister, forbidden alike by the 99th Canon of 1604 and by the law of the State. During the nineteenth century numerous bills, under denunciation from the English Church Union, were unsuccessfully introduced in Parliament, but in 1907 a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was adopted

by the Government and passed through both Houses. An amendment, however, permitted a clergyman to refuse to celebrate such marriages or to permit them to be celebrated in his church. Although relieved to this extent, the clergyman had still to face the question whether he should administer Holy Communion to people who had contracted such a marriage. Could they be described as 'open and notorious evil livers' within the meaning of the Rubric? Opinions differed. The Archbishop of Canterbury in an Open Letter to his Diocese, while advising that such marriages should not take place in church, expressed the view that Holy Communion should not subsequently be refused to those concerned in them. This ruling did not commend itself to the stricter school of Churchmen and almost at once a test case occurred in the diocese of Norwich, where a Mr. A. N. Banister, who had married his deceased wife's sister and been refused Communion by his vicar, Canon Thompson, took proceedings in the Court of Arches.

Halifax, after an unavailing opposition to the Bill—('This horrid Deceased Wife's Sister,' he wrote to Mrs. Sutton. 'I wish she were at the bottom of the sea'<sup>9</sup>)—wished to lead a deputation on the subject to the Archbishop, but was dissuaded by him on the ground that the whole question would be covered in the Open Letter he was about to issue. A memorial, however, was sent from the Union to the Archbishop and the Bishops of the Lambeth Conference, urging them to enjoin upon their clergy not to admit to Holy Communion parties to these 'irregular' unions, unless they had given evidence of repentance and promised to separate.

The Banister-Thompson case brought the Union into further action, the Defence Fund being drawn upon heavily for the defence. Birkbeck, a Vice-president of the Union and a neighbour of the Canon's, was particularly interested. 'I believe that I have captured the Bishop of Norwich, body and



THE STAIRCASE AT HARDWICK

*From a drawing by Lord Halifax*

soul,<sup>10</sup> he declared to Halifax. But the case went badly. Sir Lewis Dibdin found against Thompson in the Court of Arches; whereupon, to the annoyance of the Archbishop and with further financial support from the Union, Thompson sought a writ of prohibition against the Court of Arches from the Court of King's Bench. He failed, and failed again in the Court of Appeal, and yet again in the House of Lords, the right of a man who had married his deceased wife's sister to receive Holy Communion being legally established in 1912. It was not one of the Union's more fortunate enterprises.

More protracted and less decisive was the struggle over Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, the issue of which is still in doubt. It will be recalled that in 1900 Archbishop Temple had given a ruling against Reservation; and the Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline had found that it was among those practices which, being

plainly significant of teaching repugnant to the doctrine of the Church of England and certainly illegal, should be promptly made to cease by the exercise of the authority belonging to the Bishops and, if necessary, by proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts.<sup>11</sup>

Fortified by these directions, some of the bishops tried to suppress the practice. Halifax, having made his position clear beyond possibility of misunderstanding, never shifted from it. In 1902 he told the English Church Union:

Any order for the better custody of the Blessed Sacrament, any order to guard against irreverence or profanity, any order to guard against what the Church has deemed a superstitious and unauthorised use of the Blessed Sacrament must be cheerfully complied with; but an order not to reserve the Blessed Sacrament is one which no Bishop, who claims to be the Guardian of the Catholic Faith and the protector of the sacred canons, has a right to give.<sup>12</sup>

One case was very like another, and it would be tedious as well as unnecessary to enter into the details of each. Whether Halifax was defending Mr. Wells of Whitworth against the Bishop of Manchester, or Mr. Ommanney in Sheffield, or Mr. Burn in Middlesbrough, he followed the same line of resistance. It appeared most completely in an episode which, although occurring in 1918 and therefore outside the period of this chapter, may conveniently be described at this point.

On August 15th, 1918, Halifax wrote to the Archbishop of York:

We have been, Agnes and I, much troubled these last days, and I should have written to you before, but put off doing so till I had looked through some old papers. The cause is this: I had a letter from my daughter Agnes a day or two ago in much distress at what was happening at Clifford, where, as perhaps you know, she and George [Lane Fox the younger] have been doing all they can to help the new clergyman George has put into the living, and to improve the church. It has been a great happiness to them to see how well everything was going on there, how the communicants were increasing, and how well the appointment of Mr. Stapylton was turning out. At the same time I had a line from Mr. Stapylton himself telling me your Grace had sent for him and begged him to discontinue the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, and had quoted to him a speech or letter of mine which, by implication, affirmed a Bishop's right to make such a request. About this I felt there must be some mistake, as I could not remember ever having said or written anything of the sort. On the contrary, I have always said that, though a Bishop has a right to forbid Benediction, he has no right to forbid the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in the parish church, except in quite exceptional circumstances—external troubles, insurrections, etc., for the security of the Blessed Sacrament Itself. . . .

To support his memory he had been turning over his old papers.

I have also tried to find a long letter I wrote to Archbishop Maclagan\* . . . , in which I told him that the Blessed Sacrament was always reserved in the church here and had been so since 1893, when my brother-in-law, John Dundas, died at the moment of consecration without communion, which could not have happened had the Blessed Sacrament always been reserved. I also mentioned another case in the village, where in a most extraordinary way an old man who had become unconscious, and remained so for some time, suddenly came to himself, asked for communion, and remained himself just long enough to have the Blessed Sacrament brought to him from the church, when he relapsed into unconsciousness out of which he never recovered. . . .

My dear Lord, may I entreat of you not to bring this great difficulty and trouble upon us all. It is a matter that cuts very deep, and deeper now than ever. You know all that Agnes (my daughter) is, and what she has done and is doing. The last thing you would wish is to upset her and hers. Why continue Archbishop Maclagan's practice? . . . That Mr. Ommanney should be under discipline, considering what he is, his work, and his perfect self-sacrifice, is the scandal of this neighbourhood, and surely, surely, to put it on the lowest ground, those who are doing all they can for the Church and its progress in these parts, and love your Grace as we do, may hope for some consideration from your Grace.<sup>13</sup>

The Archbishop, in a long reply, expressed his grief that such an issue should have arisen between him and his friends. In taking action he had done violence to his personal feelings.

In your letter you lay all your stress on the value of the permanent Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament for the communion of the sick. But that is not now the point on which the main stress is laid. Beyond question, Reservation is now desired and claimed mainly for purposes of worship: and, following on this, is the determination widely expressed to introduce into our churches the use of Exposition, Benediction and other devotions

\*See pages 131-2.

which are customary in the Roman Church. This claim cannot be ignored: and it is only the logic of events that compels my regulations for the use of the Reserved Sacrament for communicating the sick to be affected by it. . . .<sup>14</sup>

He had not, in fact, forbidden Reservation; he had merely sought to regulate it. There, perforce, the matter rested. Since neither the Archbishop nor Halifax could recede from the position he had taken up, Clifford, too, came under 'discipline.'

Already in these years the shadow of Prayer Book revision had fallen upon the Church. This labour, deriving from the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, proceeded slowly but steadily. Halifax regarded it with suspicion and apprehension. 'I think those who wish for it are demented,'<sup>15</sup> he wrote to Stanmore in 1907. Four years later he summoned to Hickleton a conference of leading Catholics. They included, among others, Birkbeck, Riley, Sir Frederick Holiday, the Abbot of Caldey, Prebendary Boyd of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Mr. Hanbury Tracy of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and the inevitable Hill. In the mornings and early afternoons they discussed the Prayer Book, and after tea were sent off sight-seeing. There was little urgency, since fifteen years were to pass before the Deposited Book was born into an unwelcoming world. Halifax—and not he alone—had an uncomfortable fear from the first that the purpose of revision was not so much to provide the Church of England with a better Prayer Book as to tighten the machinery of discipline against the Anglo-Catholics. As he frequently said, all that he wanted was the permissive use of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. If that could not be conceded, he preferred the Book of 1662 to anything that the liturgiologists of the twentieth century were likely to produce.

Prayer Book revision was an anxiety for the future, but Kikuyu, that cacophonous African village which churchpeople found themselves compelled to pronounce in 1913, was a crisis.

The story of it has been told too often to necessitate more than the briefest recapitulation, particularly as Halifax's part in it was only secondary. In 1913 a conference of Missionary Societies met at Kikuyu in East Africa under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Uganda (Dr. Willis). Deeply conscious of the impediment and scandal of Christian divisions, they drew up a tentative scheme for federating the non-Roman missions, and on the closing day of the Conference the Bishop of Mombasa (Dr. Peel) celebrated Holy Communion in a Presbyterian church, administering the Sacrament, of course, to the representatives of the different Protestant missions. Whereupon Frank Weston, the great Bishop of Zanzibar, charged the two prelates concerned before the Archbishop of Canterbury with 'the grievous faults of propagating heresy and committing schism.' The ensuing situation threatened to strain to breaking-point the conciliatory powers of the Archbishop. Whichever way he gave his decision, there was the likelihood of disruption. Protestant opinion emphatically demanded that the action of the two Bishops should be commended. On the other hand, the Bishop of Zanzibar, though less intractable in person than on paper, warned the Archbishop that, if such an endorsement were given, he would make his choice between one of three courses, none of which would have been pleasant to his Metropolitan<sup>16</sup>; while Gore, for neither the first nor the last time, talked ominously of resignation.

Halifax, after some preliminary correspondence with his friends, publicly entered the controversy with a letter to *The Times*. 'With the objects [of the Kikuyu Conference] themselves,' he wrote, 'we can all have nothing but the deepest sympathy.' But the Church could not without unfaithfulness acknowledge the right of those who denied her doctrine and rejected her discipline to communicate at her altars. Therefore he could not agree with the Dean of Durham (Dr. Hensley Hen-

son)—‘quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore’—\* who had taken the contrary view in a letter of the previous day.<sup>17</sup>

Halifax did not regard the situation as so clear-cut as it appeared to the leaders on either side.

The truth is [he told Athelstan Riley on January 10th] that the whole matter is surrounded by an infinity of pitfalls, and that too much care cannot be taken not to aggravate difficulties which are only too obvious.<sup>18</sup>

Four days later he wrote to Lord Hugh Cecil:

That a pious Nonconformist should wish to come to Communion in any of our churches and should come on his own responsibility is a thing which, it seems to me, need in no way distress us. I can imagine circumstances in which to repel such an one would be the very last thing one would wish to do; rather it might be a thing one would shrink from with horror.<sup>19</sup>

Very different was the position of the Anglican who should communicate at a Nonconformist service. But Halifax admitted that his letter was an unsatisfactory answer to Lord Hugh—it only reflects my own feeling of uncertainty on the whole subject.’

An ordinary meeting of the English Church Union was summoned to the Great Hall of Church House on February 19th. Before a crowded and enthusiastic gathering Halifax delivered his opinion. While he was thankful, he said, for the Bishop of Zanzibar’s appeal to the authorities of the Church, he could not help regretting that it should have been made so publicly and consequently have become a matter of newspaper controversy. The proposed scheme of federation was ‘one which it was impossible for members of the Church to accept.’ The meeting, thus guided, passed unanimously a resolution of sympathy with the Bishop of Zanzibar ‘in his anxiety concern-

\*An allusion to a High Church past.

ing recent events in East Africa, and their desire to afford him support in all necessary efforts to maintain Catholic Faith and Order.<sup>20</sup>

The Bishop of Zanzibar, in his indictment, had asked leave to appear before the Archbishop and not less than twelve of his compatriots to make good his charges. The Archbishop, however, had no intention, if he could help it, of entertaining the world and distracting the Church with a full-dress trial for heresy and schism. He decided instead to refer the matter for enquiry to the Consultative Body of the Lambeth Conference. Eleven out of the fourteen bishops who had been elected to this body met at the end of July, concluding their investigations on the 31st, four days before the outbreak of war. They presented a unanimous report to the Archbishop, but long before he could deliver his opinion the three principals had returned to their dioceses, all of which lay in territory threatened by German action. In fact he deferred his answer until Easter 1915, by which time the secular press, absorbed in the new geography of the war, had almost forgotten that such a place as Kikuyu existed. The Archbishop pronounced the scheme of federation to be laudable in purpose, though attended by grave practical difficulties. The joint Communion Service, though not without precedent and valuable in certain circumstances of the mission field, was abnormal, irregular, and better not imitated. In Father Knox's unkind, but not inapt, epigram, 'The Commission came to the conclusion that the service at Kikuyu was eminently pleasing to God, and must on no account be repeated.'<sup>21</sup>

## XVI. *The War*

When the War broke out Halifax was seventy-five. His diaries and letters give his reactions to its events, to its vicissitudes of victory and defeat, to the shortcomings of Governments, to the perils of those of his immediate family who were fighting, and to the interference of its exigencies with his way of life. His family used to say in jest that he never appreciated the War at its full gravity. Once, some years after it was over, they were talking in his presence about rationing. Halifax professed ignorance and listened attentively while the mysteries of food cards were explained to him. He had, he declared, been unaware of their existence; in fact, he had noticed no difference. It was pointed out to him that probably Lady Halifax had seen to it that, so far as he was concerned, there should be as little difference as possible. He did not altogether relish the inference that unconsciously he had been eating someone else's rations. 'The War,' he said gravely, 'must have been a more serious matter than I supposed.'

But that conversation was for the future; there may have been a lapse of memory or a little leg-pulling, mixed with the Whig and the other-worldly; the diaries and letters are proof that at the time Halifax supposed the War to be as serious a matter as anything terrestrial could be. Even such minor considerations as food and drink did not pass unnoticed. 'No butter! Only jam!'<sup>1</sup> was his regretful comment after taking tea with Queen Alexandra in January 1918 under the stress of submarine blockade. His daughter-in-law's hospitality was not beyond reproach. 'Dorothy gives one delicious food,' he wrote to

his wife, 'but it is nearly all vegetables.'<sup>2</sup> The rigours of the time led him to contemplate importing to Hickleton a herd of goats, which would be driven down to the village and milked twice a day, continental fashion.

Restrictions in food were necessary, but Halifax thought the campaign against alcoholic liquors most reprehensible; he suspected the teetotallers, for whom he had a strong aversion, of exploiting the War in the interest of their pernicious fad. For as long as he could remember, beer had been brewed at Hickleton, and, in spite of every difficulty, he continued the custom during the War. The attempts of the Food Controller to cut down his supplies of malt aroused his particular indignation. 'I shall not give up my beer,'<sup>3</sup> he wrote to Hill in April 1915, and this in spite of the example set by the great ones of the land. Next month he dined in Keble Hall.

Mercifully there was both wine and beer to drink [he reported to Edward]. I would dine nowhere where there was not. Gore exhorts all his diocese to abstain and has published something like a Pastoral on the subject. I should be an erring and wandering sheep if I lived in it.<sup>4</sup>

Gore was Gore, but really his old friend the Archbishop of York should have known better. At Bishopthorpe there was no cloth on the table, an innovation which Halifax hated, and only lemonade to drink, 'which I dislike even more.'<sup>5</sup> Dinner at Lambeth was worse still. 'I knew what was going to happen when I saw only four bottles of water on the table.'<sup>6</sup> The *pièce de résistance* was a white and pink thing of unidentifiable contents, the pudding was of the blancmange family, and he and Lady Halifax returned to Eaton Square to console themselves with whisky and biscuits. On another occasion during the War he went to stay with the Archbishop at Canterbury and, having reason to fear the worst, took with him a small supply of

whisky, which, after retiring to his bedroom for the night, he shared with James. Unfortunately, the Archbishop sought his guest's bedroom for a few last words and the drinking party, to the slight embarrassment of all concerned, was caught in the act. So it went on; and when, in February 1917, he presented his two small grandsons, Charles and Peter, with silver mugs, he wrote to their father, 'I do trust those boys will never be tee-totallers.'<sup>7</sup>

But these, of course, were trivialities. The outbreak of war found him at Hickleton, and Edward and George Lane Fox mobilised with their respective yeomanry regiments, the Yorkshire Dragoons and the Yorkshire Hussars. There were plenty of preoccupations, public and private. There were the misdeeds of 'that Kaiser'; and there was the tiresomeness of the Government over the Welsh Church Bill, about which Halifax wrote to Lansdowne. He urged that the King should be persuaded to refuse his assent both to it and to the Home Rule Bill, thus relieving the Government of the charge of broken pledges; but neither Lord Stamfordham, to whom he made the proposal, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he consulted, thought the suggestion feasible. Then there was Edward's wish to volunteer for active service.

No one can decide for another what such things involve [Halifax wrote to him], so I can only say that whatever your decision may be, and whatever the consequences which it may involve, I shall feel from my heart that you have made the right decision. Your Mother—we have talked much together—bids me say that I am speaking for her as well as for myself. One thing only I know—whether you go or stay, we shall be equally in God's hands.<sup>8</sup>

Edward, of course, decided to go.

Meanwhile there were rumours, which Halifax could not quite credit, of Russians pouring through England, of naval

actions in the North Sea, of spies shot in the Tower. A consignment of Belgians reached Hickleton, and presently Temple Newsam was a military hospital in the charge of Lady Dorothy, whose efficiency was highly commended by Sir Michael Sadler, the Vice-chancellor of Leeds University.

Halifax was an early advocate of Compulsory Service and thought we were showing insufficient vigour and imagination in the conduct of the War. On November 26th 1914, he saw Lord Stamfordham, the King's Private Secretary, in the House of Lords. 'Why don't you put it into the King's head to go and see his troops in Flanders?' he asked. 'Now don't you be impatient,' replied Stamfordham; adding that 'before long the King will have carried out your wishes.'<sup>9</sup>

Next month Halifax was having tea at Marlborough House, where he was much diverted by a chocolate cake with white figures of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince in process of being blown to pieces by an Allied bomb.

The intervention of Turkey was to be welcomed, since it offered the hope that St. Sophia would be 'purged of the infidel'<sup>10</sup>; while the religious spirit in which Russia was facing her ordeal filled both Halifax and Birkbeck with satisfaction.

In April 1915, George Fox, who was something more than a son-in-law, went to France, returning in June, lightly wounded. Edward was still in England, but expecting his orders at any moment. On July 11th Halifax wrote to him of a visit to Garrowby. The dogs had just caught a rabbit in the garden, which was 'in the greatest beauty.' The chestnut avenue was flourishing, and the corner behind the chapel, with Lady Dorothy's new border, and the paved walk, and the sweet jessamine, had all the promise of Paradise. But there was a lamentable absence of Japanese deer in the park—'Dearest Edward, don't get rid of the deer for the sake of the cattle and the sheep.' After luncheon some of the party had walked to the top of the

park. On descending they had found 'George and Agnes and all the children playing cricket, with your Mama enthroned in state, looking on.'<sup>11</sup> In short, but for Edward's absence, everything was perfect.

A few days later Edward had his orders. The regiment was off too quickly for it to be possible for his parents to see him before he left.

So we have given up thinking of it and shall think of you as we were that last Sunday at Garrowby, and shall go to church here on Saturday morning instead, which will bring you and us very near together and in the best and most real way. It will be better so in all respects and we shall pray God to-day and every day to have you in His keeping and bring you safe back to us all.<sup>12</sup>

The grandchildren, who were sent to him on frequent visits, were a happy distraction. The older ones could now be introduced to Scott, and during their visits to Hickleton *Rob Roy* and *Old Mortality* were read aloud in the evenings. 'Charles wants coping with,' Halifax wrote to Charles's father in September 1915. 'He has a real strong will of his own—a very good thing to have too. But this morning he and your Mama had a pitched battle in which, however, she came off victorious.'<sup>13</sup>

Next year a second son was born to Edward and Lady Dorothy. He was to be christened Francis Hugh Peter Courtenay, Peter being the name by which his parents' great friend, Hugh Dawnay, was known to his intimates. 'I hear a rumour that you are going to call your little son Peter Hugh,' wrote Halifax. 'I could not endure Peter.'<sup>14</sup> It was not a family name, the only Peter Wood on record being a young gentleman who fought under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War, an unhappy precedent. If anything ('which God avert!') were to happen to Charles, how could the prospect of a Peter Viscount Halifax be faced with equanimity? But Peter the child became,

though for many years his grandfather refused to speak to or of him by any other name than Francis.

All the while the stresses and anxieties of the War went on. In 1915 Lord Hugh Cecil, his friend and ally in many an ecclesiastical fight, electrified Halifax by joining the Royal Flying Corps—‘I should have as soon thought of my volunteering for the submarine service.’<sup>15</sup> In addition to the casualties among the sons and grandsons of his friends, Halifax suffered three personal losses which he felt deeply. The death in January 1915 of Father Benson, the founder of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, was the breaking of a treasured link with the past. Benson had perhaps acquired something of the quality of an institution. Halifax does not appear to have seen him very frequently during the last years, but he was a trusted friend and it was at Cowley that Halifax, again and again, made the Retreats which were so real a part of his spiritual life. He went there once more for Benson’s funeral, whence he returned sadly disappointed, for it was, he wrote in his diary, ‘most unimpressive’.<sup>16</sup>

For years Halifax had had no dearer friend than Birkbeck. The War had drawn them, if anything, closer, for both had sons on active service. It is surprising that at first no attempt was made to employ in the Allied cause Birkbeck’s knowledge, probably unrivalled in England, of the language and Church of Russia, and his intimacy with many of her leading people. In September 1915, however, Lord Kitchener sent for him. Birkbeck described the interview in a letter to Halifax:

He wanted to know all sorts of things about various people in Russia, and fortunately I either knew, or knew all about, every one of them. And though it is I that say it I don’t think there is anyone else in England who could have told him some of the things he wanted to know: for instance the Government have received information that that horrible man Rasputin, whom I told you all about some three years ago, who has got that sinister in-

fluence over the Empress, has lately returned to Petrograd, and Lord K. wanted to know all about him. Isn't it dreadful, particularly now that the Emperor has gone to the front!

He talked to me, too, about munitions which we are sending to Russia, and said there were all sorts of difficulties in finding out exactly what the Russians required, as there were constant changes: he asked me whether, if he wanted it, I could possibly go out to Russia for him, as he said that it was so far easier to deal in the matter by word of mouth than through written despatches. Of course I told him that I was entirely at his service, and that I should feel it to be the greatest privilege to be of any use to him and to my King and country. I told him that I was quite ignorant about military technicalities, but he said that that didn't matter a bit, and that what he might want was somebody who knew people in Russia and their ways and would be trusted there, so as to be able to talk matters out in a friendly way. It is all very strange to think that I should be given a job of that kind, but I expect that you will say that there is no doubt about my duty, if he should want me to go. I feel rather like the old servant in Aeschylus, who with regard to the secrets of what was going on in the palace said: 'A great ox has stepped on my tongue,' but I can't help writing to you about all this.<sup>17</sup>

A few days later he added:

No doubt I shall be given full instructions before going, and if there is anything technical to master someone will tell me all about it: but one can hardly expect ever again to be employed by such a good chief as King Edward, who gave me minute instructions about Bishop Creighton's visiting cards and signatures in the Grand Duke's books, and my and the Archbishop of Finland's tips at Windsor Castle!<sup>18</sup>

He did not actually leave until the end of March 1916. The precise nature of his mission has not been disclosed, though it was probably much as he had described it to Halifax. He was back in England at the beginning of June. On the day after his

return he made his Communion in his parish church near Stratton Strawless and played the organ at High Mass. That night he was taken violently ill with pneumonia, and on the following Friday, June 9th, he died, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. 'The more one thinks of what Birkbeck was to the world at large,' Halifax wrote to Riley, 'and to those friends who knew him best and loved him most, the more irreparable his loss seems to be.'<sup>19</sup> 'I depended on his knowledge and judgment more than anyone else's,'<sup>20</sup> he told Edward. And in future 'If only Birkbeck were here!' were words often on his lips in times of difficulty. Something was gone with Birkbeck's gaiety, simplicity, loyalty, and religious devotion, which nothing could replace. To Halifax, as to many others, perhaps his most fitting memorial was in his translation of the lovely Russian Contakion for the Departed, now generally sung at services of Requiem.

The next year brought another bereavement in the death of Albert Grey. Though on religious matters the two cousins could scarcely be said to speak the same language, they were great friends. Indeed Albert Grey was a man whom it was difficult not to love. He and Halifax had qualities in common to an extent unusual even between cousins. In both men an inner seriousness lay behind an immense and high-spirited appreciation of life. Each threw himself with passionate devotion into the service of a cause, with Halifax the Church, with Grey the Empire; and each rode triumphantly over obstacles before which other men stood daunted. Each had the temperament which joins crusades and leads forlorn hopes. Grey was the more prolific in projects and ideas. 'No man,' Sir Starr Jameson told Harold Begbie, 'ever had more babies than Albert Grey, but he was always leaving them on the doorsteps of his friends —he simply hadn't the time to bring them all up himself.'<sup>21</sup>

In the summer of 1917 Grey was hopelessly ill. He knew that

he could not recover, and on August 24th Halifax went to see him at Howick to say goodbye. 'He [Grey] said, "I am very near the end now: it cannot last long." He was dreadfully thin —all eyes.'<sup>22</sup> On the 29th he died.

Politically Halifax was little more than a spectator of the War. He attended the House of Lords; he occasionally took part in debates; in the earlier days he spoke at recruiting meetings, and later pressed for Compulsory Service. As the War dragged on, his misgivings grew, not for its issue so much as for the world's future; the old order, as he saw, was being blown to bits in the mud of Flanders, and for the new order he had little liking. In January 1918 he travelled to London (sitting with James in the corridor, because there was no room elsewhere), to attend the coming out dance of his grand-daughter Mary Sutton.

Most successful entertainment [he reported in his diary]. Stayed at it till nearly one a.m. First time I had ever seen girls in short gowns or the Fox Trot danced. All very astonishing. General impression of dancing on and everyone being hurried to the brink of a precipice.<sup>23</sup>

The Russian Revolution was a warning to the world. On January 12th Halifax was having tea once more at Marlborough House.

The Queen [he wrote to his wife] had quite recently heard from the Empress,\* and told me all the story of how she had been treated. She had been woken up in the middle of the night by seeing a man in her room, and thought it was someone bringing bad news, did not recognise him, asked who he was, and was told he and others had come to search her room. She asked for her maid that she might dress, but was told her maid was under arrest also; and then she had to sit with such clothes as she could put round herself for three hours in the cold, while her bedroom was

\*Her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia.

searched in every corner. The mattress was pulled off her bed to see if anything was hidden beneath it, and, as she could see in a glass, her sitting-room next door was invaded, all her drawers ransacked, the old letters from her husband—‘all my letters,’ said the Queen—taken away, her prayer book, everything, stuffed into bags and all carried off—in short, a scene beyond description.

The Queen went on to say that what was happening in Russia really baffled imagination; the gentlemen’s houses, beautiful places, were everywhere sacked and burnt, what could be carried off taken, and their owners turned out with nothing. At Petrograd the mob had cut the pictures out of their frames in the Winter Palace and had been selling them and the other beautiful things they had robbed from the Palace, in the streets for nothing.

She then went on to talk of the atrocities of the Germans in Flanders and France, and said, ‘I hate the Germans, I hate the Germans, and always have hated the Germans.’ I was very sorry for her, and indeed very sorry for us all, for I feel by no means sure we may not see things of the same sort in England.<sup>24</sup>

Two days after the Armistice Halifax wrote gloomily to Athelstan Riley:

I don’t know what you feel about all this news. To me it brings chiefly a heartache. . . . Surely the world has never seen a greater tragedy; and then what has the future in store for us? All this joy and rejoicing, these cheers for the King, all that is happy now may well be drowned in tears and blood and ruin before long. The certainty that God reigns and that one day everything will be made new in Heaven and Earth is the only support when one thinks of all the possibilities of the present.<sup>25</sup>

The troubles in Ireland, if not so cataclysmal as those in Russia, were as disquieting because so near home. For the easing of them, and in particular of the problem of Irish conscription, Halifax had a sudden and characteristic inspiration. In May 1918, accompanied by his son, he lunched with the Prime Minister, to whom he proposed that the King should cross over to Ire-

land and personally appeal to his Irish subjects to join the army. Mr. Lloyd George thought the suggestion very interesting, but after consideration decided against it, probably wisely. Halifax, nevertheless, had come to a new judgment of the Prime Minister whom he had once disliked so much and fought so fiercely. A few days after the Armistice he wrote to him:

I cannot forbear writing you one line (though I feel somewhat intrusive in doing so) to say how much your recent speeches and letters have moved me, how cordially I wish you every success at the coming election, and how deeply I thank God for giving us someone at the head of affairs in times like the present, who possesses that best of all God's good gifts—the gift of imagination. It is, with some others, *the* power that rules the world, and who is there in England except yourself who possesses it at this moment?<sup>26</sup>

'A letter such as yours,' Mr. Lloyd George replied, 'is a real help and support, coming as it does from one who has won the profoundest respect even from those who utterly differ from his opinions.'<sup>27</sup>

Halifax's confidence in the imagination of the Prime Minister was a little shaken by the demand for the extradition and trial of the Kaiser. It was, he contended in a letter to *The Times*, wrong in principle and in policy, in the first because it was an assumption of Divine justice, in the second because it would invest the victim with the halo of martyrdom. It is hardly necessary to-day to argue the rightness of his view, which at the time was by no means popular, though it brought him grateful letters from Lord Bryce and Sir Herbert Maxwell.

While the War put some of the old troubles of the Church into cold storage, it produced a few new ones. At a very early stage Halifax found himself at odds with the Chaplain General, Bishop Taylor Smith. Briefly he had two complaints: there were not enough chaplains, and in the selection of them there

was discrimination against Anglo-Catholics. On October 5th 1914, he wrote on the subject to Lord Kitchener, who (it may not be generally known) had himself once been a member of the English Church Union.\*

Would it be possible [he asked] for you to say a word to the Chaplain General about the selection of chaplains he makes for the Army? Whatever excuse may be made on the subject, and however little he may admit it, I do not think there can be any doubt that in the past chaplains such as I should like to see with the soldiers, and who would be likely to give the soldiers exactly that help which is most wanted under present circumstances, do not get the encouragement from him which is given to chaplains of a different sort. . . . When one thinks of all those whom one knows—not only privates but officers—now in peril of death and wounds . . . one does long that they should have the help and comfort which they would have at home.<sup>28</sup>

A few days later Halifax wrote to Bishop Taylor Smith.

All are prepared to face the sacrifices which God may ask of them, but how great a help for those who may be called to die and who have to live it will be if they know that the means Our Lord has provided for a good life and a holy death are within the reach of all. . . .

I will not say much about the camps, but the New Army, both in the camps and at the front, will be made up of men who were, and will be again, civilians. Surely these ought, as soldiers, to have the same privileges which they had as civilians. They all ought to have an opportunity of attending a Celebration of Holy Communion and receiving Holy Communion every Sunday. . . .

I come now, in conclusion, to our soldiers at the front, and here

\*Among the correspondence of the late H. W. Hill was a copy of a letter from Lord Kitchener to Miss Conder, sister of Colonel Conder, his fellow-surveyor in Palestine, in which a full and correct description is given of 'the proper vestments for the celebration of Holy Communion.' The date of the letter is October 27th, 1875, the year after the passing of the P.W.R.A.

I only want to emphasise what I have already touched upon, the need of enough chaplains in the fighting line to ensure that the soldiers may have the ministration they require. There must be hundreds and thousands of men who would wish to make their confessions and receive Holy Communion before going into action. With the mass of wounded and dying, how many men there must be (unless there are plenty of clergy) who must be left to die without those helps which would be everything to them at such a moment!<sup>29</sup>

Halifax made certain suggestions, on which the Chaplain General, in a lengthy reply, poured a bucket of cold water. There were, he wrote, plenty of chaplains and services at the camps, and as many of both at the front as the military authorities allowed. As to the selection of men,

Having to cover all sorts and conditions of Churchmen in the Army, and with a desire to help all and hinder none, I make it a rule to appoint Catholics—men who will not be party men, but loving and considerate to all. An Extremist is out of place in the Army.<sup>30</sup>

It may be suspected that what Halifax meant by a Catholic the Chaplain General meant by an extremist, and that what the Chaplain General called a Catholic Halifax would have called something else. The letter ended with an appeal to Halifax, as President of the English Church Union, to use his influence to persuade the Editor of *The Church Times* to desist from publishing ‘false statements and uncharitable insinuations’ on the subject. The Chaplain General continued to appoint ‘Catholics’ and the Editor of *The Church Times*, with Halifax’s full approval, to denounce him.

The article in *The Church Times* is very good [Halifax wrote to Hill in September 1915]. That Chaplain General has to be got rid of and the whole system of Army Chaplains reorganized from top to bottom. I wonder how we can best set about it.<sup>31</sup>

The work of the English Church Union went on as best it could amid the difficulties of the War. Some of the trouble was with the younger men, the 'Band of Hope,' as an association of unbeneficed clergy in the diocese of London was styled, and the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, a lively publishing enterprise which had already singed a few episcopal gaiters with some of R. A. Knox's more startling squibs. Halifax had more sympathy with such ebullitions than had most of his contemporaries. He became very much attached to one or two of the younger men of the Movement, like Maurice Child, and, in spite of the misgivings of his friends, he entrusted to the Society of SS. Peter and Paul the task of printing for him the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. Hill suffered their outbreaks less gladly. 'I wonder,' he wrote to Halifax in 1916, 'if there is anybody who can keep these young people in order and from making such donkeys of themselves.'<sup>32</sup>

But a few months later Hill fell seriously ill. At one time hope was almost abandoned. 'I do pray God with all my heart that he may recover,' Halifax wrote to Riley, 'and be able to continue his work, for he is, as we count such matters, indispensable to the Union.'<sup>33</sup> He did recover, and before a year had passed, was back in his office excoriating with impartial vigour the enemy without and within the Union. ('You *were*, were you not? a little cross with Tracy\* and E. G. Wood,'<sup>34</sup> wrote Halifax in gentle reproof.)

The enemy without was the Dean of Durham, whose nomination to be Bishop of Hereford created another crisis in the Church. Dr. Henson, who was to become a respected member of the episcopate, had sown some literary wild oats in three books, in the course of which, if he did not actually reject the Virgin Birth and the Bodily Resurrection of Our Lord, he was understood to express his readiness to ordain men who did.

\*The Hon. and Rev. A. Hanbury Tracy.

The announcement of his nomination to the see of Hereford appeared on December 11th 1918, and awakened a fierce controversy. Bishop Gore talked of resigning from the episcopate, the Editor of *The Church Times*, Dr. Hermitage Day, as a resident in Hereford, was especially vehement, while the English Church Union, proposing to hold a mass meeting of protest in the city itself, was only foiled by the refusal of the Mayor to allow the Town Hall to be used for the purpose.

The Chapter of Hereford met on January 4th 1918, when out of nineteen prebendaries four were found to risk the penalties of *Praemunire* by voting against the appointment. Confirmation and consecration alone remained to be achieved. Correspondence on the subject meanwhile overflowed from the columns of *The Church Times* into those of its secular contemporary. On January 1st a letter appeared in *The Times* from Dr. Darwell Stone, in which, with all the weight and authority of his theological learning, he gave the offending passages in Dr. Henson's books; provoking from Dr. Sanday a letter of which the gist was that he and the Bishop-elect of Hereford were both Modernists together. The unfortunate Dr. Henson might well have muttered, '*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,*' for Dr. Sanday's championship was more damaging to his cause than any attack. It at once presented the opposition with a formidable recruit in the veteran Evangelical, Dean Wace of Canterbury, so that the affair could no longer be dismissed as an *émeute* of High Churchmen. The embarrassment of the authorities was further increased by the formal Letter of Protest which the Bishop of Oxford addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The louder the clamour grew, the sterner became the resolution of Dr. Henson to resist it; so that Hereford promised to be an even graver test than Kikuyu had been of the diplomatic powers of the Archbishop. Halifax himself had lost no time in

declaring himself. In a letter to Hill of December 15th 1917, he denounced the appointment as 'monstrous.' The Prime Minister should never have made it, nor the King have approved it. Loyal churchpeople could not be blamed if they supported Disestablishment as the only remedy for 'such atrocious scandals.'<sup>34</sup> Hill betook himself to a study of Dr. Henson's writings and, after sitting up till two o'clock in the morning, found in them 'quite enough to hang any man.'<sup>35</sup> He at once began to feed the newspapers with paragraphs, letters, and advertisements on the subject, and was also busy with the arrangements for the abortive meeting at Hereford.

Halifax wrote to *The Times* and to the Archbishop, who was far too mild for his liking. On January 14th he waylaid him in the House of Lords. 'Found Halifax awaiting me,' the Archbishop wrote in his diary, 'excited and eager; beseeching me to refuse consecration to a man who will, whatever his own beliefs, ordain unbelievers.'<sup>36</sup> An undated letter to Athelstan Riley gives what is probably Halifax's version of the meeting.

I have seen the Archbishop. I am *very sorry* for him. He was as nice as possible to me, but is evidently in great anxiety and trouble. I said all I could, gave him the two extracts from Henson, and his own statement in 1912. . . . Of course the Archbishop was entirely bound up with legalities. I don't think his resignation is as probable as we thought. He only said if he refused Henson he must resign.<sup>37</sup>

The Church of England must be kept together, and after some of the most anxious days of his life Randall Davidson succeeded in getting from Dr. Henson a letter of assurance that he repeated the words of the Creed *ex animo*. This admission satisfied the Archbishop and placated Gore, but was of no avail with the English Church Union. A mere letter—and a jaunty one at that—was an insufficient expiation of heresy; what was demanded was a formal recantation. On January 24th Halifax,

as President of the Union, transmitted to the Archbishop a protest signed by a number of leading churchmen. He even had the idea of organising a 'pilgrimage' to Lambeth on the day appointed for the consecration. The 'pilgrims' were to arrive in such numbers that it would be impossible for the Archbishop to get through. The project was abandoned for the excellent reason that, the date being February 1918, most of the more active members of the Union were otherwise engaged. At the confirmation of the Bishop-elect in Bow church, Dr. Hermite Day and a layman from Hereford lodged objections, but were over-ruled; and at the subsequent consecration some of the bishops invited refused to assist. However, Dr. Henson was *episcopatus*, and the English Church Union had to content itself with a monster petition of protest to Convocation.

The affair of the bishopric of Hereford was Halifax's warmest embroilment in the War years. He took no part in the Life and Liberty movement, which he regarded with suspicion as likely to involve encroachments by the Representative Church Council upon the authority of Convocation and of the Parochial Church Council upon that of the churchwardens and vestry.

His great preoccupation was in the building of a church at Goldthorpe, a project on which he spent some £20,000. The development of the pits had brought a new population into the district and converted a tiny village into a small town, in which for some time the only church was a small temporary one served from Hickleton. The new church, of which the architect was Mr. A. Y. Nutt, was a ferro-concrete building of Venetian design. The clock-tower, the baldachino, and the Stations of the Cross were all that care and generosity could make them. The church was consecrated on May 18th 1916 by the Bishop of Sheffield (Dr. Burrows), the Archbishop of York preaching the sermon. The first incumbent was the Rev. C. P. Shaw, with whom there was much correspondence about the interior

ornaments and equipment. 'The expenses . . . have so run up,' Halifax wrote to him, 'that if I don't take care I shall be in the King's Bench, which would be good neither for Goldthorpe nor me.'<sup>38</sup>

The new church brought him into one unhappy conflict. As early as December 1915 Halifax wrote to Edward that there was threat of 'a subterranean war with the Bishop of Sheffield.' . . . 'I shall be *suaviter in modo* to the greatest degree, but as to substance like the *nether millstone*'<sup>39</sup> In 1917 the war ceased to be subterranean and the Bishop placed Father Shaw under discipline for refusing to obey his regulations about Reservation. Halifax wrote indignantly to the Archbishop of York:

You will hate the sight of my handwriting, but I cannot help sending you the enclosed in order that your Grace may see the reward we get for having for the last twenty years done all the spiritual work at Goldthorpe with its 5 and 6000 population, who would otherwise have been completely neglected, and for spending some £16,000 and more on the Church and clergy house.

Mr. S——, who does absolutely nothing except take money to which he is not entitled, is let alone—we are put 'under discipline.'<sup>40</sup>

Not that Halifax was as unyielding on the subject as people supposed.

The truth is [he wrote to Athelstan Riley] that it is either *materialistic* theories about the Sacrament or receptionist theories which are at the bottom of half these difficulties, and that if people could only realize how much latitude in regard to all these matters has to be admitted we should not have half the objections to deal with which are raised on one side or the other. Further, what can it matter whether the B. Sacrament is reserved in a pyx or an aumbry or a tabernacle? All these things in my opinion are 'mint, anise and cummin.'<sup>41</sup>

Halifax meanwhile was continuing, without much success, to press upon the clergy the merits of Edward VI's First Book.

For the last three years [he wrote to Hill in 1918] I have been trying to get the clergy to say the Mass audibly and to use Edward's 1st Book, and what has been the result? In my own house, in parishes like St. Mary's [Graham Street] which I have helped to endow and of which I am patron, in *these respects* all that I have said and done is treated with contempt.<sup>42</sup>

Indeed the clergy were difficult. Halifax had a little plot to use Edward VI's Prayer Book for a Requiem at All Saints, Margaret Street, on November 13th, 1918. It was to be kept a great secret and 'I would take all the blame on myself and declare that I alone was responsible.'<sup>43</sup> But in default of time to make the necessary arrangements the project was deferred till the spring of 1919, when Edward's Liturgy was given at All Saints. Halifax, however, was at Bovey Tracey and was unable to be present.

Audibility in the Mass—that other matter in which he complained of having been treated 'with contempt'—was only a little less important than the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. Halifax disliked intensely the practice, of growing prevalence among the more extreme Anglo-Catholic priests, of saying the Canon silently. He believed it to be without authority in Catholic tradition, notwithstanding an alleged statement by St. Alphonso Liguori, as well as upsetting to the less instructed members of a congregation. When he was in London, he usually attended St. Mary's, Graham Street, an offshoot of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; but although a warden and firmly attached to the church, he was never reconciled to the deliberate inaudibility of its clergy.

St. Mary's must go its own way, but it was beyond bearing in silence when in May 1916 he was at High Mass in the new church at Goldthorpe and 'after the Sanctus . . . it was impos-

sible to know what was going on, or what point the service had reached.' He addressed a strong letter of remonstrance to Father Shaw, setting out at length the order of High Mass as he would like to see (and hear) it. At the same time he claimed no 'sort of right to interfere with what you who have the souls of the people of Goldthorpe in charge . . . may think right and best.'<sup>44</sup>

In later years, when Halifax had become very deaf and was unable to tell whether his failure to hear the Canon was due to his infirmity or to the intention of the celebrant, he was a little suspicious that advantage might be taken of his deafness to introduce the horrid practice of inaudibility into Hickleton church. 'Speaking in the temple of Truth,' he said to a guest after Mass, 'will you tell me if there was a long pause in the middle of the service this morning?' 'No, I don't think so, Lord Halifax.' 'I'm so deaf now, but could *you* hear the whole of the Prayer of Consecration?' 'Perfectly.' Halifax was visibly relieved.

While Kikuyu, Dr. Henson, the Army chaplains, Reservation, and Goldthorpe were his greater cares during the War, on February 14th 1917, he had to discharge one of the most difficult and thankless tasks of his life. Sir Oliver Lodge had recently published *Raymond*, a record of his son who had been killed at Hooge in September 1915 at the age of twenty-six. The first part of the book gave an account of Raymond Lodge's short life, the second purported to give a number of communications received from him since his death. Sir Oliver concluded by discussing the evidence of survival and of the conditions after death disclosed by these spirit messages. The book, from a man of his scientific reputation, created a considerable sensation. It led many who had hitherto treated spiritualism as an affair of cranks and charlatans to reconsider their opinion; and it sent numbers of those who had been bereaved by the War to seek

the dubious consolation offered them (at a price) by professional mediums. Halifax thought the book horrible and dangerous, and said so; and when he was invited to address the congregation of St. Martin-in-the-Fields on the subject, he felt it was his duty—and one that he might not shirk—to accept. He dreaded the task, for it would be impossible to say what had to be said without giving pain and offence to many people in sorrow through the War. For some days before February 14th his diary and his letters to his friends are full of forebodings; but the thing had to be done.

St. Martin's was crowded on the day. Halifax began by paying a graceful tribute to the subject of the memoir. On the first part of the book he had, of course, no criticism to offer; it was the second part that he must question. The messages, which had mostly been received through a medium in trance, were neither convincing nor always edifying; and to Halifax, as to many others, it seemed that if there was an appointed means of communication with the dead, it would not be found in the roundabout and sometimes ridiculous methods of the spiritualists. But more important than the question of the genuineness of the messages was that of their origin. He summarised Sir Oliver Lodge's claim. 'If false, we need not discuss it. If true, it is necromancy.' And, he added, 'every instructed Christian knows that he has no right to meddle in such matters,' for, by doing so, he exposed himself to 'most terrible dangers.' The source, therefore, was the devil, who 'for his own purposes can transform himself into an angel of light.' Halifax particularly condemned Lodge's contention that spiritualism was 'a new revelation intended to supplement and correct the Revelation contained in the Bible.' For the Christian no such new revelation was necessary, since his religion contained all the evidence of immortality that man required. Our true union with the departed was to be sought in the Blessed Sacrament—'the

intimate communion vouchsafed to the members of Christ's body one with another.<sup>45</sup>

It was a courageous speech, which brought him many letters of thanks from those who were present; though others left the church deeply dissatisfied and, in the vestry after the meeting, Lady Lodge herself appeared and there were some moments of slightly embarrassed conversation.

The War was a wearing time. There were no holidays of recuperation abroad. There was great anxiety for Edward, until at the end of 1917 he returned from France to take up a post in the Ministry of National Service. Journeys to London were exhausting, since the trains, delayed by congestion of traffic, by air raids and by alarms, were often several hours late. The raids themselves were irksome rather than alarming, though the war came a little closer than was pleasant when a bomb was dropped a few yards from the front door of 88 Eaton Square. At the end of 1918 Halifax was in his eightieth year. 'You know I am growing very old,' he said to James. 'Yes, my lord, I have noticed it for some time,' was the candid reply.<sup>46</sup> James was a greater comfort than ever, and during the last months of the War Halifax was much exercised over the attempts, fortunately unsuccessful, to capture his faithful attendant for the Army. Old Halifax might be, but not too old to have lost his sympathy with the young. An Australian airman, invited to stay at Hickleton, wrote after his departure: 'It is the first time since leaving Australia that I've felt as if I was at home and among real friends.'<sup>47</sup>

Nor was Halifax too old to bait an occasional bishop or to extract a good deal of fun out of life. Christmas 1918 was kept at Hickleton in quite the old style, the house filling with children and grandchildren. There was sliding in the stable-yard, and a tree for the children, and Pounce Commerce for all after dinner. The children must be introduced to Mrs. Box, the

ghostly housekeeper who had hanged herself long years ago and was still reported to walk the corridors; indeed the lady appeared, very visibly and even tangibly, to the consternation of the younger guests—until it was discovered that an old gentleman of seventy-nine had lost none of his old love of dressing up and playing tricks on his family. It was the first Christmas of the peace, and the last of the old tradition in its perfection that Halifax was to keep.

## XVII. 1919-1921

On April 22nd, 1919, Lord and Lady Halifax kept their Golden Wedding. They made their Communions together in Hickleton Church—‘thinking of St. Paul’s, Knightsbridge, fifty years ago.’<sup>1</sup> There was a dinner for the tenants at one and a gathering in front of the house at three, when speeches were made and a gold cup was presented. The celebrations were on a modest scale, partly because of the closeness of the War, but more by reason of Lady Halifax’s health. She had supported, beyond expectation, the anxieties of the last four years, without recourse to any climate less rigorous than that of Bournemouth; and in 1918 had delighted her husband by her walking feats and, on one occasion, by her success in scaling a ten foot wall in Devonshire. But she was now in her eighty-first year and the strain of the War must have exhausted her strength. On February 2nd, 1919, coming home with Halifax from a service at St. Mary’s, Graham Street, she nearly fainted. The doctor, on being summoned, reported that she had a patch on one lung and a very bad pulse, and for some days she was seriously ill. Even when the danger was past, she mended slowly, though by the end of the month she was taking short drives about London.

In May the Halifaxes went down to Bovey Tracey as usual. She could not, of course, take any of the familiar walks, but she drove a good deal, and on June 7th, Halifax’s eightieth birthday, there was a great excursion with Edward and Lady Dorothy and their children to the Moults.

After nearly a month at Bovey Tracey they returned to

London, where Lady Halifax again saw her doctor, who thought her much stronger, but recommended a slight operation. Of her own accord she decided to have it. On June 30th she presided with her usual serene hospitality over a dinner-party which she had refused to cancel, and on the following morning she and Halifax made their Communions at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Next day the operation took place. It proved to be more difficult and complicated than had been expected, but she bore it very well. On Thursday, July 3rd, the doctors were not so satisfied with her, and on Friday they broke the news to Halifax that there was no hope of her recovery. He went upstairs at once and told her himself, very gently, that she was going to the three boys and to her father. She said it was as she had thought, kissed him, and asked to be left alone for a few moments. A little after eight o'clock Father Whitby arrived from St. Mary's to hear her confession and to give her the Sacrament and Extreme Unction. The servants had come up and were kneeling in the room, and after Father Whitby had gone she shook hands with each of them in turn and said goodbye. Her husband and her three children were by her bed. 'You'll take care of him, won't you?' she said to the children. She then sent messages to all her people at Hickleton, forgetting no one, and about ten o'clock became unconscious. An hour later, as Father Whitby, who had returned, was saying the last prayers, she died very peacefully. She was buried beside her three sons in the South Chapel at Hickleton. 'For Papa it is the end of everything,' Lady Bingley wrote to Canon Wylde. 'I feel now he is only longing for the moment when his call will come to join her.'<sup>2</sup>

That there has been but little about Lady Halifax in this book is but a sign of the completeness with which she identified herself with her husband. When they were separated, they wrote daily to each other, but they were seldom apart for very long.

He was her life; every interest and cause that he adopted became hers as a matter of course; and of what she represented to him only those who knew him best were aware. He had taken over her life and background as completely as she had taken over his; her people had been his people and her home his home. He was immensely proud of her, of her unruffled dignity, her social talent, the confidence with which she dealt with domestic mischances, even the awe which she inspired in the casual visitor. She was to him the perfect hostess as well as the perfect wife. After her death a new sense of finality appears in his letters and diaries. He had lived his life, completed such work as God had allowed him to do; all that was left to him was patiently to await his release.

After the funeral he stayed on at Hickleton and occupied himself during the summer with the melancholy task of reading and sorting his papers.

I have . . . been beginning to put some order into my old letters and I find it a very difficult job [he wrote to Athelstan Riley on July 8th] . . . It is about the only thing I care about doing, for in truth I have not much heart for anything. I live in the past and find it almost impossible to read the newspapers. One ought not to be like this I suppose; indeed I know that my sorrow is purely selfish; but change after fifty years seems impossible, and the future—except *the real future*—is outside one's thoughts and makes no appeal to me. I feel I should never want to leave this place again. But I daresay I shall be different later on.<sup>3</sup>

Nor was he any longer President of the English Church Union. Had it not been for the War he would have resigned earlier. On February 12th, 1919, he wrote to the Chairman of the Council:

I shall be grateful if you will state that I do not wish to be nominated again as President. I shall be eighty in June, I have grown deaf, my sight is failing, my memory is not what it was,

and I am every day more conscious that I am not able to discharge the duties of President as they ought to be discharged.

It was, he wrote, right that he should make way for a younger man.

I have held the office of President for more than fifty years. My first annual address was delivered in the year 1868, and caring for the Union as I have, and for the interests and principles it was constituted to promote—interests which have been the objects of my life—I cannot lay down my office without feelings of the deepest regret.<sup>4</sup>

He was conscious of shortcomings and failures, and he prayed for God's protection for a Society which had at no time been more necessary to the Church. He hoped the Council would choose his successor wisely, and if, the time being short, they were in any difficulty, he was at their disposal and would continue in office for a short period until their minds were made up.

His impending resignation had already been the subject of much private discussion and of anxious correspondence. Such a problem had not confronted the Council within the experience of its members. The Union had for many years been dominated by the combination of Halifax and Hill, whose rule, efficient though it had been, was too despotic for the taste of some of the clergy. They hoped for more latitude under a new President and were determined, if they could, to secure someone who would give it them. Halifax, on the other hand, hoped for a young and vigorous President who would continue government by the firm hand. Then there was Athelstan Riley, who was neither very young nor likely to prove a figurehead, but was an obvious candidate, until he refused to allow his name to be put forward. His example was followed by Lord Phillimore, another almost equally obvious candidate. Edward, who would probably have satisfied all parties, was too occupied with poli-

tics; and against nearly everyone else whose name was canvassed there appeared to be some valid objection.

The situation was becoming precarious when Lord Phillimore, under some pressure, was induced to reconsider his decision to the extent of serving as President for one year, so as to allow time for the discovery of a more permanent successor. He soon found that the office was by no means a bed of roses. Hill too had resigned the secretaryship, and some of the clergy, taking advantage of the almost simultaneous disappearance of their two monitors, raised rebellious heads against the new President. At the end of his year of office Phillimore made it clear that nothing would induce him to prolong the experiment, and the hunt began all over again.

Lord Hugh Cecil, upon being invited to stand, produced an *apologia* which convinced Halifax and Riley that he did not see eye to eye with them on many important matters; while Lord Wolmer, upon whom Halifax, some of his old spirit returning in the face of these rebuffs, exercised his utmost arts of persuasion, similarly begged to be excused. Athelstan Riley again refused; sundry other eminent persons were weighed and found wanting; Canon E. G. Wood offered his support to Hill; Halifax, in despair, talked of winding up the Union; and finally a measure of unanimity was won from all parties in favour of Sir Robert Newman.\*

Even then the trouble was not over, for Canon Wood and Canon Maclean suddenly nominated Athelstan Riley in opposition. He, unaware that Halifax had accepted Sir Robert Newman's candidature, had at last agreed to stand, provided that his sponsors published a letter from him making clear the policy which, if chosen, he proposed to pursue. He then went abroad, and in his absence his supporters nominated him, without, however, disclosing the letter. Riley returned to find the

\*Now Lord Mamhead.

election proceeding and, greatly annoyed, wrote to *The Church Times* withdrawing his candidature. Sir Robert Newman thus became President—for a season—of the English Church Union.

The Presidential election closed one very long chapter, and in June 1920 there was, as it seemed, the end of another, when Halifax made what he intended to be his valedictory speech in the House of Lords. He delivered it in opposition to Lord Buckmaster's Matrimonial Causes Bill, which aimed at facilitating divorce. 'I shall probably never address your lordships again,' Halifax told his peers. 'The sands of my life are very nearly run out.'<sup>5</sup> He began with much of his old fire and eloquence, but in the middle of his speech he faltered and almost broke down. He drank a glass of water, was heard to say that he was 'nearly blind and dead'<sup>6</sup>, and brought his speech to an abrupt ending.

Truly his life appeared to be drawing to a close with all the irksome preliminaries of dissolution. His hearing had begun to fail; he had trouble with his eyes and teeth; and in 1920 and 1921 he had three separate operations for cataract. After the operations he could read books and write letters again; otherwise, of all his interests there remained little but his family and his surviving friends. Edward's and Lady Dorothy's third son, Richard, was born in October 1920, and in April 1921 Edward, to his father's satisfaction, became Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. In July of the same year, however, Halifax's sister, Edith Lowry-Corry, died, and of all the family of children who had filled Hickleton in the middle years of the nineteenth century only Halifax himself and Mrs. Dundas were left. The end of a long journey appeared to be in sight.

## XVIII. Malines: *The First Conversation*

'Si la vérité a ses droits, la charité a ses devoirs.'—*Cardinal Mercier.*

In 1921 Halifax thought and said that his life was over. The death of his wife, his resignation of the Presidency of the English Church Union, and his increasing infirmities seemed part of a process of liquidation. There would be a respite, in which he might arrange his papers and 'make his soul'; then his summons would reach him to leave a world with which he found himself yearly at greater variance, and to join the company of those who had been dearest to him. Both he and his friends would have scarcely credited that in the autumn of 1921 he was on the threshold of a period of new and intense activity, of perhaps the most astonishing adventure of his long life. Yet so it was. Very few men, at the age of eighty-two, are capable of fresh enterprises and friendships; they look back to the past rather than forward to the future; their minds are set in the mould of a bygone age; they are resigned to a contracting circle of acquaintance. But at the end of 1921 Halifax embarked upon the Conversations at Malines and found, in Cardinal Mercier, a friend of the calibre of Liddon, Birkbeck, and Portal.

In addition to the official Report of 1928,\* much has been written about the Conversations. Apart from Halifax's own publications,† the Bishop of Chichester and Dr. Prestige have

\* *The Conversations at Malines, 1921-1925*, not to be confused with *The Conversations at Malines* published by Lord Halifax in 1930.

† *A Call to Reunion* (1922), *Further Considerations on Behalf of Reunion* (1923). *Reunion and the Roman Primacy* (1925), *Catholic Reunion* (1926), *Notes on the Conversations at Malines* (1928), *The Conversations at Malines—Original Documents* (1930).

told the story from the respective standpoints of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Charles Gore, while Dr. Frere, in *Recollections of Malines*, includes, among other interesting and hitherto unpublished material, Gore's paper 'On Unity with Diversity.' Halifax would have liked to publish a volume on the Conversations equivalent to his *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*. He collected and arranged all his papers on the subject with that purpose in view, but in the end had perforce to acknowledge that the task was altogether beyond his failing powers. A few weeks before his death he sent his boxes of letters and memoranda to the present writer, with the idea that, under his own supervision, such a book might be prepared. His death ended, or at least postponed, a project which one day might with advantage be resumed by some qualified person; the documentary evidence will at any rate remain in being, attached to the Hickleton Papers. Meanwhile his biographer must try to avoid the temptation of anticipating someone else's future task. The Conversations are the most important episode in Halifax's work for Reunion, which was an important—perhaps the most important—work of his life. But in a biography there is a proportion to be observed, and to attempt a fully documented account of the Conversations would unwarrantably extend the length and obscure the subject of this book. While therefore the papers will provide the background of these chapters, they will remain a background. What will be told will be the story of the Conversations from Halifax's angle, just as Dr. Bell and Dr. Prestige have given it from the angles of Randall Davidson and Charles Gore.

In 1896 the Bull *Apostolicae Curae* had appeared to close the road to Reunion. Portal, under orders, and Halifax, by necessity, had abandoned their attempt at a *rapprochement* between Rome and Canterbury. Their desire, of course, remained; so did their friendship. They had corresponded frequently and,

except during the years of war, had met as often as circumstances allowed. The War, though momentarily diverting attention from ecclesiastical questions, was but a further proof of the over-riding necessity of that Reunion which was never far from the mind of either man. Its conclusion opened a more hopeful prospect. There had been the recent association in arms of Great Britain with three Catholic countries of the Continent; there was a readiness to bring a new temper to the consideration of old problems; while the appearance of revolutionary movements, most of them hostile to religion, was an added argument for closing the ranks.

The new impetus came from the bishops of the Anglican Communion assembled at Lambeth in 1920. A Reunion Committee, under the chairmanship of the present Archbishop of Canterbury and with the strong support of Bishop Weston, produced the Appeal to all Christian Peoples which was adopted by the Conference. Acknowledging the share of Anglicanism in the guilt of schism, calling for a new vision of a united Catholic Church, and enumerating the foundations of such visible unity, the Appeal further declared the readiness of bishops and clergy to accept from the authorities of other communions 'a form of commission or recognition which would commend our ministry to their congregations, as having its place in the one family life.'

Here, in addition to other implications, appeared the glimmering of a way round the lowered horns and massive resistance of *Apostolicae Curae*, which had blocked the road for so many years. The possibility of using the Lambeth Appeal in the interests of a new *rapprochement* seems first to have occurred to Portal, and it was undoubtedly he who suggested to Halifax the approach to Désiré Joseph Mercier, the venerated Archbishop of Malines, who had already sent a friendly reply to the Appeal.

The courage, the scholarship, and the saintly life of Cardinal Mercier had won him an astonishing place in the world's esteem. He had denounced with unflinching gallantry a foreign invasion of Belgium which clearly infringed St. Thomas's three postulates for a righteous war. He had met the military repres-sions of General von Bissing with pastorals so outspoken that his friends feared for his liberty and even for his life. The Germans could not silence, but dared not imprison him; and for four years to the outside world and to his own people he had appeared an incarnation of Belgium, bloody but unbowed; while to the Church he had given a brilliant example of spiritual leadership against wrong and oppression. He was a priest after Halifax's heart, and by 1921 his position in the Church was unique. The senior member of the Sacred College, the War had brought him into relations with numbers of people beyond the bounds of his own or of any other Church. His visit to the United States in 1919 extended his acquaintance with those who were separated from Rome; while his friendly letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury indicated that his sympathy with projects of Reunion would be as certain as would be the value of the support he could bring to them.

Halifax had planned a journey on the Continent during the autumn of 1921. He would visit Portal, whom he had not seen since 1914, and together they would go the round of the battle-fields. They now enlarged their programme to include a journey to Malines, where Portal would arrange for them to have a talk with Cardinal Mercier. 'I shall try,' wrote Halifax on October 7th, 'to have letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York for Cardinal Mercier. This visit to the Cardinal seems to me a complete inspiration.'<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five years appeared to have rolled back.

The letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, a portion of which was printed in Dr. Bell's *Life*,<sup>2</sup> was guarded in its lan-

guage, the Archbishop being anxious to make it clear that Halifax was in no sense an ambassador; but it reads a little more cordially *in extenso* than in the extract:

The kind letter which Your Eminence wrote to me on May 21st in acknowledgment of the copy I had sent to you of our Lambeth Conference Appeal boldens me to write to you again upon a matter of present interest and perhaps importance.

I learn from Lord Halifax that he is about to pay a visit to France where he will meet his old friend the Abbé Portal, well-known I believe to Your Eminence, and I gather that it is possible they may have occasion to go also to Belgium and may meet Your Eminence there. Lord Halifax is, as Your Eminence doubtless knows, a faithful son of the Church of England, who has, during a long life, interested himself in all that concerns the Reunion of Christendom and specially perhaps the possibilities of a happier relationship between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. Lord Halifax does not go in any sense as ambassador or formal representative of the Church of England, nor have I endeavoured to put before him any suggestions with regard to the possibility of such conversations as might take place between Your Eminence and himself. Anything that he says therefore would be an expression of his personal opinion rather than an authoritative statement of the position or the endeavours of the Church of England in its corporate capacity. I cannot but think however that you would find a conversation with him consonant with the thought expressed in Your Eminence's letter to me of May 21st and of the visions set forth in the Lambeth Conference Appeal. Lord Halifax's lifelong interest in the whole question must necessarily give weight and importance to the opinion he expresses.

I feel sure that Your Eminence will pardon me for thus writing to you about my old and valued friend Lord Halifax, who has devoted his life largely to the service of the Church he loves.<sup>3</sup>

Halifax, needless to say, had wanted a little more than this.

On October 12th the Archbishop had written to him:

I need not assure you how deeply I have been interested in your letter about your approaching visit to France, and how greatly I should rejoice were you able to set forward something which may result ultimately in initial steps towards a closer association of the whole Church of the West. But I do not think I could rightly go quite so far as you suggest. Were the two Archbishops to write a letter enclosing documents like Mr. Keble's sermon it could not be regarded as other than an official pronouncement which I at least am not prepared to make unless it had been done after conference with the other Bishops and more deliberate decisions about it. . . . I am ready, however, to write to Cardinal Mercier.

You will let me say, my dear friend of many years, how entirely I appreciate the motive you have at heart and how much I believe may be done by your loving spirit in the use you make of special opportunities, special knowledge, and special personal characteristics which are your own.<sup>4</sup>

If Halifax went to Malines with no official credentials, he carried with him the good wishes of both Archbishops. Dr. Lang wrote on October 17th:

You will now have received my letter as well as that of the Archbishop of Canterbury about your journey. I am greatly relieved and pleased that you are not disappointed with his letter. For the reasons I have given I think it deals with the situation in the best possible way at the present stage. I agree with you that formal conferences are almost useless unless they have been preceded by informal and private conferences to pave the way.

Once again let me send you Godspeed.<sup>5</sup>

Halifax met the Abbé at Calais on Monday, October 17th. On that day and the next they visited Poperinghe, Ypres, Mount Kemmel, and the Messines Ridge, passing the night of Tuesday at Brussels. On Wednesday they called on the Cardinal at Malines.

He was most sympathetic and kind [Halifax wrote in his diary]. Kept us to luncheon. More talk after luncheon. Agreed that I should try to find two dependable people who might come back to Malines and continue the conversation we had had with him. Everything really seemed very hopeful.<sup>6</sup>

It will be observed that Halifax and Portal had returned to the project of conferences between selected Romans and Anglicans, the purpose from which they had previously been diverted by the enquiry into Anglican Orders. The proposal at first surprised Mercier who, knowing little of the situation in England, asked Halifax why he did not address himself to the Catholic authorities of his own country. When Halifax explained that there was a lack of sympathy in that quarter, the Cardinal agreed to sponsor the Conversations.

Halifax and Portal then continued their tour of the battle-fields, visiting Verdun and Rheims, and ending up at Paris, where Halifax renewed his acquaintance with some old friends. He returned to England on the 29th, well satisfied with the results of his journey. 'As you said, we are beginning again,'<sup>7</sup> wrote the Abbé to him on November 4th. Presently Halifax was able to send a favourable report on the Archbishops.

I have seen the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York. They were perfect. I have also sent Cardinal Mercier a letter asking him when it would suit him to receive the two or three persons for whom I am about to look.<sup>8</sup>

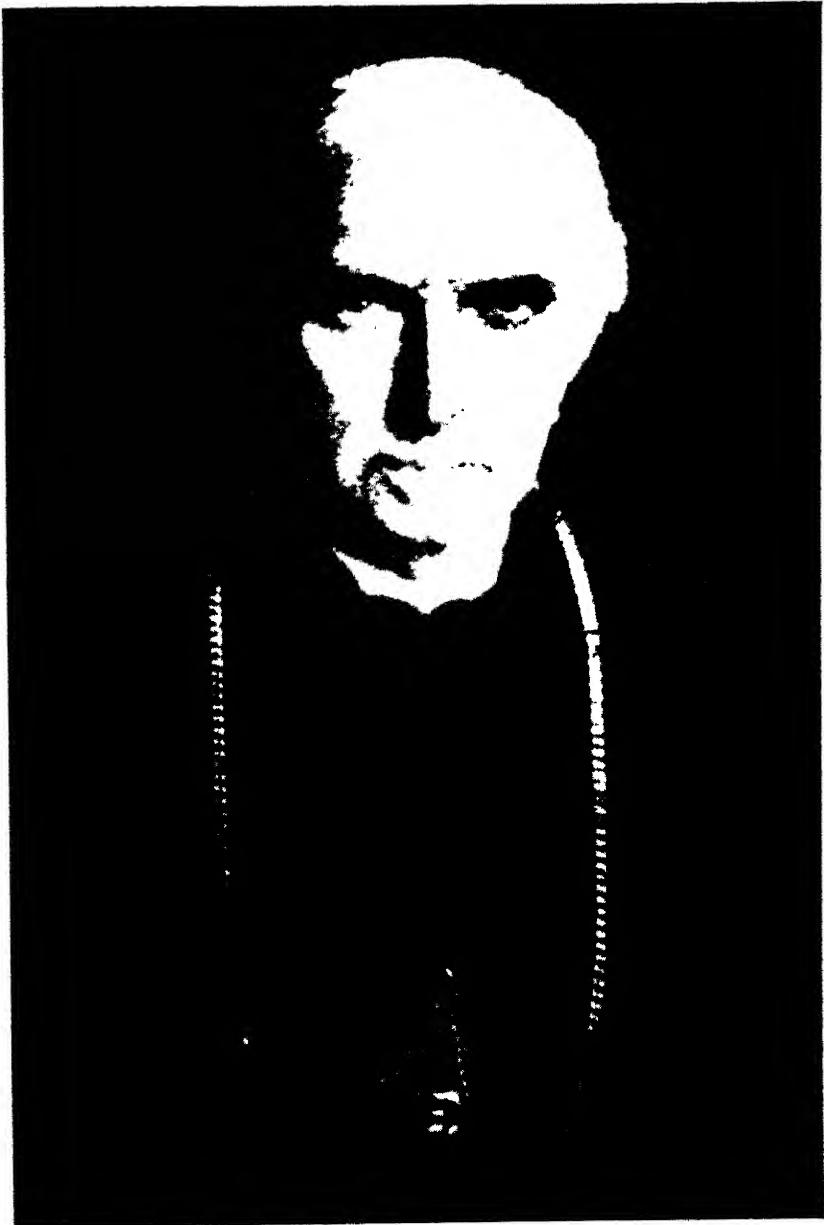
Besides the question of who was to go there was that of what was to be discussed. As agenda Halifax drew up a short memorandum, in which he pointed out that while the fundamental question was the nature of the Church, to broach it at the outset might be to create immediate oppositions, owing to the rather different connotation placed by Anglicans and Roman Catholics upon the term 'Church.' Halifax therefore wished to begin with other and less contentious subjects, which he went on to

enumerate. In other words, he thought the parties to the conference should start by trying to discover upon how much they were agreed rather than upon how much they differed. There was, he submitted, essential unity on Baptism, the Eucharist, and the necessity of episcopal ordination—a unity which was ‘not incompatible with many and great differences in practice.’<sup>9</sup> Theological statements, dealing as they did with Divine revelation which transcended the powers of human language, were necessarily approximate and incomplete, a truth which scholastic teaching had not always fully appreciated. If this were recognized, allowances could legitimately be made for divergences of opinion even upon what might appear to be important matters.

Portal took the same view. Let them begin with the official documents on both sides, on the Roman with the formularies of the Council of Trent, on the Anglican with the Thirty-Nine Articles. If Pusey had been right and the two were reconcilable, here was a promising starting-point.

Halifax’s memorandum, with certain alterations, was adopted as the basis of the future Conversation and sent to the Cardinal.\* Quite as important as the question of the agenda was that of personnel. Since the enterprise was still entirely unofficial, the responsibility of nomination rested exclusively with Halifax. The Archbishops might drop hints, but they could not insist upon names. Dr. Frere, the Superior of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, was Halifax’s first and obvious choice, from his fine scholarship, his Continental reputation in liturgiology, and his profound sympathy with the cause of Reunion. By the middle of November he had been invited and had accepted. But he must have a colleague. Halifax discussed

\*By a curious oversight the document printed on pages 1 and 2 of *A Call to Reunion* and again on pages 71–78 of *The Conversations at Malines* (1930) gives the original and unamended form. The necessary corrections appear on pages 15–19 of Dr. Frere’s *Recollections of Malines*.



CARDINAT MERCIER

various names with Hill and other friends. Upon one point he and Portal were in entire agreement, and that was the impossibility of Gore. On November 24th Halifax wrote to Portal that he had found the man who, if he could be persuaded to come, would be quite perfect. This was Dr. Armitage Robinson, the Dean of Wells, who, in addition to all his other qualifications, was a personal friend of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To help in overcoming the Dean's hesitations, Halifax enlisted the aid of the Archbishop of York; and after a long and pregnant silence the Dean agreed to go.

One further preliminary remained. On the advice of Mr. Stephen Gascoole, reinforced by memories of Cardinal Vaughan, Halifax went on November 29th to see Cardinal Bourne.

I told him [he wrote to Portal] that we had seen Cardinal Mercier and talked with him on the subject of reunion of the Churches, etc., etc. 'Ah! Cardinal Mercier,' he said. 'I know him well and have a great regard for him; we were at Louvain together. He is a great man, a most distinguished personality with strong influence. I am *very glad* that you have seen him.' My visit was a complete success. I was entirely satisfied on departing and asked his permission to come and see him after my return from Malines to tell him everything that had been said, and also, as I hoped, to ask for his good services to help in every possible way to bring about such conferences as Leo XIII discussed in 1894. The Cardinal was altogether sympathetic and I am sure you are going to be as satisfied as I am.<sup>10</sup>

The arrangements were now practically complete. 'Are we not at the point where we were in 1894?'<sup>11</sup> Halifax wrote to Portal. One matter troubled him a little. He believed that everything in his memorandum could be justified as implied in the Anglican formularies.

But it cannot be denied that the formularies can be explained in another sense and that many members of the Church of England

would not explain the position and teaching of their Church as I have explained it. The Cardinal [Mercier] must take this fact into account. . . . Another point. It must be admitted on our side that we harbour a wide tolerance of opinions in themselves heretical. They can often be excused by ignorance, but the fact is incontestable.<sup>12</sup>

The extract is worth quoting, since Halifax has been charged with consistently if unintentionally misleading Continental Roman Catholics as to the character and composition of the Church of England. Neither in 1921 nor in 1894 did he attempt to conceal the existence of hostile elements in his Church. But, as he reminded Portal, the formularies themselves, and not individual interpretations of them, were what mattered. If the formularies were such as to make Reunion possible, it was the right and duty of Anglicans like himself to work for it.

There was, and probably would always be, a difference of attitude.

The Church of England insists upon what is *de fide*, but allows a considerable liberty of opinion upon everything that is not strictly an article of faith, but with you it seems to me that there are many matters which are not of faith but on which people are not allowed to say what they like. I believe also that there was a greater liberty in this respect in the Middle Ages than there is now. This constitutes a real difference in procedure between you and us, which it is necessary to take into full account.<sup>13</sup>

Halifax, the Dean, and Dr. Frere had a preliminary meeting at 88 Eaton Square, at which they drew up 'An Outline of Points' to guide them in the impending discussions. This Outline, which is printed in Dr. Frere's book<sup>14</sup>, laid down that the objective of the meeting was

to make out a preliminary case for the holding of conferences between Roman Catholics and Anglicans, with some real, though at first informal, encouragement from the highest authorities on both sides.<sup>15</sup>

The Dean, who had arrived on Saturday evening, was taken on Sunday to St. Mary's, Graham Street.

I asked the Dean how he liked it [Halifax wrote to Edward] and he said he preferred the High Mass at Downside where he had been on the preceding Sunday. In the afternoon the Archbishop who is still at Lambeth and not well sent for him. The Dean had told him he was going with me and I think the Abp. wanted to know how the ground lay and to tell the Dean to be cautious. Indeed he had written him a letter to that effect.<sup>16</sup>

The three men left for Malines on Monday, December 5th, 1921. They were in the charge of James, whom Dr. Frere described as

a part, an inseparable part indeed, of the conferences, being excellent company on the journey, very capable in seeing us and our luggage into the right places: and very acceptable also when we got to Malines, for he had already friends there who had been refugees at Hickleton in the days of the War.<sup>17</sup>

It was late evening when they arrived, to be welcomed at the station in perfect English by Canon Dessain, the Cardinal's secretary. On the platform a pious Belgian, overawed by the ecclesiastical trappings of the Dean of Wells, knelt down and asked for a blessing, which Dr. Armitage Robinson, recovering from his surprise, hastened to give him.

Here we are in full swing [Halifax wrote to Edward]. All most interesting and I hope and think very hopeful. We get up soon after 7. The Abbé Portal says Mass in the Cardinal's chapel which is at the top of the great staircase opposite the large drawing-room where we have our discussions. At 9 we have our coffee and then at 10 we assemble in the big drawing-room. The Vicar General\* makes his appearance, then the Cardinal comes in. We exchange a

\*Monsignor van Roey, the Archbishop's Vicar General and now himself a Cardinal and Archbishop of Malines. He and Portal were Mercier's colleagues on the Roman side in the First Conversation.

word or so, then sit down round a table—the Cardinal, then me, then the Abbé, then the Vicar General, then Walter Frere, then the Dean of Wells, the other side of the Cardinal opposite me. It is quite a small round table and it is quite easy to hear what is said. We talk and discuss till one or thereabouts, then dinner or luncheon—the food in the evening at 7.30 is the same meal as at 1 or 1.30, all very good and appetizing cooking. . . .

Then after luncheon we have time to rearrange our thoughts or take a walk till 4, when we meet again, talk and converse and discuss till 7. Dinner or supper at 7.30. The Cardinal presides at luncheon and dinner, and then after dinner we retire to our rooms about 9, where we write and do what has to be done till bedtime.

I think I may say that I am quite satisfied. Nothing, as I have said, can be kinder or more delightful than the Cardinal or apparently more anxious to smooth the way and get round difficulties, and both Walter Frere and the Dean have been most helpful. We began with going through and discussing my memorandum which was generally approved of, and since that we have been going through the Lambeth Appeal for Unity. That I think has also been most satisfactory and useful. The Abbé tells me that he thinks the Cardinal is pleased and that we shall succeed in our object.<sup>18</sup>

The Report on the First Conversation may be read in *The Conversations at Malines* (1930)<sup>19</sup>. The Cardinal began by welcoming his guests and inviting the grace of the Holy Spirit. Halifax then spoke at some length, first on the Lambeth Appeal and next on his memorandum. When he had finished the Cardinal started to read the memorandum through, section by section, comments and explanations being offered by the others. From the question of the Visible and Invisible Church and that of Baptism as the condition of membership, the discussion moved on to the Council of Trent and the Vatican Council, the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the process, in the Roman Catholic Church, by which a truth becomes *de fide*.

Thence it was a natural transition to the Papacy, upon which some signs of differing opinions made their appearance.

During the afternoon the reading of the memorandum was finished. Explanations as to the Sacraments were asked for and given on both sides, after which there was a discussion upon dogma, the authority of bishops, and the liberty allowed or allowable to local Churches.

On the following day, December 7th, the Lambeth Appeal was similarly treated. On reaching Clause VII, which dealt with the episcopate, the Cardinal, on the Anglicans appealing to him for candid criticism, urged the necessity of a visible Head to the unity envisaged in the Appeal. The episcopate by itself was not a unifying agent of sufficient strength. 'Can you conceive,' he asked, 'having two stationmasters in Victoria Station? What a number of accidents on the railway would be recorded on the next day!'<sup>20</sup> (To this someone replied that Victoria was only one of many stations in London and that each had its separate chief.) When the Anglicans pointed out that they were bound to maintain contact with the Churches of the East and with their own Nonconformists, Mercier suggested that the good of the Church might best be served by an example. 'I cannot help asking myself whether the strong influence of such persons as yourselves would not act effectively, and even decisively, upon a large number of your co-religionists.'<sup>21</sup> Halifax himself demurred to the Cardinal's emphasis on the indispensability of a visible Head. That this was important he would not deny, but it was through the Holy Spirit that the unity of the Church was maintained. He desired with all his soul the return of Anglicans to communion with the Roman Church, but the Papacy itself had not always acted in the interests of unity. He recalled how de Maistre had described the Church of England, set midway between Protestants and Catholics, as occupying a 'providential position.'

After some further friendly exchanges, ending with offers of the hospitality of Hickleton or the Deanery at Wells for future conferences, the meeting adjourned. On its resumption at four o'clock, some time was spent in reading and revising the Minutes, which had been prepared by Dr. Frere and Portal, after which the Cardinal read the concluding clauses, VIII and IX, of the Lambeth Appeal. The first of these contained the all-important declaration:

We are persuaded that, terms of union having been otherwise satisfactorily adjusted, Bishops and clergy of our Communion would willingly accept from these authorities a form of commission or recognition which would commend our ministry to their congregations, as having its place in the one family life.

On this, as pointing to a possible way round the formidable obstruction of *Apostolicae Curae*, the Dean and Dr. Frere offered comments and explanations. While the overture had primarily in view the non-episcopal Churches, it involved a readiness on the part of Anglicans to accept a corresponding regularization from the Roman or Orthodox Churches. The Cardinal was reticent in his reply: ordination *sub conditione* or some sort of supplementary regularization might be required. Portal added that the Anglican bishops had set a great example of Christian humility.

The final session was held on the afternoon of Thursday the 8th, when the Cardinal expressed a wish for discretion to be observed on the subject of the Conversations. After Halifax had thanked him for his hospitality, the Dean asked for his blessing on all who had met, and this having been given, the meetings ended 'dans un sentiment de profonde émotion religieuse.'<sup>22</sup>

The Anglicans returned to London pleased with the progress made. The Dean—'le Doyen par excellence,'<sup>23</sup> as Portal named him—had an interview with the Archbishop at Lambeth.

I cannot sufficiently thank you [he wrote to Halifax] for your

great kindness to me from start to finish. It has given me one of the most remarkable experiences of my life, and I am convinced that it was worth all the labour and energy you put into it.

I gave your message to the Archbishop, who went through with the keenest interest so much of the English summary of the proceedings as Dr. Frere had got ready in time. He was much impressed and confident that our gathering was both of importance and true service.<sup>24</sup>

'It seems to me there are great hopes of peace,' was Dr. Frere's verdict, 'provided this modest little opening is kept quiet and not talked about.'<sup>25</sup>

Halifax was less restrained in voicing his enthusiasm to Portal. 'Indeed, my dear friend,' he wrote on December 13th, 'we have something for which to thank God. When everything has been said, after God, it is *you, you, you* who have done everything.'<sup>26</sup>

Can we really be at the dawn of a new epoch [Portal replied]? Everything encourages such a belief. We can only thank God for his goodness in using us to join up afresh threads which had been so brutally broken. Our old friendship surely had no need of reward, but that it pleases God to add to it this joy is indeed good and makes it even sweeter and more precious.<sup>27</sup>

More than a year elapsed before there was another Conversation at Malines. The parties to the first conference, while hopefully anticipating a sequel, had separated without making definite arrangements for a further meeting. There was much on both sides to be done; and there was the hope of some sort of official recognition.

On the Roman side every other event gave place in the opening weeks of 1922 to the death of Pope Benedict XI and the election as his successor of Cardinal Ratti (Pius XI), an old friend of Mercier's who was reported to take a deep interest in Reunion. The auguries for further Conversations were therefore good, though some delay in arranging them was inevitable

if Papal approval was to be sought and obtained. Meanwhile Mercier issued a Pastoral Letter to his diocese, in which, besides describing the events of the recent Conclave and election, he set out in unequivocal and even impassioned language the position of the successor of Peter. While some of the phrases were ill-attuned to English ears, the Letter gave the Cardinal's mind so clearly on an all-important question that he asked Halifax to have it translated and published in England. This Halifax, with some misgivings, agreed to undertake.

I am afraid it won't do us much good [he wrote to Athelstan Riley]. Let us only hope it won't do harm. Foreigners never can understand the English mind. Of course this was written for Belgians, but the translation is for us, and even I could demur to it.<sup>28</sup>

If published it must be, it should be accompanied by a Foreword; and so, gradually, the project expanded. In the end *A Call to Reunion* included not only the Pastoral Letter and the Foreword, but an account of Halifax's first interview with Mercier, the text of the memorandum which had formed the basis of the December Conversation, a short record of the Conversation itself, and some observations on Mercier's Letter. Since the Cardinal's last words had been a request for the least possible publicity, Halifax had to obtain his permission and that of Dr. Frere and the Dean for the appearance of the little book, in which the Pastoral Letter was now relegated to an Appendix. The preparation absorbed a good deal of energy during the middle months of 1922, despite the assistance he received from a Devonshire friend, Mr. Congreve Jackson. Neither the Dean nor Dr. Frere could altogether subscribe to the views expressed, while Gore, having been shown a copy before publication, was vehemently critical. He implored Halifax not to publish the book; it would fail in its object, produce a storm of repudiations, set back the Catholic cause in England, and hinder the *rapprochement* to the Orthodox. In fact it would be a 'disaster.'<sup>29</sup>

Halifax, however, was determined to publish, and *A Call to Reunion*, on appearing, brought him at least as many commendations as criticisms. Mercier, though much cumbered with the business of his diocese, read the Introduction from end to end.

I have thanked God for it from the bottom of my heart [he wrote on September 20th]. . . . I cannot delay by one day the homage of my religious gratitude to you and my assurance that I shall pray more urgently than ever for 'the reunion of Christendom.'<sup>30</sup>

He ended by suggesting the last week in October as a date for the next meeting. Halifax, owing to an impending operation to his eyes, was unable to accept the invitation.

Had I been able [he wrote] to come to Malines as your Eminence so kindly suggests, what I should have ventured to urge with all the earnestness of which I am capable is that your Eminence should have informed the Pope of all that has passed and has been written, and brought before His Holiness the possibility of carrying out what had been the first intention of Leo XIII, and to have authorised the necessary steps to secure such conferences, perhaps under the presidency of your Eminence, with Anglicans named by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to consider the possibility of taking such steps as might lead to the reconciliation of England with Rome and the general reunion of Christendom.<sup>31</sup>

Some months ago [Mercier answered] I received, by an authorised but confidential voice, the assurance that our exchanges of opinion were approved at the Vatican and that their continuance would be viewed with favour. But, in accordance with your declarations, repeated in your Introduction, I had represented our three amiable visitors at Malines on the 6th-9th December, 1921, as private persons, distinguished as was their position in England and in the Church of England. Now I hope from your letter that the Anglicans with whom we should be conversing next time would be 'Anglicans named by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to consider, etc. . . .'<sup>32</sup>

This was a step nearer official authorization, and on October 12th Halifax wrote again:

What your Eminence tells me about your communications with Rome gives me the greatest pleasure and makes me thank God more than ever. I have a letter from the Dean of Wells, to whom I wrote—he is a personal friend of the Abp. of Canterbury—which he concludes by saying: ‘We may indeed be thankful that matters are advancing so favourably.’ He also suggests that if authorized representatives of the Ch. of England go to Malines it must surely be to meet *authorized* representatives of the Ch. of Rome, and he adds that ‘at least such a request should come from Cardinal Mercier himself.’<sup>23</sup>

The quest for authorization continued on both sides. On November 14th Mercier wrote to the Pope:

Your Holiness will surely have noticed the publication by Lord Halifax of an English translation, done by him, of my Pastoral, ‘The Papacy and the Election of H.H. Pope Pius XI’, and of a remarkable introduction in which the venerable old Anglican expresses a sincere desire for a *rapprochement* between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. The author recalls the private unofficial conversation which took place in December 1921, in the Archbishop’s Palace at Malines, between three Anglicans and three Catholics, with the idea of dissipating as far as possible the ambiguities and suspicions which are an obstacle to union.

I at once put the fundamental question of the Primacy and Infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff. Lord Halifax’s little work puts the question on the same footing.

The Anglicans, notably the Archbishop of Canterbury, desire, we ourselves desire, the conversation to be resumed. But the Anglicans are waiting for their first trusting advance towards Rome to be met by a sign of Rome’s good will towards them. Will the Holy Father authorise me to tell them that the Holy See approves and encourages our conversations?<sup>24</sup>

Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State, replied on the 25th:

Lord Halifax's book was not sent to the Holy Father who does not know it and would much like to know it. He authorises your Eminence to tell the Anglicans that the Holy See approves and encourages your conversations, and prays with all his heart that the good God may bless them.<sup>35</sup>

I cannot tell you [wrote Mercier to Halifax] how much this high approval and encouragement of the Holy Father—who writes, you notice, not of the august person of Pius XI but of 'the Holy See'\*—delight me.<sup>36</sup>

'We have reached the goal we had set before our eyes thirty years ago,' Halifax wrote to Portal.<sup>37</sup> But had they—quite? The Archbishop, it now appeared, still harboured suspicions of the Vatican. If anything were to happen to Mercier, he told Halifax at the end of October, 'his action might be disclaimed.' If there was to be an authorization from Canterbury, there must be a corresponding authorization from Rome. The Papal approval, conveyed to him through Gasparri-Mercier-Halifax, was insufficient; 'a three-cornered correspondence, though in some cases useful, is never quite satisfactory.'<sup>38</sup>

Accordingly, on January 10th, 1923, under further prompting from Halifax, Mercier wrote the desired letter to the Archbishop, which, with the reply, is reproduced in Dr. Bell's *Randall Davidson*.<sup>39</sup> After recapitulating the events of the First Conversation and reporting the approval of the Holy See, the Cardinal wrote:

If you are able to name as your delegates the three persons with whom we have had a first exchange of views, and possibly to add to them others selected by yourself, we should, on our side, be ready to name an equal number of friends to collaborate in our effort for reunion.<sup>40</sup>

\*An important distinction, as implying official authority.

The Archbishop in his answer expressed his satisfaction. He assumed that Mercier would prefer a further informal conference to be attended, on the Anglican side, by the same persons as went to Malines in 1921, though in the event of the Conversations being prolonged, the number might later be enlarged. Actually this was not quite the Cardinal's view. He saw, as he wrote to Halifax on January 10th, two stages:

First stage: The Archbishop would delegate you three and add a fourth to your number, chosen by himself, his spokesman, in charge of the programme which the Archbishop wishes to see elucidated. Directly we have this programme we would study it, you on your side and we on ours. . . .

Second stage: With the help of God's grace we reach agreement on some essential points in the programme. You will go away assured of a base on which your propaganda may rest; we shall do the same; and at a further meeting, which *several new delegates* won over to your ideas will attend, besides others won over to ours, we shall resume our talks on an enlarged scale.<sup>41</sup>

The Cardinal was a little disappointed when his suggestion of a fourth and accredited representative was politely passed over, but Halifax could not induce the Archbishop to change his mind. Halifax even went so far as to suggest that the dreaded Gore should join the party, to hold a watching brief for the Anglican episcopate.

Do you think I am mad [he wrote to Portal]? But what would you say if we should be able to bring Gore with us to Malines for our next meeting? It is dangerous, but it is necessary to take risks. To get Gore on our side would be tremendous. He is quite the most distinguished bishop we have, and if the Cardinal liked the idea and would let me have a word on the subject, I believe it would be possible to secure his nomination by the Archbishop and to persuade Gore to come.<sup>42</sup>

As a sparring partner for Gore, and to deal faithfully with his

recent paper on the Roman claims, Mgr. Batiffol, since the death of Duchesne the ablest Roman historian of the first five centuries A.D., might be brought on the other side. But the Archbishop, as Dr. Frere reported on February 15th, would not 'move an inch further.'<sup>43</sup> For the moment Gore was left out and, 'in view of the great reserve of the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York.'<sup>44</sup> the Cardinal agreed to entertain the same delegation as before.

As in 1894, the first successes were being followed by tiresome checks. The Archbishop of Canterbury, having confided what was afoot to his episcopal brethren, found misgivings among them. The Protestants naturally grew restive when the first rumours of Malines were confirmed by Halifax's *Call to Reunion*. Ever-present with the Archbishop was the thought of his approaching delicate task of piloting the Revised Prayer Book through the shoals of Convocation, Assembly, and Parliament. It was necessary, he felt, to move very cautiously, and in his speech to Convocation in February 1922 he had much to say about the Orthodox Church and the recent recognition of Anglican Orders by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and nothing about Rome. Portal took alarm. 'I cannot rid myself of the idea,' he wrote on March 5th to Halifax, 'that the success the Archbishop has achieved in that direction, and the fear of compromising himself, have paralysed his approach to us.'<sup>45</sup>

An equivalent uneasiness was showing itself on the Roman side. Portal, who had friends all over Europe, reported to Halifax on the reactions in different quarters. The Jesuits were unaccountably bestirring themselves. One reverend father was known to have written to the Archbishop of Canterbury and had been to Malines to ask to be included in future conferences. Another had requested Mercier to put him into communication with the Archbishop. What all this might portend, whether its purpose was friendly towards a *rapprochement* or

merely to 'brouiller les cartes'<sup>46</sup>, Portal did not profess to know, but he had an almost English mistrust of the Society of Jesus. He was sure, too, that 'the conflict of rival influences will . . . soon begin at Rome.'<sup>47</sup> 'You know as well as I do,' he wrote to Halifax, 'that the day Merry del Val thinks he can put a spoke in the wheel he will not fail to do so.'<sup>48</sup> On the other hand, the Pope was most favourably disposed, his Encyclical *Ubi Arcano Dei* breathing a passionate desire for unity and a warm charity towards those outside the Roman Communion.

The disquiet of the English Roman Catholics was another disturbing factor. Cardinal Bourne, after his first friendliness, was having second thoughts, and the tone of *The Tablet*, which was regarded as the mouthpiece of Westminster, had become distinctly critical. As a matter of courtesy Mercier had sent Bourne a copy of Gasparri's letter, to which Bourne replied by forwarding an article in *The Tablet* which faithfully reproduced the official attitude of the English Romans. They were apprehensive of anything in the nature of negotiations between Anglicans and Continental Catholics and a little resentful that the obvious channel of communication between Canterbury and Rome—that is, themselves—should have been practically ignored. Cardinal Gasquet, a survivor of the old battle about Anglican Orders, is reported to have said, 'I might as well go to Belgium and tell Mercier how to solve the Flemish question.'<sup>49</sup>

## *XIX. Malines: The Second Conversation*

Despite the misgivings in various quarters, the Conversations were to continue, March 14th, 1923, being the appointed date of reassembly. The question of personnel having been settled, that of the agenda remained. Both the Dean of Wells and Dr. Frere had stressed the necessity of a preliminary meeting of the Anglicans, and this took place towards the end of February. The Dean had a talk with the Archbishop at Lambeth on the 21st, and during the next two days the three representatives drew up a memorandum to serve as the basis of the Conversation. A suggestion that the Romans should prepare a similar document was never carried out.

The Anglican memorandum, rather to the Cardinal's surprise, proposed to leave doctrine on one side for the moment

in order to consider possible methods of a practical kind by which, supposing a reasonable measure of agreement on doctrinal matters were reached, the Anglican Communion as a whole might be brought into union, more or less complete in the first instance, with the Holy See.<sup>1</sup>

At first sight this procedure gave an impression of topsyturvyness, of trying to settle points which could only arise when a vital assumption had been made good. Actually there was a lot to be said for the course. When you are making a journey it is as well to know your precise destination beforehand. People talked loosely about Reunion, with only the haziest ideas of what it might involve. Let its implications be made clear and its administrative practicability established, and it would be possible to revert, with encouragement, to the discussion of dog-

matic obstacles. If, on the other hand, and contrary to expectation, the practical difficulties should prove too great for solution, doctrinal discussions would have been a waste of time.

The memorandum began by explaining that 'though only the same representatives will come as before, they will come with a certain measure of authority and recognition from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.'<sup>2</sup>

After proposing the subject for discussion, the memorandum drew attention to the growth in the Anglican Communion, at the Reformation a small national body and now a world-wide Church. How could it, without loss of its identity, be accommodated in the Roman structure, and how could 'characteristic Anglican rites and customs' be retained? The memorandum threw out the suggestion that Canterbury might occupy a position 'somewhat analogous to that of one of the ancient patriarchates',<sup>3</sup> the Archbishops and the other Metropolitans being granted the *pallium*, and the position of the existing Roman Catholic hierarchy in England remaining for the present unchanged.

The party left for Malines on Tuesday, March 13th, with a parting injunction from the Archbishop of Canterbury not to forget the Thirty-Nine Articles or the Orthodox East, or the difference between Mercier's conception of the Roman primacy and any that would be admissible by Anglicans.

The discussions, which were held on March 14th and 15th, were candid but amicable, the parties now meeting as friends, joined by a common purpose. The *Minutes*<sup>4</sup> faithfully record the progress of the debate which, after some preliminary enquiries from the Roman side as to the degree of authorization brought by the Anglicans, followed in the track of the memorandum. In this the Anglicans had put certain questions, and while the replies to these were necessarily tentative and subject to confirmation by authority, they were on the whole most

encouraging. At the end of the first day each party drew up a fresh memorandum, which was discussed and amended on the second day. The documents were then signed by their respective sponsors and countersigned by the others, a procedure which was to give rise to some misunderstanding, the counter-signatures, which merely attested to the correctness of the text, being taken as expressing approval of its terms. Actually there was no great difference between the two documents, which appear in *The Conversations at Malines* (1930),<sup>5</sup> though the language of the English was a little more restrained than that of the Roman which, after recognising the special position which the Anglican Communion must occupy in a reunited Church, specified certain questions, such as the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the grant of the *pallium*, and the validation and consecration of bishops, upon which the ruling of higher authority would be required.

The Anglicans went home well satisfied. The Dean and Dr. Frere repaired to Lambeth to report to the Archbishop and to lay the two memoranda before his apprehensive eyes. The Dean was not very handy with papers. On his outward journey to Malines he had been in trouble over his passport; now he had signed one of the memoranda in the wrong place and had mislaid important portions of his own copies; and these circumstances, combined with the misunderstanding about the counter-signatures, did not lessen the Archbishop's uneasiness. The pace, he felt, was becoming too hot. This talk of *pallia* and patriarchates was really premature until the doctrinal differences had been squarely faced. After his visitors had gone he wrote the Dean a long letter, the important portions of which appear in Dr. Bell's Life<sup>6</sup>. Dogmatic questions and the interpretation of the primacy of Rome must really be settled, he declared, before any further progress could be made. The Roman memorandum indicated absorption, rather than the kind of Reunion fore-

shadowed in the Lambeth Appeal, and attributed to the Anglicans at the Second Conversation a more official standing than they possessed. The Archbishop's misgivings were intensified by Gore, who wrote to him that the more he thought of the 'concessiveness' of the Anglicans, the more 'disastrous and perilous' it appeared.<sup>7</sup>

The Archbishop's letter dismayed Halifax. Dr. Davidson, he wrote to the Dean, was wrong in his facts. The initiative had come not from Mercier, as the Archbishop seemed to think, but from Halifax himself. Doctrinal differences had been discussed in the First Conversation, the Archbishop's interpretation of the Lambeth Appeal was misleading, the Anglicans had really accepted the Roman memorandum (though on this his colleagues were to dissent), the proposals did not entail the absorption of the Church of England, and the position of the Anglican representatives had been clearly understood.

It seems to me [he concluded], though the cases are not precisely identical, that something like the fatal mistake made by Abp. Benson in 1894 is going to be repeated. What hopes we had, what a glorious primacy of an Archbishop of Canterbury that would be which paved the way for the reconciliation of England and Rome. I cannot write to the Archbishop, I might say what I should regret. It may be that I exaggerate, but when the letter came last night I felt as if all were ending, all that I most cared about, all I had most hoped for, and that for the rest of my life there was nothing more to do but to try to forget what might have been, and to look forward to the time when, if it were to be denied to us on earth, we might hope to be one with one another in Heaven.<sup>8</sup>

The Archbishop also wrote twice to Halifax. In his first letter he merely begged for absolute secrecy; with his second he enclosed a copy of his letter to the Dean. Halifax replied, formally and rather stiffly, expressing his regret, but promising his discretion. He unbent so far, however, as to beg the Archbishop to

modify some of the terms in his letter to the Dean. At the same time he asked the Dean not to send on the letter, even in an amended form, to the Cardinal.

The Archbishop now wrote direct to Mercier<sup>9</sup>, courteously but by no means effusively, suggesting that further discussion of administrative problems was undesirable while the question of papal authority was unsettled. Mercier replied that he was of the same opinion. The discussion of administrative possibilities had been undertaken not at his request, but at that of the Anglicans. Nevertheless he would be glad to know the opinions of the two Archbishops on the points raised in the memoranda. He then expounded the Roman view of the nature of the primacy of the Pope and of the origin of the jurisdiction of bishops. The Archbishop, after a long hesitation, thanked the Cardinal for his exposition, but thought the administrative suggestions were of too hypothetical a character to permit him and the Archbishop of York to pronounce upon them.

Halifax, who saw the correspondence, thought the Archbishop might have written with 'more heart'<sup>10</sup>, but with the substance of his letters he could not greatly quarrel. He probably realised that he was expecting something from Dr. Davidson which the latter, with his conception of the Church of England, could not give him. 'Let us grant,' Halifax told Frere, 'that what I should like the Archbishop to do might metaphorically cost him his head. He could not lose it in a better cause.'<sup>11</sup> But Randall Davidson was not a man who was likely to lose his head, physically, intellectually, or metaphorically. Indeed he had already gone a long way to meet Halifax's desires.

I confess [he wrote to Halifax on April 12th] to feeling pricks of conscience as to whether in writing to the Cardinal, and even to yourself, I have been firm enough in what I have said about the difficulties which lie ahead.<sup>12</sup>

Mercier and Portal might be disappointed at the persistence of the Archbishop's 'great reserve,' but neither the Dean nor Dr. Frere considered he could have acted otherwise. Another peacemaker between him and Halifax was the Archbishop of York, who, with the privilege of a long-standing affection, could write to the latter on April 16th:

If, my dear old friend, you were a golfer, I would point out the danger of 'pressing,' a fault which is very apt to spoil the game. But indeed I know how natural it is for you, with the years shortening, to 'press.'<sup>13</sup>

So, before the end of April, Halifax had come round to the Archbishop's view that the primacy of the Roman See was the fundamental question which must have priority. For this reason he agreed that Gore and Batiffol, who had been waging a paper war on the subject, should be asked to the next conference. He had heard from Portal that Mercier was so discouraged by the Archbishop's coolness as to be contemplating the abandonment of the Conversations, feeling that if they were to degenerate into a wrangle on the Roman claims they had better not continue. Halifax accordingly wrote persuasively to Mercier:

I must confess . . . that I was a little disappointed with the Archbishop of Canterbury's last letter. I thought he might have shown more enthusiasm and that other things needed saying in addition to those which he did say. But on reflection I am not sure that I was not unjust.

We were, he explained, an insular people, whom it would take time to convince 'that it is our duty to recognize a Primacy, not merely *jure ecclesiastico* but *jure divino*.' The Archbishop was probably prudent in his 'reserve,' particularly in view of the prejudice which a more forthcoming attitude might cause to the settlement of current ecclesiastical questions (such as the

Revised Prayer Book). Since this consideration did not apply to himself, he had two projects in mind for furthering the cause. The first was to publish a short defence of the primacy *jure divino*; the second was to put the same case before a meeting of English Churchmen of all shades of opinion, to be held in London under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Burge). Halifax concluded his letter with some suggestions of a date and of delegates for another conference.<sup>14</sup>

The Cardinal sent an accommodating reply and Halifax pushed on with his two plans. The Bishop of Oxford had already promised to preside at his meeting, which was to be at the Church House on July 27th and was to include in the audience a number of leading Nonconformists. The project, however, came to nothing, for the Archbishop of Canterbury, hearing of it from the Bishop of Oxford, very wisely begged Halifax to desist. Such a meeting, he wrote, might cause 'untold mischief.' Questions were bound to be asked which neither the Bishop of Oxford nor Halifax himself could answer without indiscretion. To the proposed brochure the Archbishop had no objection, providing it avoided 'any reference to the actual Conferences at Malines.'<sup>15</sup>

It was at this moment that, to the consternation of the Archbishop, the Anglo-Catholic Congress in the Albert Hall, in all the ebullience of its youth and on the suggestion of its president, the Bishop of Zanzibar, telegraphed its greetings to the Pope, adding a prayer for the peace of the Church. If Halifax's meeting had been undesirable before, it would, the Archbishop was positive, be calamitous now; and in the face of Halifax's outspoken disapproval, he maintained his objections. The Bishop of Oxford withdrew his acceptance of the chair and the meeting was abandoned.

A further event in July drew public attention to the Conversations. Miss Petre, the friend and biographer of Fr. Tyrrell,

wrote an Open Letter to the *Guardian* in reply to *A Call to Reunion*. The tone both of the Letter and of the *Guardian's* leading article, though neither writer fully endorsed Halifax's opinions, was thoroughly friendly.

Halifax carried out his second promise to Mercier, and *Further Considerations on Behalf of Reunion* appeared in the autumn. It was a purely personal publication, for neither the Archbishops nor his colleagues at Malines could assent to his argument in favour of a primacy *de jure divino*. Breaking a lance with Fr. Woodlock, S.J.,\* who had been writing adversely to *The Church Times* and *The Guardian*, Halifax commended by contrast the conciliatory spirit of Mgr. Batiffol. He also added to the text a number of appendices on different subjects bearing upon Reunion.

Meanwhile arrangements were being made for a Third Conversation, to be held, if possible, in the autumn. The two memoranda drawn up in March were to have been submitted to the respective authorities on either side. The reactions of the Archbishop have been noted; those of Rome, though of at least equal importance, were the subject of less agitated speculation. In fact, nothing of them was known in England until July, when Portal wrote to Halifax:

The Cardinal has sent a sort of *résumé* of our last Conference to the Pope, and he has had a reply from Cardinal Gasparri expressing approval of our attitude and of the general trend of what we said.<sup>17</sup>

It is not clear from this reference whether the *résumé* included either or both of the memoranda; but the recurring

\*Fr. Woodlock's statement that 'with us the infallibility and supremacy of the Pope is a dogma which rests exactly on the same authority as does that of the Godhead of Christ' had provoked particular comment. 'Is that how the matter really stands?' the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote in some perturbation to Halifax.<sup>18</sup>

complaints, both from Mercier and Portal, of the Archbishop's 'reserve' ring curiously on Anglican ears by comparison with the far greater reticence of Pope Pius XI.

At any rate both sides desired the Conversations to continue. The Archbishop was anxious to strengthen the Anglican group, even at the cost of according it an even more official cognizance than it had hitherto enjoyed. Obviously, so long as the party consisted of Halifax and two men whom he had invited, the responsibility of the Archbishop for anything that might occur was limited. The position would be altered if other representatives, invited by the Archbishops, were to join the original trio. However, the risk must be taken. On August 7th Dr. Davidson wrote to Halifax that he had 'secured promises from Bishop Gore and Dr. Kidd of Keble that they would be willing to take part in any renewed conversations at Malines when these can be definitely arranged.'<sup>18</sup>

Gore who, ever since the Conversations began, had been rumbling ominously like a volcano on the point of eruption, was a guarantee against that 'concessiveness' which he had deplored; and Dr. Kidd was the learned Warden of Keble. Both, of course, were churchmen of the Anglo-Catholic school, though Gore at least was of a different stamp from Halifax, Frere, and the Dean. The Warden was anxious for the appointment of additional members who would represent the Liberals or Evangelicals in the Church, but the difficulty of finding suitable persons who would be ready to go to Malines was too great. The Dean, who periodically expressed a desire to withdraw from the Conversations, was induced to continue, so that the Anglican party was complete.

The Archbishop then drew up a long memorandum, recapitulating the proceedings to date and giving his own appreciation of the position. In conclusion he threw out the suggestion, which he had already made privately to Halifax, that

the next Conversations should be preceded by a colloquy at Lambeth, at which, possibly with the assistance of the Archbishops and other selected persons, the Anglican representatives should decide upon the line they were to follow at Malines.<sup>19</sup>

## *XX. Malines: The Third Conversation*

Halifax's spirits were rising once more after the checks and hesitations of the summer. By the beginning of September 1923 he was positively exuberant. Readers of these pages will have already remarked his tendency, when approaching a crisis, to try to 'play the King'. On August 24th he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury and, after remarking that 'your Grace will probably think that I am mad,' proposed that His Majesty should be prompted to invite Cardinal Mercier to stay with him at Windsor. The visit should be timed to coincide with the Church Congress, and in passing, as it were, his Eminence should look in on that assemblage and deliver an allocution on Reunion.<sup>1</sup> Needless to say, this was too audacious a conspiracy for the Archbishop, who politely but firmly declined to be a party to entangling the King in the Conversations or to producing a Cardinal in the Church Congress.

On the other side, Mercier was feeling the difficulties of the situation. His ardent desire for Reunion was unabated; he wanted the Conversations to go on; he agreed with the Archbishop of Canterbury that the all-important question of the primacy must be faced. But he had no wish to be caught in a theological battle between Gore and Batiffol. His rôle, as a member of the Sacred College, was that of a peacemaker, not of a controversialist. In September he wrote to Halifax suggesting that the more debatable points should be relegated to a preliminary conference which he would not attend. Halifax passed on this proposal to the Archbishop, who agreed with him in regarding the presence of Mercier as essential; and the

Cardinal subsequently waived the point. The date of the next Conversation was fixed for November 7th, and to balance Gore and Kidd, Mgr. Batiffol and Père Hippolyte Hemmer, the well-known church historian, agreed to join the Roman group. Halifax had a private plan of adding to the number an English Dominican. For some time he had been in correspondence with Fr. Vincent McNabb and Fr. Bede Jarrett, whom he thought, by comparison with some of their co-religionists in England, sympathetically inclined towards Reunion. On further reflection, however, he decided that the time was not ripe to bring the Dominicans in; nor, indeed, might the Archbishops and his colleagues have agreed to the plan. Less sympathetic, though equally friendly as yet, were his exchanges with Fr. Woodlock the Jesuit, who, taking as his texts some of Halifax's *Further Considerations*, now published, was writing assiduously and unequivocally to the newspapers. Halifax scored a point in mobilising against him the heavy batteries of Professor Janssens of Louvain.

If the purpose of *Further Considerations* had been to extract opinions from authoritative persons, the little book succeeded admirably. Towards the end of September a steady rain of letters beat upon Hickleton. Gore wrote:

With your argument on behalf of the *de jure divino* position of the see of Peter at Rome and (generally) what you say about the Eastern Church of early time I disagree rather profoundly. Some of your sentences seem to me the reverse of the truth. However . . .<sup>2</sup>

‘However’—he would go to Malines.

Fr. Puller, the old champion of Anglican Orders, wrote critically from Cowley, and the Archbishop of York from Balmoral. The Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Drury) wanted a clearer definition of Infallibility. Fr. Bede Jarrett (disappointingly) thought the Church of England had compromised herself beyond hope of recovery and suggested that Halifax had really

better make his own submission. Mercier was deeply moved and Portal, of course, was delighted with the little book.

The colloquy at Lambeth was on October 2nd. The Anglican representatives were received by the Archbishop, who had called in a few trusted advisers—the Bishop of Ripon, Canon Storr, Canon Quick, and Dr. Jenkins—to confer upon the programme. He opened the proceedings with a speech in which, while emphatically abstaining from dictation, he urged that there should be no further discussion at Malines of administrative details until the great dividing principles had been considered and some measure of agreement upon them reached. He ended by quoting from his memorandum:

It ought to be made clear on the Anglican side, beyond possibility of doubt, that the great principles upon which the Reformation turned are our principles still, whatever faults or failures there may have been on either side in the controversies of the sixteenth century. It would be unfair to our Roman Catholic friends to leave them in any doubt as to our adherence, on large questions of controversy, to the main principles for which men like Hooker or Andrews or Cosin contended, though the actual wording would, no doubt, be somewhat different to-day. What those men stood for we stand for still; and I think that in some form or other that ought to be made immediately clear.<sup>3</sup>

No one at any rate could have been clearer than the Archbishop. Halifax thought the colloquy went off 'fairly well,' though Gore had been difficult and far from conciliatory. 'Frere says it is because Gore is a *Pessimist*,' he wrote to his son. 'If so I dislike Pessimists more than I did before.'<sup>4</sup> Yet Gore's support was essential.

It is important that Gore should get to know the Cardinal properly [he wrote to Portal on October 3rd]. The conversion of Gore to our ideas is the chief point at the moment. That accomplished, half the battle would be won.<sup>5</sup>

However the other Anglicans might be lodged, it was most necessary that Gore should stay with and consequently be charmed by the Cardinal, whose accommodation was likely to be over-taxed by the reinforcements.

The arrangements for the Conversation went on. At a late hour Halifax sent an invitation to Lord Hugh Cecil to join the party, but Lord Hugh had to refuse. Portal was hopeful of good results, though anxious about the attitude of Pope and Archbishop.

We know from experience, as you remind me [he wrote to Halifax on October 11th], that what seemed almost madness was in reality wisdom and that the dream of one day is the reality of the next. But to accomplish this, our next conference must succeed in convincing Gore that an understanding in regard to the Primacy is not impossible, and in convincing the Cardinal that if the Pope makes any friendly approach, the Archbishop will reply to it in a satisfactory manner. One must not forget how former affairs were compromised by Abp. Benson's hesitations and we must also remember that Pius XI is a former librarian. . . . Politics and action demand other qualities than those required in a compiler of manuscripts. I suspect that at bottom Pius XI and your Archbishop have the same qualitites of prudence and the same defects of those qualities, but that is no reason for not making the attempt, if the circumstances permit of it.<sup>6</sup>

The Anglicans had been busy preparing memoranda. The first was a series of Notes intended for, but not actually discussed at, the colloquy at Lambeth, and giving an outline of the ground which they should aim at covering during the next Conversation. The task, as they saw it, was to discover how far it was possible to reconcile the positions of Rome and Canterbury on the four points of Faith, Worship, the Orders, and the Papal Jurisdiction. In addition to the Notes, which appear in Dr. Frere's book<sup>7</sup>, there were three important memoranda, one

by Dr. Armitage Robinson on the position of St. Peter in the Primitive Church, the other two by Dr. Kidd, one on the Petrine texts as employed up to A.D. 461, and the other on the extent to which Papal authority was repudiated in England at the Reformation. These papers were sent in advance to Mgr. Batiffol, who composed replies to the first two, the five documents forming the basis of the November Conversation and being subsequently printed in *The Conversations at Malines* (1930)<sup>8</sup>

The Third Conversation, though as friendly in its temper as its predecessors, marked a new stage. The representatives met with a deepened sense of their responsibility to their respective authorities. The privacy and some of the informality of the early meetings had disappeared; it was no secret that certain persons were conferring at Malines and why; and if the representatives had no power to commit their principals, they were uncomfortably conscious of a capacity to compromise them. While on the Roman side the invitations to Batiffol and Hemmer in no wise differed from those to van Roey and Portal, on the Anglican the selection of Gore and Kidd by the Archbishop gave a semi-official complexion to the delegation. The gathering was larger, the discussions were more formal and theological. The agenda was prepared more thoroughly and the Minutes were recorded more fully.<sup>9</sup> The newcomers on either side were throughout in the forefront of the debate, while Mercier, Halifax, and Portal give the impression of retiring a little into the background. The Cardinal, as has been seen, was unwilling to appear as a controversialist, while the enlargement of the conference, and consequently of the conference table, made it difficult for Halifax, with his growing deafness, to follow the conversation as closely as he would have liked.

The representatives had two sessions on November 7th and three on the 8th, when they met briefly for the last time at nine

o'clock in the evening. The Dean's memorandum on the position of St. Peter in the Primitive Church was expounded and discussed on the morning of the 7th, Mgr. Batiffol's reply being taken in the afternoon. Dr. Frere, who had just been appointed Bishop of Truro, has given his judgment of the debate:

My own impression at the time was that our biblical argument had not been really faced; apparently one or two texts concerning St. Peter had hypnotized the Roman Catholics in their outlook, to the exclusion of the scriptural description of the Church itself; and a re-reading of the documents confirms me in this.<sup>10</sup>

Halifax took little part in the discussion, though he insisted on adding a qualifying rider to the note drawn up and approved by his colleagues that evening. Important divergences between Romans and Anglicans having been disclosed, each party prepared a brief statement emphasising the points of agreement rather than the differences. On the morning of the 8th, after the reading of these statements, Dr. Kidd's paper on the Petrine claims, with Batiffol's reply, was discussed; the afternoon being given to Dr. Kidd's memorandum on the Reformation and to the criticisms of Fr. Hemmer. To conclude, a summary of dogmatic points of agreement was drafted by Hemmer; the first intention was that all who were present should sign this, but eventually it was decided that, until further and fuller discussion had been possible, such an action might give rise to misunderstandings. The Conversation ended that evening in an atmosphere of undiminished friendliness and renewed hope.

In view of the comparative publicity in which the last Conversation had been held, and the uneasiness which recurring visits to Malines were causing both in Protestant and Roman Catholic bosoms, the moment was approaching when some sort of statement would have to be made. To Halifax the problem presented no difficulty: they must publish a report,

giving the results up to date. But the Archbishop and the other Anglican representatives thought otherwise, and their opinion prevailed. Instead of a report there would be at Christmas a Letter from the Archbishop to the other Metropolitans of the Anglican Communion. It would deal with the various approaches to the Nonconformists, the Scandinavians, the Orthodox, and, by natural course, the Roman Catholics. Malines, in fact, would appear as an episode in the general movement towards Reunion started by the Lambeth Appeal.

The Archbishop drafted his Letter and sent the portion on the Conversations to Mercier. With another copy to Halifax he wrote: 'You would have liked me to say a great deal more, but I am quite convinced that I should be wrong in doing so at present.'<sup>11</sup> He was correct in his forecast of Halifax's feelings.

It was impossible [Halifax told him] not to be struck with the difference in tone exhibited in that part of it which referred to the different Protestant bodies and the tone adopted in reference to reunion with the One Apostolic See of the West.<sup>12</sup>

No one, Halifax added, would gather from the Letter how large a measure of agreement had actually been reached. He submitted some amendments to the Archbishop, who pointed out in his reply that if the Letter, as Halifax wished, were to enumerate points of agreement, it must not omit those of difference, with results which might prejudice the holding of further Conversations. He was sure, however, that he could modify the wording to meet some at least of Halifax's suggestions.

Unfortunately the uncorrected draft had already gone to Mercier. Although he had no opportunity of contrasting the difference in tone between the references to Rome and those to the Protestant bodies, he could hardly conceal his indignation and disappointment with what he was permitted to see. He had had, he insisted in his reply, nothing to do with the Appeal to all Christian People. He could not regard the Conversations as

a kind of sequel to the Lambeth Conference. He had originally received Halifax as a friend and been quickly 'captivated by his kindness, his dignity, his charity.' He did not think the name of the Archbishop had even been mentioned at the first meeting. He had not invited the Anglicans to Malines for so formal a purpose as the Archbishop described. He must object strongly to the reproduction in the Letter of the message of approval from Rome, which was quite private. The discussion on administrative problems at the Second Conversation had been embarked upon at the special request of the Anglicans. Apart from these inexactitudes, the Letter failed to convey the spirit which had animated the earlier conferences, when all were filled with the desire to realise Our Lord's wish that there should be one flock and one shepherd. 'I dare to ask you, my dear Lord,' he concluded, 'that trusting in the omnipotence and charity of Christ, you should express, without hesitation, these same sentiments to your venerated Colleagues.'<sup>13</sup>

It was almost an ultimatum, and to Portal Mercier's comments were even more outspoken. Not only was the Archbishop still being 'cautious, very cautious'—a phrase the Cardinal had quoted before as the opinion of those who knew Dr. Davidson best—but instead of drawing people towards Reunion, he was actually discouraging them.

From our point of view we cannot admit that we have allowed Rome to be put on the same level as Moscow and Constantinople, under the inspiration of the Lambeth Conference. The Archbishop of Canterbury claims to have asked nothing and to have obtained everything without conceding anything. That is a brutal summary, but at bottom it is the truth.<sup>14</sup>

It may be suggested that neither then nor at any time did the Cardinal have a real understanding of the Church of England, her problems, and the strength of her Protestant elements. He had not, of course, the knowledge which Portal had drawn

from thirty years of study and from his English friendships. He had not even that grasp of the essentials which Batiffol quickly acquired from his contact with the Anglicans at Malines. He never visualised Reunion, as most Anglicans would visualise it, in the form of an honourable agreement between two Churches of commensurable standing; to him it was more the reconciliation of a body of schismatics with the Catholic Church. The reconciliation was immensely important, because it was the plain will of Our Lord. It should be corporate, because the process of individual conversion would be far too slow; but if corporate Reunion flagged, it was for individuals to make their separate peace with Rome. The Anglicans at Malines frankly puzzled him by their reluctance, when so near the Roman position themselves, to draw a little nearer. With engaging naivete he would suggest to them that they would serve the cause of Reunion best by setting the example of conversion to their fellow-countrymen. During one of the Conversations, when Gore had been a little difficult, Mercier rounded on him and addressed him almost as though he were General von Bissing and the Church of England were the German General Staff. What a pity it was, he exclaimed, that people who knew the truth would not tell it for fear of unpopularity! An uncomfortable silence reigned for a moment round the table, and then, in a quiet little voice, Gore murmured: 'I don't think anyone who knew me would say that about me,' which was indeed an understatement.

The largeness of his heart embraced us all [wrote Dr. Frere of the Cardinal], but his head did not seem to take in our position. He had clearly established a logical argument for the Papacy, and a position that satisfied him: a great deal of the discussion on the subject must have seemed to him very irrelevant; historical considerations, even the history of doctrine, did not seem to appeal to him, and naturally therefore ideas of theological development

were in the same case. Naughty children we were, but we must be treated with the utmost patience and generosity.<sup>15</sup>

It might almost be said that the Cardinal never realised that there was a Church of England. He knew that such an institution existed, just as the entirely untravelled person knows that there are such places as Argentina and Australia, but it had little reality compared with the tremendous fact of Rome. Even if we reject as legendary his reported confession that when he entered upon the Conversations he did not know that Anglican Orders had been condemned, there is no doubt that the whole question had been remote from his personal experience. So, while the Archbishop saw the Pope and himself as the two principals in a prospective negotiation, Mercier saw a very different juxtaposition; and to his mind the commitments of the Archbishop were to be compared not with any the Pope might make but with those which he himself had made.

He did not understand the Church of England, nor was he an historian. Apart from the apostolic charity which burned in him, he approached the whole problem of Reunion from the point of view of scholastic logic. It was all so simple. The idea of a living Church without a visible head was as inconceivable as that of a living body similarly bereft. Nor was scholastic logic the only bar that separated him from the Archbishop. By mind and temperament they were too far removed for understanding. Mercier thought the Archbishop cold and hesitating, while the latter genuinely believed that he had shown sympathy and enterprise, a sympathy the full measure of which he was constitutionally incapable of conveying in a letter, and an enterprise which he feared was in danger of exceeding the bounds of prudence. Halifax, and to a lesser degree Portal, understood the position better, apart from their occasional exasperations. Critically as Halifax might write to the Archbishop, he spared no pains to interpret him favourably to the

Cardinal, both directly and through Portal, and hazardous as some of Halifax's propositions may have been, it was mainly due to him that the Third Conversation at Malines was not also the last.

The Archbishop amended his Letter, omitting, at Mercier's request, the specific references to the Pope's message of approval, and meeting some of Halifax's objections. Even so the final draft, though an improvement, did not satisfy Halifax. He had already acknowledged the force of the Archbishop's objections to incorporating in the Letter the points of agreement reached at Malines. Now he wrote:

Such a document, in view of the inevitable difficulties which it presents and the conflicting opinions of those to whom it is addressed, and having regard also to those into whose hands it will fall, can be no easy matter to draw up. I wish I could think that even as altered it is altogether likely to avoid the difficulties I apprehend, and that it may not suggest observations of a nature calculated to impede objects common to us all and which we have all so much at heart. I wish also that the letter contained some acknowledgment that the statements of Anglican theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are not the only statements the rulers of the Church of England have to consider. I wish also very much that it had contained a sentence or two which would have appealed to the heart. The heart and the imagination are more compelling forces than any which appeal only to the head.<sup>16</sup>

The Letter, as issued, gave a fair and accurate account of the Conversations to date, emphasising the facts that they were a natural sequel to the 'Appeal to all Christian People' and were conversations and not negotiations. The portion of the Letter dealing with the Conversations is printed in Dr. Frere's book.<sup>17</sup> The Cardinal acknowledged his copy of the Letter 'briefly but quite courteously'<sup>18</sup>, while, apart from Halifax, the Anglican representatives gave their concurrence. In the outside world the

Letter had a very mixed reception. Responses ranged from the uneasiness of the Bishop of Durham\* and the busy deprecations of Fr. Woodlock to the vituperations of the gentleman who comprehensively assured the Archbishop that he was 'a traitor to your God, Bible, King and Country.'

I think you felt [the Archbishop wrote to Halifax] that I was a little exaggerating the strength of the feeling which would be aroused in England by a statement of what had been taking place. It is quite evident that I was not exaggerating, and I am certain that had I published in my letter the kind of things which you, with your clearer vision on these whole questions, would like me to say the present little storm, if it can be called so, would have been a whirlwind.<sup>19</sup>

Less public, though no less real, was the agitation of the English Roman Catholics. What most alarmed them was the guarded intimation that the Pope had had official cognizance of the Conversations. This cognizance, it will be recalled, had been conveyed to Mercier by Cardinal Gasparri himself. Now, however, *The Times* correspondent at Rome denied on the highest authority that it had been given; and, on being pressed by his editor to name this authority, replied that it was Cardinal Gasparri! 'Certainly the Vatican is a strange place,'<sup>20</sup> was the Archbishop's dry comment; and while creditably refraining from pressing the point, he was inclined to believe that further Conversations had better not be arranged for the moment.

The Archbishop's Letter also had its repercussions for Mercier. The English Roman Catholic press was beginning to repeat the familiar manifestations of 1894; the Walloon clergy, never too friendly towards their Cardinal, were talking; and these circumstances, coupled with a feeling that the Archbishop had not quite represented the Conversations in the light in

\*The present Dean of Westminster's delightful parody of A. A. Milne is given in Appendix III.

which they had appeared to the Catholic participants, led Mercier on January 18th 1924 to write a Pastoral<sup>21</sup> on the subject to his clergy. It was a frank, courageous, and magnanimous document, justifying without apology what he had done and affirming his determination to persevere in his efforts for unity. Although it contained some phrases which Halifax thought might have been bettered, its tone was all that he could desire. Particularly timely was the blistering rebuke administered to critics of the Conversations.

A great nation was, for more than eight centuries, our beloved sister; this nation gave the Church a phalanx of saints whom to this day we honour in our liturgy; it has preserved astonishing resources of Christian life within its vast empire; from it numberless missions have gone out; but a gaping wound is in its side. We Catholics, kept safe, by the grace of God, in the whole truth, we lament the criminal sundering which tore it away, four centuries ago, from the Church our Mother; and there are Catholics who, like the Levite and the Priest of the old Law, reproved by our divine Saviour in the parable of the Samaritan, would have a Catholic bishop pass by, proudly indifferent, refusing to pour a drop of oil in this gaping wound, to tend it, and try to lead the sick man to God's house whither God's mercy calls him.

I should have judged myself guilty, if I had been so cowardly.<sup>22</sup>  
Portal was as pleased as Halifax, and without any reservations.

I think your Archbishop's letter was what was wanted for your people [he wrote on February 9th]. Believe me, the Cardinal's letter is exactly what is wanted both for Rome and for ourselves. Both letters mark a great step.<sup>23</sup>

Spirits, in fact, were rising again, mildly encouraged in their upward course by the Archbishop's success in dealing with his critics in the Upper House of Canterbury Convocation on February 6th and by a communication from Mercier to Halifax on February 7th.

From Rome I have had an excellent private letter from Cardinal Gasparri: this letter confirms the encouragements of the first letter, but the Holy See desires, for the present, not to take up an official attitude.<sup>24</sup>

The date for the next Conversation was still unfixed. The Archbishop, as has been seen, was in favour of deferring it until the dust stirred up by his Letter had had time to settle. But Halifax, at eighty-five, with Time's hurrying feet hard at his heels, was impatient. When it appeared that there was no likelihood of a further reunion before the autumn at earliest, he arranged a private and strictly unofficial visit to Malines at the end of April. The party consisted of Halifax himself, Portal, Edward, and Lord Hugh Cecil. As Halifax explained to the Cardinal, at his age he could hardly hope to make many more journeys to Malines and was therefore anxious that his son and Lord Hugh, who he liked to think would presently take over his task, should get to know Mercier. It was during this visit that the Cardinal suggested to Halifax that he should make his personal submission to Rome.\* 'Au fond il ne comprend pas votre position,'<sup>25</sup> was Portal's comment when the incident was reported to him.

Halifax and the Cardinal had some talk about the next Conversation, which they agreed to try to have on October 8th and 9th, a possible subject being the powers of the episcopate.

During the spring and summer Halifax carried on an enormous correspondence, with Portal at an average rate of two or three letters a week, with both Archbishops, with Lord Hugh, who, like Dr. Davidson, was keeping an anxious eye on the Revised Prayer Book, with Dr. Frere, and with Gore. The last had just published the third volume of his famous trilogy, *The Reconstruction of Belief*. It contained references to the Roman question which provoked from Halifax a long

\*See pages 215-6.

letter of argument and expostulation. But it was to no purpose.

My dear, my very dear Halifax [Gore replied],

It is good of you to have taken such pains, with so courageous a hopefulness, to get me into the right way. But I fear it is quite out of my power to go the way you point. I have for 45 years or more realized my differences—different differences—as from Liddon, so from you. . . .

It is only your indomitable and youthful hopefulness carried to excess which explains your letter.<sup>26</sup>

After returning from Malines Halifax had been to see Cardinal Bourne who, like the Archbishop, pleaded for the postponement of the next Conversation until the irritations of the moment had died down. So thought Lord Hugh, though for a very different reason, namely that he feared the effect of another visit to Malines upon the fate of the Revised Prayer Book. When it further appeared that Gore's engagements would prohibit his attendance in October, Halifax became reconciled to a postponement, though he talked gloomily of the probability that at his age and with his infirmities he would be incapable of joining the party in 1925 and pressed for the appointment of Athelstan Riley as his successor.

The postponement, as matters turned out, only anticipated a necessity. In August the indispensable Dean—'notre Doyen,' as Halifax and Portal styled him to each other—who had won such golden opinions from the Cardinal, met with a severe accident, as a result of which it was plain that he would be quite unfit to go to Malines in October, and even doubtful whether he would ever be able to make the journey again.

So October was abandoned; and with it, under pressure from the Archbishop, a plan Halifax had formed for himself of holding little conferences of Evangelicals, Nonconformists, and even, perhaps Roman Catholics at Hickleton during the sum-

mer. Some date in January 1925 was the next suggested for the Conversation, but soon the Dean's health and Gore's prospective absence abroad forced another postponement. Eventually it was decided that the meeting could not take place until May.

Halifax, however, had no intention of spending the interval idly. In addition to incessant correspondence in the press and with friends, he projected visits to Paris and Malines. The delay would enable the Roman Catholic representatives to produce memoranda on the episcopate, and he began to press for the preparation of these.

He met Portal in Paris on November 18th. After seeing 'masses of people'<sup>27</sup> in the ecclesiastical world, he went on to Malines with the Abbé, taking with him a paper he had written on the Papacy and the episcopate, and the importance of the distinction in doctrine between what was *de fide* and what was only theological opinion. His most pressing business with the Cardinal, apart from that of dates and agenda, was to try to induce him to obtain from the Pope during the coming Jubilee Year an expression of his desire for the corporate Reunion of the Church of England with that of Rome, and as a corollary his approval of the Conversations. The response was encouraging.

The Cardinal seemed to think . . . that if Rome had any sort of reason to hope that such an expression on its part would not be disagreeable to the Archbishop of Canterbury but would be kindly received that it was quite possible such a statement might be made in the Highest Quarter.<sup>28</sup>

On the way back from Malines Halifax's handbag, containing his box of papers and a number of treasured possessions, was stolen at Victoria Station. The box of papers was subsequently recovered with most of its contents, but the locket his wife had given him on their wedding-day and other objects of personal

value which had belonged to his mother were never seen again.

Halifax's immediate object on his return was to procure from the Archbishop an intimation that a public expression of the Pope's approval of the idea of corporate Reunion would not be unwelcome. He hoped to persuade the Archbishop to write direct to Mercier, but Dr. Davidson would not do more than authorise Halifax to convey his sympathetic sentiments, though he unbent so far as to draft a letter which Halifax might send. Halifax adopted his wording, with some amendments, and, after alluding to the Archbishop's hesitations and their cause, informed the Cardinal that

It could not be . . . disagreeable to the Archbishop but very much the contrary if the Pope, in the course of any Address, were to make an appeal to the members of the Anglican Church as a whole to consider the possibility of corporate reunion.<sup>29</sup>

The letter followed the Cardinal to Rome. He did not feel that the Archbishop had encouraged him sufficiently to enable him to make his request to the Pope. 'However,' he wrote, 'the dispositions in regard to our Conversations remain very favourable.'<sup>30</sup> Later on in the year the Holy Father was likely to announce the reassembling of the Vatican Council, and that would be the proper moment for a communication to England.

But the Cardinal's disappointment with the Archbishop continued.

In proportion [he told Halifax] as the Sovereign Pontiff, and the Cardinal Secretary of State at the Vatican, affirm with increasing distinctness their confidence in our humble efforts, and thus indirectly disavow certain oppositions of the English Roman Catholics, it would seem as if on our side the nearer hopes of reunion seemed approaching, the more sensitive the good Archbishop of Canterbury seems to grow as to his responsibilities to his own people, and to desire to put off, rather than to hasten, the definitive contact of both sides.<sup>31</sup>

The arrangements for the Fourth Conversation were now taking shape. The date was to be May 18th 1925. The subject was to be the episcopate; Van Roey was to open the discussion; Kidd was to answer him. There were to be further contributions from Hemmer and Gore. During the early months of 1925 Halifax was hard at work trying to create a favourable atmosphere for the Conversation both in England and abroad. Fr. Woodlock stayed with him at Hickleton and was reported 'un peu adouci'<sup>32</sup>. Through Mr. Hoffmann Nickerson Halifax made advances to the American Episcopate with the idea of eventually bringing them into the Conversations. In Mr. Gordon George (Robert Sencourt) he found a friendly English Roman Catholic, who helped him both at the Vatican and in *The Church Times*. Halifax visited and spoke both at Oxford and at Cambridge. He even persuaded Sir William Joynson Hicks (afterwards Lord Brentford) and Sir Thomas Inskip, two leading Evangelicals who were both in the Government, to dine with him at 88 Eaton Square. He told them of his upbringing, of his discovery of his vocation, of his father's confession and death, and spoke of the need for unity, of his belief in the Blessed Sacraments (which, he insisted, was approximately theirs as well), and of the merits of the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. He showed them a memorandum he had prepared and so persuasive was he that, so it is reported, at a late hour that night two bewildered statesmen fled into the security of Eaton Square just in time to avoid setting their signatures to a document expressing all that ecclesiastically they most abhorred. 'Of course Lord Halifax is a saint,' Sir William is said to have remarked, 'but I'm glad I didn't stay any longer or he might have converted me.' 'You will see,' Halifax wrote with pardonable pride to Portal on March 30th, 'that I have not wasted my time.'<sup>33</sup>

## *XXI. Malines: The Fourth Conversation*

The Fourth and most critical of the Conversations at Malines was preceded by a meeting of the Anglicans in Gore's rooms in Margaret Street and by an exchange of papers with the Romans. The first important document was Van Roey's paper on the dogmatic claims of the Papacy, which was sent to the Anglicans in April.<sup>1</sup> Though a lucid and scholarly statement, it presented the official Roman position in a rather rigid form. There was a perceptible thickening in the gloom of Gore; and Portal, though hoping for something better from the Abbé Hemmer, even thought that the paper threatened the end of the *rapprochement*. To the Warden of Keble was entrusted the task not of replying to Van Roey but of commenting upon his argument and of indicating how far Anglicans could go in accepting it. These two papers were to be followed by Hemmer's memorandum on 'The Relations of the Pope and the Bishops.' Subsequently Gore was to take the field with a paper 'On Unity with Diversity,' to which it was understood that Batiffol would reply.

The five Anglicans arrived in Malines on the evening of May 18th and the Conversation began at ten o'clock on the following day. Van Roey read his paper. The questions which the Anglicans then put to him disclosed some obstinate differences, the fact being that, with the exception of Halifax, none of them was prepared to accept the Roman definition of the *jus divinum* of the Papacy. In the afternoon the same procedure was followed with Hemmer's paper on 'The Relations of the Pope and the Bishops considered from the point of view of history.' It

was an extremely able summary, less controversial than Van Roey's contribution, but producing from the Anglicans some critical comments. Halifax, whose deafness had increased in the past eighteen months, took very little part in the discussion.

The surprise of the Conversation came on the second day, when Mercier, taking his cue from a random question, 'Could not your outlook be enlarged to take us in?' addressed some very direct remarks to the gathering.

Our efforts at a *rapprochement* must not end in an absorption of the Anglican Church by the Latin Church, but imperatively claim, in the name of our Catholic principles and in the name of the history of the Church of England, her union with the Roman Church.<sup>2</sup>

He added that he had put the question as to how this union could be achieved to a Canonist, whose name he did not disclose, but who had given him a memorandum, which he proceeded to read to the meeting. It is now known that the author of the paper, which was entitled 'The Anglican Church united not absorbed,' was Dom Lambert Beauduin of Aray; and its contents, according to Dr. Frere, 'took our breath away.'<sup>3</sup>

Dom Lambert began with an historical disquisition designed to show that in the pre-Reformation Church the Archbishop of Canterbury had enjoyed a quasi-patriarchal status. He went on to describe the present position of Uniates in the Roman Catholic Church, and concluded by giving the outline of a new patriarchate of Canterbury, in communion with the Holy See, but retaining its own liturgy and Canon Law. Under its constitution the Archbishop of Canterbury would become a fifth patriarch in the Christian world and the existing Roman Catholic sees in England would be suppressed.

Such a document, though carrying no more authority than was due to the learning and position of the writer, was a notable and startling advance, and Halifax and the Dean may be

pardoned for showing a slight impatience when Gore took up the tale by pointing out firstly, that in any Reunion not only Canterbury but the Anglican Churches overseas were implicated, and secondly, that the form of organisation was of subordinate importance to dogmatic agreement.

Dogmas having been mentioned, there followed some discussion as to the possibility of drawing a distinction between those defined before the Reformation and those of later date, leading up to Gore's paper 'On Unity with Diversity,'<sup>4</sup> a contribution which, from any other man or on any other subject, would, after what had passed, have perilously approached an anti-climax. The paper brought the doctrinal question to a clear issue: What was *de fide*? What was at most a pious opinion? What was fundamental? And what (whether *de fide* or no) was not fundamental? After quoting Professor Janssens and Newman, Gore addressed an appeal to the theologians of Rome to consider the possibility of demanding from the Church of England and the East 'not more than the acceptance of those articles of faith which fall under the Vincentian Canon'<sup>5</sup> (*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*), those, in short, which had been lately defined as fundamental doctrines by Janssens.

The paper was greeted by the nearest approach to a heated discussion which the Conversations had yet known and by a spirited reply to Gore from Batiffol.<sup>6</sup> The reading of the last was broken by an interval, and in the afternoon the temperature of the debate dropped. The air had been cleared. Gore had at last got off his mind and conscience much that he had long felt should be said; and three, at any rate, of his colleagues shared his relief. The rest of the session was devoted to considering a short schedule of 'positive statements'<sup>7</sup> prepared by the Anglicans on the relations of the Pope and the Bishops. After some talk, and on the advice of the Cardinal, they abandoned their attempt to draw up a corresponding schedule of 'criticisms and

apprehensions.<sup>8</sup> As Mercier pointed out, they had stated their differences and at that stage it was unnecessary and undesirable to underline them.

The Conference reassembled in the evening to read and pass the Minutes.

Official Reports and *Comptes Rendus* have the defect of imperfectly conveying the temper of the proceedings which they profess to record. This was something which, as Halifax complained, was deeply imprinted on the minds of those present, but unhappily did not find its way into the correspondence of those who were not there and only read the accounts. Keen as at times had been the exchange of argument during the Fourth Conversation, particularly when Gore and Batiffol were in encounter, nothing had disturbed the harmony of the gathering or the mutual regard of its members. They no longer met as the semi-official representatives of separated Churches; they had become friends; and outside the conference room they would chaff each other with something approaching the freedom of an ordinary house-party. The Frenchmen, Dr. Frere tells us, led the way, 'Portal with a rich but very quiet humour, Batiffol very sparkling and brilliant.'

Dr. Frere goes on to relate one trifling but illuminating incident.

I remember going out with Bishop Gore for a short walk before our morning meeting; as we got outside we found a Rogationtide procession on its way through the parish. So we joined in and followed for some time until it was time to get back to our gathering.

At *déjeuner* subsequently Batiffol said to the Cardinal, 'Eminence, do you know that there were two Anglican Bishops following in the Rogationtide procession this morning?'

The Cardinal in his grave way said, 'Then indeed we are coming nearer to unity.'

'Yes,' said Batiffol, 'but does your Eminence know that they didn't follow the procession the whole way?'

'Ah?' said the Cardinal.

'No, they left just before the prayer for the Pope.'

This scandalous misstatement was drowned in roars of laughter; in fact we had left in the middle of the invocations of Virgin Martyrs.<sup>9</sup>

The Conversation had ended with a hope for its resumption in the near future. Of the Anglican representatives only Gore returned from Malines in a discouraged frame of mind, though the Dean was feeling old and tired and doubtful of his power to make the journey again. On May 25th Gore wrote to Halifax:

I am afraid you will be annoyed with me, for after a good deal of solitary reflection and (I will add) prayer, I came to a conclusion on Thursday that inasmuch as the R.C.'s showed themselves quite unrelenting on the dogmatic issue (which in my judgment dominates all else), we put ourselves in a false position in continuing conferences for the present. On the heading of organisation they showed themselves fairly concessive: on the heading of dogma they showed themselves not only quite unconcessive, but, in my judgment, by accepting Mgr. Batiffol's theory of the meaning of development, and his clear rejection of the Vincentian cause, they did even more—they made the discussion on the grounds of Scripture and antiquity more hopeless than ever.

I have told the Arch. my opinion, but said that I did not think my colleagues agreed.

Don't scold me! it is no use!<sup>10</sup>

The Archbishop did not agree with Gore either. He told Dr. Frere that he thought there should be one more meeting and then a pause for the instruction of the separate 'constituencies.' Meanwhile, in accordance with the Cardinal's request and with the warm concurrence of the Archbishop, there was to be no publication of the proceedings.

Halifax now urged a further Conversation in the autumn, at which the results of the previous discussions should be summarised, as the prelude to public statements from the Archbishop

and the Cardinal giving the measure of agreement reached.<sup>11</sup> With a letter to the Archbishop he enclosed the draft of a speech which he was proposing to deliver at the Anglo-Catholic Congress in the Albert Hall on July 9th. The Archbishop read it with dismay. He told Halifax that he was proposing to express in the Albert Hall his familiar views on the Papacy, as he was perfectly entitled to do, but in the draft he did not make it clear that he was speaking for himself and not for his colleagues or for the authorities of the Church. If the speech were made in that form, the Archbishop would be bound to repudiate it publicly, a course which would be repugnant to himself and prejudicial to Reunion. Halifax therefore amended his address to make it purely personal. In the speech as delivered and afterwards printed, he disclaimed any right to represent his colleagues, and added: 'I am sure the Archbishop of Canterbury would dissent from my words and the interpretation which might be put upon them.'<sup>12</sup> The amendments amply satisfied the Archbishop, who wrote gratefully:

There was never anybody like you for courtesy and considerateness to those whose opinions you feel to be strange or backward, but whom yet you treat with a goodness which almost puts one to shame.<sup>13</sup>

Much less approving than the Archbishop was the indefatigable controversialist of Farm Street. After sitting in a box at the Albert Hall on July 9th, Fr. Woodlock betook himself to the warpath once more. Fastening on Halifax's statement that 'reconciliation with Rome does not imply any denial of the historic claims of Canterbury,'<sup>14</sup> he wrote at length to the religious newspapers. He also wrote to Halifax, who sent him a spirited answer, the correspondence culminating in a sharp letter from Halifax and a courteous but unshaken rejoinder from Fr. Woodlock. 'Ce jésuite est impayable,'<sup>15</sup> Halifax wrote wrathfully to Portal. And on August 1st he closed his debate with Fr.

Woodlock in a letter which put the issue between them in two sentences.

You do not believe in the possibility of corporate reunion and what you desire are individual conversions. I do believe in corporate reunion and I do not desire individual conversions. That sums up the whole matter between us and there it must stop.

I am glad to know that all your co-religionists are not of your way of thinking.<sup>16</sup>

Fr. Woodlock continued to nibble away at the Conversations. He wrote to Mercier, who ignored his letter. He sent a copy of Halifax's speech in the Albert Hall, with notes by himself, to a Jesuit paper on the Continent. He appeared frequently in the correspondence columns of *The Tablet* and other religious newspapers. He was still busy denigrating Malines when retribution descended. He had attributed to Halifax a sentiment which Halifax disavowed; and on October 10th he wrote to *The Tablet* repeating some mis-reported words of Portal's during a 'week for the Union of the Churches' arranged in Belgium. Then Mercier fell upon the unfortunate man with a rebuke of Pauline vehemence. Fr. Woodlock had misrepresented Lord Halifax and misquoted the Abbé Portal. He was attacking the Conversations and making it a grievance that his own experience and advice had not been sought. Mercier rejected assistance from such a quarter and dissociated himself from such methods of controversy. He and his Catholic colleagues were as familiar as was Fr. Woodlock with the doctrine of the Church and had no intention of betraying it. He ended by charging Fr. Woodlock with ignoring the plainly expressed wishes of the Pope himself<sup>17</sup>.

There was the Mercier who had captivated his Anglican guests with his great heart and boundless charity. But, as General von Bissing had discovered to his cost, there was also the Prince of the Church who would break into a flame of righteous

anger in the face of what he believed to be injustice or wrong. It was this last Mercier who wrote to Fr. Woodlock.

The letter was a little harsh on the victim, who had placed on Halifax's words a defensible construction implying that the Cardinal recognised 'the historic claims of Canterbury'; and as for Portal's misreported speech, Fr. Woodlock had in fact made use of the saving word 'alleged.'

Mercier sent a copy of his letter to Halifax, asking him, if possible, to arrange for it to appear in *The Times* as well as in *The Tablet*, to which the original had been sent. A telegram, however, followed, begging Halifax to wait. Cardinal Bourne, it appeared, was horrified by the prospect of publication. The editor of *The Tablet* was not going to publish the letter. After all, Fr. Woodlock was a considerable figure among the English Romans, most of whom shared his attitude towards the Conversations; and a rebuke to him was a rebuke to them, the censure, it might be said, of Malines upon Westminster, to the scandal and discouragement of the faithful.

So the letter remained unpublished, though its contents were no secret. Mercier's '*coup de massue*',<sup>18</sup> as Portal described it, had not spent its force upon the empty air; and that the Conversations were still in the sunshine of Papal approval is suggested by the fact that in the middle of October Pius XI sent his blessing to Halifax through Mercier.

Another and milder correspondence had been passing between the Cardinal and the Archbishop on the subject of the future of the Conversations. On August 1st the Archbishop wrote at length recapitulating their history. He could not, he said, honestly adopt the Cardinal's phrase that there had been 'progress in agreement.'\* He had carefully studied the records of the Conversations and 'Your Eminence will I think agree with me when I say that they afford no evidence of a departure

\*The real originator of the phrase was Dr. Kidd.

on either side from the doctrinal principles which you or we maintain.<sup>19</sup> But the Archbishop hoped that the Conversations would continue. The suggestion had been made that the Doctrinal Decrees of the Council of Trent might well be the subject of further consideration, but this was a matter best decided by the representatives themselves. It was a friendly letter, which satisfied Halifax though it gave some qualms to the Cardinal, who thought he detected a diminished confidence. He did not reply at length until October 25th, when he begged the Archbishop not to be alarmed by the 'inveterate optimists' or discouraged by the 'obstinate pessimists'.<sup>20</sup> He agreed that any publication of documents would at present be inopportune, but thought a statement on the points of agreement reached might be helpful. At any rate he would be delighted to entertain the Anglicans again in January. The full text of the letter is given in *The Conversations at Malines* (1928).<sup>21</sup> It was, the Archbishop told Halifax, 'a very long and beautiful letter'.<sup>22</sup>

Halifax had hoped for an earlier meeting, but Gore, whose presence was regarded as essential, could not manage a date in December, and only with difficulty one in January. So January 1926 it was to be, and Halifax, who had published in the autumn 'An Appeal to members of the English Church Union' under the title of *Reunion and the Roman Primacy*, pushed on with his preparations. Again the important point was the agenda.

And then what are we to do [he wrote to Dr. Kidd]? Draft a précis of the past conferences for publication? I doubt whether the time has come for this. Or prepare a statement in view of the Lambeth Conference and the Vatican Council? Or go through the Decrees of Trent?<sup>23</sup>

To settle these matters with the Cardinal, and also for the purpose of delivering an address on Reunion to an important gathering at Louvain, Halifax resolved to go to Belgium him-

self in November. On the 13th he reached Paris, where he had encouraging conversations with Mgr. Ceretti, the Papal Nuncio, and other dignitaries. On the 17th, accompanied by Portal, he travelled on to Malines, where he had some talk with Mercier about the publication of a report on the conferences; and on the following afternoon he spoke in French to the meeting at Louvain, where a great gathering of priests, professors, and students gave him a tremendous reception, both before and after his speech. His tour ended with a visit to the Archbishop of Cambrai, who showed a sympathetic interest in the Conversations and offered his good services with the French episcopate.

Two draft summaries of the Conversations, giving the points of difference as well as those of agreement, were now being prepared, the Anglican document being in the hands of the Dean of Wells and the Roman Catholic in those of Portal.

All was in train for the Fifth Conversation.

## *XXII. Malines: The Fifth Conversation*

Towards the middle of December 1925 alarming reports about Mercier's health began to reach England. On the 21st he wrote to Halifax:

You may perhaps have heard that the papers are busy about my health and, so I am told, have even published alarming news on the subject.

I would like you to know the exact truth, leaving it to you to decide whether you should communicate it to your colleagues.

For several months I have not been feeling well: and for some weeks this *malaise* has been getting worse. The doctors began by ordering complete rest, but now they think that a surgical operation, without serious danger, will allow me to resume all my activities.

I have every reason to hope that by the end of January, the date of our next meeting, I shall be about and able to receive you as before. At the same time, in case I am unable to take part in your work, Mgr. Van Roey will always be there to preside over the meetings.<sup>1</sup>

There was a postscript: 'I have received a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who agrees to our next meeting on January 25th.'

The Cardinal may have wished to spare his friend the news for as long as he might, for he himself knew the truth. A few days before he had had an X-ray examination. The doctors found that he had cancer. They told him, and that evening he spoke to Dessain: 'Yes, Francis, tonight I have something to offer the Holy Virgin. It is something quite out of the ordinary, thus to receive one's death sentence.'<sup>2</sup>

The doctors operated immediately after Christmas. The first bulletins were hopeful, but on January 7th 1926 Dessain sent disquieting news. The Cardinal was getting weaker; on the Feast of the Epiphany he had had Extreme Unction; in any case the Fifth Conversation must be postponed.

Halifax was in deep distress. He wrote again, asking if it would be possible for him to see the Cardinal. Dessain was at first doubtful, but Mercier, when he heard, said at once what a pleasure the visit would give him, if the journey were not too trying for a man of Halifax's age. Three heartbroken letters from Portal followed. The Cardinal was dying—'a terrible loss for all, a terrible loss for the Church; for us, absolute disaster, and for you and me it is the deepest and most intense sorrow.'<sup>3</sup> Portal and Hemmer were leaving for Brussels at once, in the hope that they might be allowed to see the Cardinal for the last time.

That was on Tuesday, January 19th. On Wednesday Halifax and James started for Brussels, arriving in the evening. The hospital at which the Cardinal was lying was the house at which the Duchess of Richmond gave the Waterloo Ball. Halifax was told that the Cardinal wished him to be present at Mass in his room the next morning. He and Portal were there at seven o'clock. The Cardinal was propped up in bed, holding a crucifix, and the two men knelt and kissed his hand. They stayed for Mass and when it was over and Halifax was leaving, the Cardinal stretched out his arms towards him and embraced him. Halifax and Portal then waited downstairs until ten o'clock, when the Cardinal sent for them.

He was not so much changed as I had expected. His eyes were just the same, but his voice was so weak that it was, with my deafness, difficult to hear what he said; but the Abbé Portal, who was there, helped me by repeating what seemed doubtful.<sup>4</sup>

It was characteristic of Halifax, with whom the cause weighed

so much more than any man, that at this solemn moment, there being 'two or three things I much wished to ask him in regard to our Conversations,' he should have put them to the dying man; characteristic, too, of the Cardinal that he should spend some minutes in answering.

I think he said he had written to Rome on the subject, but about this I am not sure. He repeated to me what he had written in his letter about the Conversations being carried on under the presidency of Mgr. Van Roey, to whom he had spoken on the subject. He repeated that the Pope and Cardinal Gasparri approved of the Conversations, and he added that he had received two very kind letters from Cardinal Bourne. He replied to two or three questions I asked him, and he gave me some advice.<sup>5</sup>

Halifax and Portal retired to another room while the Cardinal dictated a last short letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His message was those three words which were so often on his lips. '*Ut unum sint*: it is the supreme wish of Christ, the wish of the Sovereign Pontiff; it is mine, it is yours. May it be realised in its fulness.'<sup>6</sup>

The two friends then returned to the Cardinal's room. They noticed that he was fingering his episcopal ring, a gold ring with a big amethyst which had been given to him by his family when he was made a bishop. At last he said that if he was going to die, he wished Halifax to have the ring—'I have always worn it.' Halifax made a gesture of protest. 'Yes, yes,' Portal interjected, 'for you and Edward.\*'

A little later, when Halifax was having some luncheon downstairs, Portal joined him. The Cardinal had remembered someone else. 'And James?' he had asked. 'Where is James?' So

\*The ring was subsequently sent to Halifax, who until his death wore it on a chain hung round his neck. It was afterwards set above the base of a chalice and given by the present Lord Halifax to York Minster, for use at Mass on the anniversaries of the deaths of Mercier and Halifax, and on St. Peter's Day.

James was fetched from the hotel to receive the Cardinal's blessing, and when he had gone, there was a last blessing for Halifax and Portal. 'We shall meet again,' Mercier whispered to his two friends.

Halifax returned to Hickleton that Thursday night. On Saturday the Cardinal was dying. When the last prayers had been said, those round his bed heard him murmur, 'Now there is nothing to be done except to wait.'

'Offer your life for the Church,' said the priest, and the Cardinal bowed his head. 'Offer it for your country and the welfare of your people.' Again he bowed. The Papal Nuncio whispered something to the priest. 'Offer your life for the reunion of all the Christian Churches.' The Cardinal bowed his head three times and it was the end.<sup>7</sup>

Halifax returned to Belgium with Dr. Kidd for the funeral on the 28th, when the Cardinal was laid to rest in his own cathedral. His body was borne through the crowd-packed streets of Brussels in a great black and gold hearse, with all the pageantry of sorrow. Princes and cardinals, soldiers and ambassadors followed on foot. Cannon were booming and bands were playing the Funeral March. Next day the body was brought to the Cathedral. Halifax, now nearly eighty-seven, walked with head uncovered through the rain for an hour and stayed through the long service.

When all was over he saw Mgr. Van Roey, who told him that by the Cardinal's wish he would preside at the next Conversation. Halifax returned to England with this grain of comfort and, as was but to be expected after the emotional and physical strain he had endured, was laid up in bed for several days.

The death of Mercier was a cruel blow to the cause of Reunion. No other man could have done just what he had done, or could quite fill his place in the future. Portal spoke about the Conversations to the Papal Nuncio, who replied that now all

would rest with the Pope; but the first necessity, he added, was to find a successor, however inadequate, to Mercier. For a brief moment Halifax, with an unquenchable optimism, hoped that Cardinal Bourne himself might be induced to take up the torch; but when, in March, the appointment of Mgr. Van Roey to the vacant see of Malines was announced, the problem seemed to have found its only possible solution. The new Archbishop had attended all the Conversations; his sympathy with their purpose and his loyalty to the memory of his predecessor were beyond question; and his appointment, in the teeth of a good deal of quiet opposition, appeared at once a hint and a friendly gesture from Rome. There must, however, be some further delay, to allow him time for his consecration and for meeting the first rush of business in his new post.

So the Conversations were to survive. During the early months of 1926 the Dean of Wells was still preparing a *Compte Rendu* of the first four Conversations, to be discussed side by side with a similar document from the Roman Catholics. The Dean found his task far from easy. His first draft displeased Halifax, while Halifax's proposed additions displeased both the Archbishop and Gore. There were objections and suggestions from Dr. Frere and Dr. Kidd, and it was the end of March before something could be hammered out which everybody concerned was likely (with varying degrees of sympathy or reluctance) to accept. Halifax was still protesting and at length produced a minority statement of his own—his Notes, as he called them. The majority Report was printed, and there was some talk of publication, though this would obviously depend upon the views of the Roman Catholic representatives. Meanwhile the date of the Conversation was still unsettled, and Mgr. Van Roey appeared a little unresponsive, probably because he was plunged in his new duties.

Otherwise all was going as well as, without Cardinal Mer-

cier, it could be expected to go. The Archbishop of Cambrai was proposing to show the Dean's *Compte Rendu* to the French bishops, in the hope of enlisting their sympathy. The English Roman Catholics were quiescent. A provisional date for the Conversation was arranged for the end of June 1926. Then disaster again befel.

Portal had been taken ill in April. One morning he had some kind of seizure just as he was going to say Mass. He made light of it, though the doctors took a serious view and threatened to turn him into an invalid.

The dear doctor is making fearful threats for my future [he wrote to Halifax]. We must hope he will not tie me altogether to the leg of an armchair and that I shall still be able to render some services.<sup>8</sup>

During May he reported recovery and convalescence, and Halifax was not even feeling anxious when, on June 19th, he had an alarming letter from a M. Martel, a young *protégé* of Portal's whom he had recently entertained at Hickleton. Portal had had another seizure and would be unable to go to Malines. Only a day after this letter had reached Halifax in Eaton Square came a telegram with the worst possible news. Portal was dead.

The passing of that loyal and generous spirit was such a sorrow as Halifax no longer expected to have to endure. The news reached him, too, when he was in the depths of discouragement after a tiresome meeting at Lambeth when he had found himself in a minority of one against his colleagues and the Archbishop over the matter of the Report. It was an evening when he would have found relief in pouring out his complaints on paper to his friend. Now, meticulous though he always was in attendance on these sad occasions, he was too upset even to journey to Paris for the funeral.

The Abbé's death clouds everything [he wrote in a miserable letter to his son]. First the Cardinal, then Portal, and the next



ETIENNE FERNAND PORTAL

should be me I am sure—death always goes by threes and that third would make the trio complete.<sup>9</sup>

He paid a last tribute to his friend in *The Times*, and, with the permission of the Archbishop, appended to it Mercier's letter of October 25th.

From the point of view of Reunion the death of Portal was a blow as serious as that of Mercier had been. It removed from the Roman side the man who was more familiar than any other Continental Catholic with the Church of England and the whole problem. To Halifax it was the dropping of a shutter across his vision. There would be no more letters arriving two or three times a week with the latest news of what was happening in French and Roman ecclesiastical circles—letters such as Halifax loved, with their medley of gossip and solid thinking, of criticism and anecdote and joke, yet penetrated with the fire and devotion of the writer.

I have lost my best and dearest friend [Halifax wrote sadly], one who trusted me as implicitly as I trusted him, and whose death, as we count such deaths, is an irreparable misfortune.<sup>10</sup>

Truly the name of Etienne Fernand Portal should be equally honoured in his Church and in ours.

After his death there could be no Conversation in June, the earliest possible date for the deferred meeting being October 11th 1926. In England the long work of Prayer Book revision was nearing completion and naturally took up time to the exclusion of other questions. Halifax occasionally broke in upon the Archbishop's preoccupations with reminders of Malines. He was unhappy about the Report. He thought it an insufficient document which did not properly convey the spirit of the proceedings. If it were to be published, he thought his own Notes should appear with it, as an appendix. But while his colleagues made a number of amendments at his request, they were adamant in refusing to allow the Notes to be joined to the Report.

The porch, as Dr. Frere put it, would be too big for the house; and he might have added that the style of architecture was different.

The Fifth and last Conversation on October 11th and 12th 1926 had a little of the depressing atmosphere of a liquidation. It may be suspected that everyone knew in his heart that, with the passing of Mercier and Portal, an end had been reached. Actually neither Gore nor the Dean was able to join the Anglicans, so that the Party was reduced to Halifax, Kidd, and Frere. On the Roman side were Van Roey, Batiffol, and Hemmer. To Halifax, both in prospect and in fact, the journey was a wretched business which all the kindness of the new Archbishop could not greatly mend. To be at the end of the adventure was bad enough; it was almost worse that Portal should not be waiting, as of old, on the station platform, and that another revered figure should not be standing in the lighted hall of the Archbishop's palace to welcome the guests. We may wonder if on those October days the big house was haunted for him by the ghosts of his friends.

The business of the Conversation—if indeed this last meeting is to be included among the Conversations—was simply to discuss the memoranda presented separately by the Anglicans and the Romans with a view to publication. The Anglican Report was taken first, discussed paragraph by paragraph, amended and finally approved. On the following day the Roman Report, which had been drawn up by Hemmer and was more a summary of points of agreement, was similarly treated. The parties agreed that each document should be published in its original language, with a translation, and that the various papers read at the meetings should not appear as a collection, but that every author should be free to publish anything he had written, provided it was not connected with the Conversations but was given ‘the character of independent work’<sup>11</sup>.

Halifax considered that the French document, with its greater emphasis upon what had been agreed, put the English account into a better perspective. 'I came back from Malines,' he wrote to Edward, 'much more contented than I was when I went.'<sup>12</sup>

He expected the Reports to be out by Christmas, but he bargained neither for the ordinary delays of publication, nor for the far greater delays of ecclesiastical politics. The final preparation was in the charge of Kidd, who soon had everything in fair order except the French translation of the Anglican statement, which was very slow in coming from the other side. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Canterbury was growing more and more uncomfortable over the possible effect of publication upon the fate of Prayer Book revision. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the history of the Conversations was aware that the two matters were entirely unconnected, but the Protestants had already shown an inclination to weave them into an elaborate conspiracy for handing the Church of England over to Rome. The Reports would be so much additional evidence, and the passage of the Prayer Book through Parliament, already far from a foregone conclusion, would be gravely jeopardised.

If you saw my correspondence about it and the communications which pour in upon me daily [wrote the Archbishop to Halifax], you would see that I am not exaggerating when I say that the extremest caution and reticence are necessary in anything that we say about Malines, lest it be grossly, and even gratuitously, misinterpreted, and dragged into the field of Prayer Book controversy.<sup>13</sup>

More serious than the reluctance of the Archbishop was a change of front on the Continent, and particularly at Rome. Halifax, believed, with some reason, that the English Roman Catholics were determined, now that Mercier was out of the way, to scotch the Conversations, and that both at Rome and at

Malines they were making great exertions to that end. In Mercier's place was Van Roey, now a cardinal himself, well-intentioned, but without the authority, prestige, and personality of his predecessor; and in place of Portal was at best Hemmer, whose loyalty was unshaken, and at second best Batiffol, whose attitude was believed to have undergone a change for the worse.\*

During January and February 1927 Halifax made great efforts to accelerate publication, but at the end of February he fell ill with pneumonia, his condition being for some days so serious that he was not expected to recover. When, in April, he was up and active once more, the situation had deteriorated. The Reports were no nearer to publication. On Easter Day Cardinal Bourne had attacked the Church of England at York, which was indeed carrying the war into the enemy's country. The Roman representatives at Malines were uncomfortably reticent and Batiffol was actually asking that the Roman Report, which in Halifax's view was essential to balance the English, should not be published. In May Gore, who had been in Paris, wrote:

I have seen Batiffol and Hemmer in Paris. I gather from them that, since Cardinal Mercier's death, the cause for which he stood and the sympathy of the Pope with the Malines Conference have gone back and Cardinal Bourne is in the ascendant. Batiffol is clearly very nervous and was anxious that the publication of the Report should be much curtailed and consist of nothing but our report published quite unofficially—their's (Hemmer's) being suppressed—also that our Archbishop should write no preface to give the publications a quasi-official character. This however was not quite Hemmer's view. I saw the Archbishop last Saturday and found that both he and the Archbishop of York were determined

\*Dr. Frere is of opinion that neither Halifax nor Portal was quite just to Batiffol.

that the Report should not be published till the P.B. question was done with. I regret these views both of Batiffol and our Archbishops. But as regards the latter there seems to be no more to be said. We must (regretfully) acquiesce.<sup>14</sup>

But Halifax had a good deal more to say. The Reports, whole and undivided, must be published; with the consent of the Romans or without it; with an Introduction by the Archbishop or without it; with the signatures of his colleagues or without them. So much he owed to the cause of Reunion, to Mercier, to Portal, to his own work. On June 17th, his age and recent illness notwithstanding, he travelled to Paris to discover the truth for himself.

The situation at Rome [he reported to the Archbishop] owing to Cardinal Bourne and Cardinal Gasquet's action, (I should say intrigues) is that the Pope's mind has been changed and that a message has been sent Archbishop Van Roey that the Conversations at Malines must cease and that those (the Frenchmen) who took part in them must not publish their report as had been agreed to at our last meeting at Malines...<sup>15</sup>

All the same, he had carried away a distinct impression that many of the French Catholics would not be sorry if the rude and undisciplined Anglicans set authority at defiance and published the French Report. That in fact was what Halifax wished and intended to do. He now told Dr. Kidd to push on with the work; and when the Archbishop, who could not face this drastic action with the same equanimity, tried to interpose a veto, he wrote him a positively threatening letter.

Through the whole of that summer he fought the battle for publication with a tenacity and impatience which belied his eighty-eight years. 'I shall say nothing and *do it*',<sup>16</sup> he wrote fiercely to his son. Those who crossed his path were 'owls' and 'traitors.' In short he made it quite clear that he meant what he said and that if the official publication of the Reports were de-

layed much longer, there would be an unofficial publication by Halifax himself.

On August 17th he wrote to Van Roey. He had heard, he said, from Batiffol that the Cardinal was prepared to sanction the appearance of the Anglican Report by itself, with a French translation, provided it carried the signature of the Dean alone and contained neither an Introduction by the Archbishop nor Mercier's letter of October 25th, which had been appended to it originally. Since this truncation would obviously have been against Mercier's wishes, he—Halifax—was proposing to publish both Reports at once. That had been the unanimous decision at the Fifth Conversation and must be carried out. To this slightly minatory letter Van Roey made no reply.

A week later a friend of Halifax's wrote to him from Amay, the priory which, at the instance of Pius XI, had been established for the study of Reunion. Although the Orthodox East was its special objective, the monks had followed the course of the Conversations with a sympathetic interest which was now threatened with punishment. The Bishop of Namur had even been asked to withdraw his *imprimatur* from their paper *Irenicon*. The hostility of the English Roman Catholics was behind this offensive and it was important to know whether the Pope was with them or not. Could Halifax go to Rome and find out?

Halifax resolved to go, despite the dissuasions of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who feared for his health. Meanwhile by argument, by threat, or by sheer importunity he had prevailed upon the Archbishop to agree to the publication of the Report. The French were to be informed of this intention, and if, after the lapse of three weeks, they did not interpose a veto, the work was to go forward.

The notice was given, at the end of September the time limit expired, and on October 12th, to commit everybody beyond the power of withdrawal, Halifax wrote to *The Times* an-

nouncing the impending appearance of both Reports. On the 15th Canon Dessain, who was still secretary to the Archbishop, wrote to express Van Roey's astonishment at the proposed action.

His Eminence does not see his way to authorise such publication, if it be contemplated, and is convinced that it will do no good. Since the adoption and publication of the new Prayer Book (*sic*), with all the consequences entailed thereby, the situation has considerably changed, and, in the mind of His Eminence make it undesirable to publish the Catholic Report.<sup>17</sup>

Halifax, though ignoring this letter, made one concession to his own Archbishop. The Revised Prayer Book was to come before Parliament in December, and he would agree to delay publication until its fate had been settled.

He made his journey to Rome in November, accompanied by his chaplain, Fr. Painter. Each day while they were there they attended Mass at San Carlo. Halifax's old friend, Mrs. Longworth Storer, placed a car at his disposal, and in the intervals of visits to dignitaries of the Church, he saw something of a new Rome which contrasted strangely with the city he had known in 1863.

Through the good offices of Cardinal Ceretti, the late Nuncio in Paris, he submitted a memorandum to the Pope and obtained an audience on November 10th. There was no talk about the Conversations,

But the Pope was very kind and gave me his personal blessing, as I knelt, and blessed my work, and I came away thankful for what he had said, and for the knowledge that what I had cared for more than anything else in my life . . . had received the Pontifical blessing.<sup>18</sup>

So Halifax wrote later, but there is evidence that at the moment he was a little disappointed at the result of his audience, having hoped that the Pope would say something to him about

his memorandum and express a wish for the Conversations to continue.

On his return journey Halifax stayed two nights in Paris and paid a visit to Malines for the day. He saw Van Roey, to whom he explained that the Reports had got to be published. 'He resigned himself on this, which he could not well help doing.'<sup>19</sup>

The Revised Prayer Book was rejected by the House of Commons on December 15th. It was to reappear with alterations. The Archbishop asked for a release from his engagement, but Halifax was firm in refusing it and *The Conversations at Malines*, appearing in January 1928, was probably not without its effect upon the final fate of Prayer Book Revision. Halifax's *Notes on the Conversations at Malines* was published a few days before the Reports.

Although Halifax had won his long battle, the *rapprochement* was over. On January 6th Pius XI issued his Encyclical *Mortalium Animos*, in which the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy was restated in uncompromising language and certain unnamed movements towards unity were condemned. Halifax, doubtless remembering his recent blessing, refused to admit that the Encyclical was aimed at the Conversations; he maintained that its target was the World Conference on Faith and Order which had met at Lausanne in August of the previous year. Yet there are passages in the Encyclical which, on a dispassionate reading, scarcely submit to such an interpretation; and it may be suspected that the date of its appearance was not entirely unconnected with the proclaimed intention of the Anglicans to publish the Reports. As though to emphasise the connection, on January 21st the *Osservatore Romano* formally announced that there were to be no more Conversations.

They gave Halifax one further adventure. It will be recalled that at the last meeting it was agreed that the papers which had been written for the various conferences should remain un-

published, unless their authors individually chose to make use of them; and that if they did so, they were not to connect them with the Conversations.

Halifax fretted under this inhibition, the more so as incorrect versions of what had transpired at Malines were constantly being circulated. In October 1928, he made a semi-secret journey to Brussels and Amay, where he saw some of the friends of Reunion and disclosed to them his desire to publish the full proceedings; and in the following year his chaplain, Fr. Painter, went across once more to make arrangements for the book to be printed in Brussels.

In 1930, with a magnificent disregard of the Law of Copyright and in face of the objections of his old companions, who held to their promise and were especially insistent on the confidential nature of Dom Lambert Beauduin's contribution, he published the papers. Van Roey, whose attention had been drawn to the advance notices of the book, wrote a letter of protest to Halifax on February 11th. He regretted a 'one-sided publication' in contravention of what had been agreed; and he particularly deplored the inclusion of Dom Lambert's paper, which had not the official character the newspapers were attributing to it.<sup>20</sup> To this Halifax despatched an unrepentant reply. Van Roey thereupon denounced the book in *The Sunday Times*, while Kidd, on behalf of the other Anglicans who had gone to Malines, wrote to *The Times* to disclaim all responsibility. 'Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the publication or the reverse,' he wrote, 'we have felt ourselves bound by that agreement.'<sup>21</sup>

Halifax was quite unmoved. As in his turn he wrote to *The Times*, he had destroyed 'the conspiracy of silence which certain people in authoritative quarters had set up against the Conversations.'<sup>22</sup> He therefore considered that his action had been amply justified.

There was one notable absentee from the collection of papers published. Halifax had either mislaid or had originally omitted to procure a copy of Gore's paper 'On Unity with Diversity' (which subsequently appeared in Dr. Frere's book), and Gore indignantly refused to supply it. Undeterred by his attitude, Halifax even sent Fr. Painter to Paris to search Portal's papers, in a hope, not realised, that a copy of the missing document might be discovered among them. Halifax's action throughout was characteristic, and, by those conventional standards to which he attached so little weight, not easily defensible.

So the Conversations ended. Anything in the nature of an inquest is probably superfluous for those who have followed this protracted and tortuous account. To Halifax the 'villains of the piece' were Cardinal Bourne and those behind him, who after the death of Mercier captured Batiffol, put pressure on Van Roey, and alarmed Rome. So Halifax believed. He bore Cardinal Bourne no grudge for his part, any more than he had borne Cardinal Vaughan a grudge in 1896. The man was wrong, shortsighted, altogether lacking Mercier's large-hearted charity, but all the same he could not help liking him. Dr. Davidson, on the other hand (as Halifax would have put it) had been a big improvement on Dr. Benson. Frequently as Halifax had occasion to criticise the 'reserves' and to lament the outlook of the Archbishop, he did his best to appreciate the courage and sympathy, the unwavering straightforwardness which forbade any misleading word or action, even the occasional apparent want of cordiality which was no more than a determination to be perfectly fair. There was, as there had always been, a difference in standpoint. Halifax's ideal Archbishop was one who would go to the stake for the sake of principles which were Halifax's and not his. But short of ideals, Dr. Davidson was the *alterius orbis Papa* of his choice, and remained until his death a very good friend.

What, then, had the Conversations achieved? Were the heroic efforts of Mercier, Portal, and Halifax, the faithful labours of Frere, Kidd, Armitage Robinson, Gore, Hemmer, and others to no purpose? It may be too early to attempt an answer to that question. For the first time since the Reformation Anglicans and Roman Catholics had met round a table, spoken with complete candour, argued but not quarrelled, and parted with a heightened mutual esteem. Many old misunderstandings had been cleared away, some points of agreement reached. Apart from the mere fact of the meetings, the most important results were the discovery, firstly, that while doctrinal differences could not be rushed or jumped, there was a prospect of bridging them; and secondly, that if this bridging were successfully achieved, the administrative difficulties were not likely to be insuperable. Doctrinal differences, of course, remained, and it cannot be claimed that the Anglicans made much progress in obtaining from the Romans any admission of a possible distinction in authority between what was originally *de fide* and what had come through development. But a good deal of undergrowth had been cleared away, and the nakedness of the rocks was not so uncompromising as the friends of Reunion had feared to find it.

The future therefore holds the answer. If the Conversations are to remain an isolated episode, they will have achieved little; if they are to be the beginning of a movement towards Reunion between the separated Churches of Rome and England, they will have achieved much. Neither Church was at that time ready for more than a beginning. The Conversations rested throughout on the insecure and tacit presumption that the Anglicans, broadly speaking and quite unofficially, represented the mass of their fellow-Churchmen, that what the first agreed, the second might in the long run be counted upon to endorse. But this at the moment was far from probable.

Though Halifax might complain of the backwardness of the Archbishop and the other representatives, the fact was that, partly through the compelling force of his charm and enthusiasm, they had almost exceeded their mandate. The Roman bogey was as yet by no means exorcised from Protestant England, as the fate of the Revised Prayer Book showed; indeed, simultaneously with the Conversations the Evangelicals in the Church were making advances of a very different character towards the Nonconformists. It is not difficult to understand the apprehensions of English Romans who felt that Cardinal Mercier might know, but did not understand, the composite character of the Church of England.

But if the Conversations failed in their immediate object, they failed magnificently and, for Halifax, heroically. His faith had been proof against every discouragement and rebuff, the sheer difficulty of the attempt, the lukewarmness of those he believed should be the friends and the manoeuvres of those he knew to be the enemies of his cause. During the seven years of his struggle the vision of Reunion was seldom out of his thoughts and never out of his prayers, inspiring him, transporting him, and so enabling him to inspire and transport others; and to that vision he dedicated all the powers of mind and body that remained to him.

At no time in his life did he show greater resources of courage, energy, diplomacy, pertinacity, and friendship. No man could have so successfully interpreted the Cardinal and the Archbishop to each other; more than once his efforts averted a rupture; his correspondence and literary labours were prodigious; he made frequent and exhausting journeys. And he was very deaf, at times half blind, and in his ninth decade. For the few years that remained to him he believed that the Conversations had done good. Reunion might be a dream, a forlorn hope, but it would come because it was God's

will. After all, it would not be in his time. For him it might be

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky.

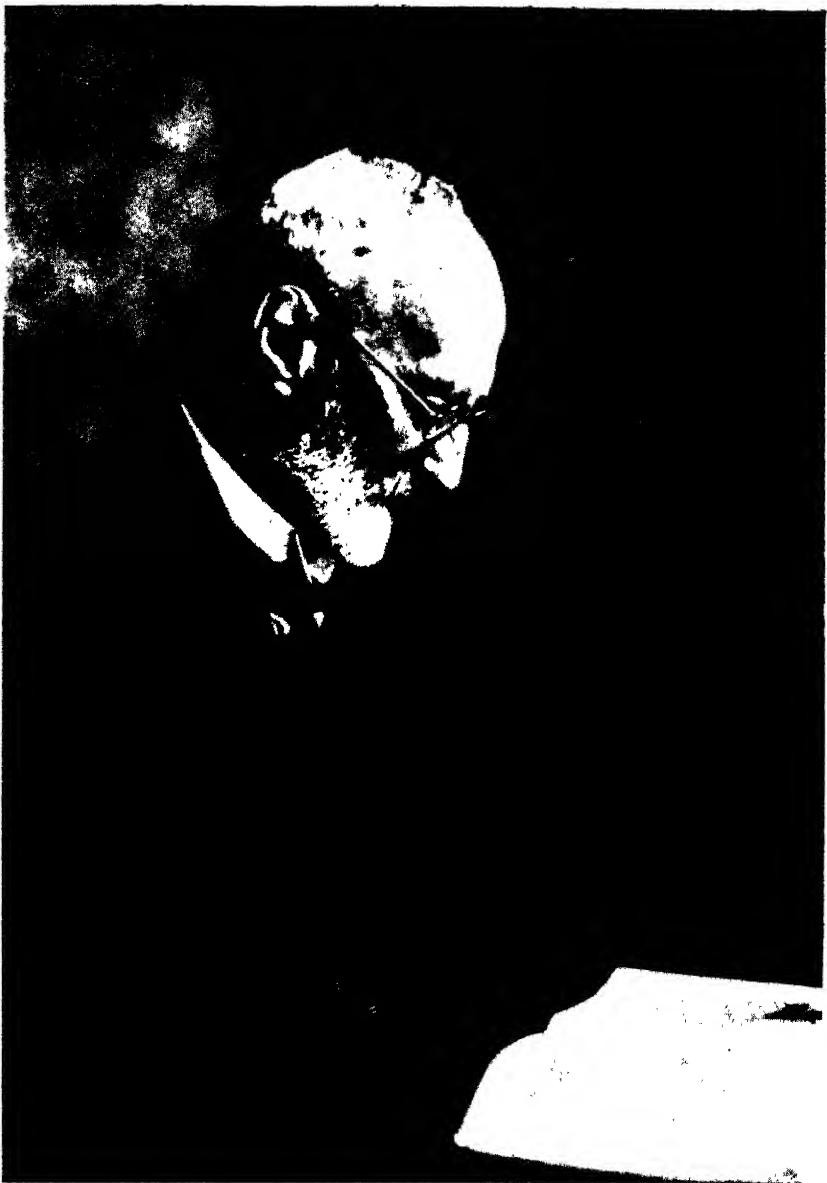
Yet others would tread the path which he and Portal had followed so faithfully, would approach Reunion by 'the light of faith' and not by that of 'human calculation,' and so find the answer to the prayer '*Ut unum sint.*'

### *XXIII. The Last Years*

Deeply as Halifax was engaged with the Conversations between 1921 and 1928, he kept a watchful eye upon the other affairs of the Church. He had ceased to be President of the English Church Union in 1919; nor, through his increasing deafness, were meetings of much use to him; but he retained an extraordinary authority in the Catholic party. The younger men seldom failed to consult him, even if they did not always take his advice, while his letters to the Press and occasional addresses on current subjects commanded an eager attention.

During these years the Revised Prayer Book hung like a shadow over the Church. Halifax's first feelings towards the new Book were those of impatience with the interference it threatened with his cherished work for Reunion. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Gore, Lord Hugh Cecil, and others were always bringing it up to stop him from doing something which he wanted to do; and the long delay in publishing the Reports on Malines was due as much to the Prayer Book as to the silence of Van Roey.

As for the Book itself, Halifax was at first a little uncertain. Anyone who had lived through the days of the Public Worship Regulation Act could hardly fail to be moved by the concessions offered to the Catholics, by the fact that the Book would authorise so many of the practices for which men had gone to prison in the 'seventies. But as time went on, opinions on all sides took shape and hardened, and long before the new Book—somewhat battered by criticism—had reached its final ordeal in Parliament, Halifax had come to the conclusion that



THE LAST YEARS

*From a photograph taken in 1932*

its demerits outweighed its advantages. Once he had made his choice, his opposition grew. He disliked intensely the new Rubrics which, he felt, were designed to ease the tender consciences of Modernists at the expense of the Catholic Faith. He thought the shortened services objectionable, but kept his hottest criticism for the Alternative Order of Holy Communion. To begin with, he maintained that a new Liturgy was superfluous, when all that was required was to permit the use of the Prayer Book of 1549, for which he had never relaxed his campaign. But although at one time he induced the Archbishop of York (Dr. Lang) to support the claims of Edward VI's First Book, the other bishops would have none of it. Then there was the position given by the new Book to the Epiklesis in the Prayer of Consecration, a position which, he considered, was opposed to the liturgical traditions of the Catholic West and therefore not calculated to further Reunion with Rome.

What then can be the object [Halifax wrote to the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Headlam] of putting the '*Ut fiant nobis*' quoted by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in their reply to Pope Leo XIII in his Bull on Anglican Orders out of its place before the Consecration, as it now stands in the Liturgy of 1549, and placing it after the Consecration, involving, as such a change does, a distinct alteration in the teaching of the Church of England?<sup>21</sup>

Equally strong was his objection to the rulings about Reservation, which 'seem to limit the purpose of Our Lord's Institution to the single object of Communion,' and to the preface to the Thanksgiving after Communion.

Even more alarming was the threat which the new Book implied. The bishops, while trying to tempt the Anglo-Catholics with concessions, were also trying to calm the Protestants with promises of discipline. In place of a Prayer Book which no one could be expected to observe in all its strictness, was one which, it is true, gave greater latitude, but would be rigidly en-

forced. The olive branch, in fact, was suspiciously like a rod for Catholic backs. Or to change the metaphor, the Catholic Movement, which for nearly a hundred years had been swirling down channels of its own making, was to be canalised within concrete embankments.

Halifax, and those who thought with him, were in a difficult position when the new Book came before Parliament. They could vote for something they disliked—‘a part sentimental and part Oriental and part made in Germany Book’\*; they could vote with the extreme Protestants against it and thus admit the right of Parliament to overrule the decision of the Church; they could refuse to vote at all when a matter vital to the Church was being settled. Of three evils Halifax chose the last; but he could not allow the Prayer Book to pass through the Lords without recording his opinion, and on December 16th he made his last speech to that assembly.

The Bill had been introduced on the previous day by the Archbishop of Canterbury. When the debate was resumed, Lord Stanhope spoke for the Protestants. As he finished Lord Parmoor rose from the Opposition Benches. Halifax rose simultaneously. There were cries of ‘Halifax’ from all quarters, Lord Parmoor sat down, and the House and galleries began to fill.

Halifax began by explaining that originally he had not intended to speak, but ‘I should be guilty of an act of cowardice if I shrank from expressing my opinion.’

I have no sort of intention of discussing the provisions in the Deposited Prayer Book. I do not think those are subjects which come properly within the scope either of this House of Parliament or the other; but I have certain observations to make in regard to the dangers whch I see in connection with this matter and to which I desire to invite your Lordships’ attention.

\*From the much-quoted skit by the Rev. Gabriel Gillett, at one time Lord Halifax’s chaplain.

The House had been told that the purpose of the measure and the intention of the authorities was the restoration of order and discipline.

I will ask your Lordships for one moment to carry your memories back fifty years. I believe, though I am not quite certain of the date, that it is just fifty years since the Public Worship Regulation Act was introduced into Parliament. The reason for that Measure was precisely the same as that which is assigned for the present Measure—a desire to increase facilities for order and discipline.

The measure was carried, and what had followed?

One priest in the suburbs of London, when it became law, refused to obey it. He was promptly sent to Holloway Gaol and I rather think, if my memory serves me, that five other clergy in different parts of the country followed his example and one of them was shut up in Lancaster Castle for something like the best part of a year. The Archbishop of Canterbury will remember the circumstances. What was the result and what is the final result that we see to-day? It is that precisely the things for which those clergy were put into prison are the things which the Deposited Book is now attempting to legalise, and not only so but the Book states definitely and positively that those particular matters for which those clergy were sent to prison are entirely in accordance with the mind and practice of the Church of England. I do not think your Lordships will deny that time brings its revenges. I think, however, if we are well advised we shall also endeavour to profit by its lessons.

There had been a threat then, and it had come to nothing; there was a threat now, and it would have the same fate. Many of the changes in the new Book were most unpalatable to Catholics.

There is first of all the change in the celebration of Holy Communion. That is a change which alters what has been the practice

of the Church of England since the days of St. Augustine and, if carried, will necessitate the alteration of every single book of private devotion in regard to Holy Communion throughout the country. It may or may not be desirable, but at all events it is a matter of some importance. Next you have the proposals in regard to the Athanasian Creed. I ask you to carry your memories back far enough to what happened in the days of Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon who threatened to give up their preferments if not dissimilar changes were forced upon them. There are changes in regard to the Marriage Service and the Baptismal Service, not perhaps very important in themselves but one of which, by implication, affects words of Our Lord in regard to Noah and the Flood, and the other flatly contradicts the definite statement of St. Paul in the Epistle. These are matters about which people are likely to feel very seriously.

Then how did the bishops propose to deal with clergy who denied an episcopal power to forbid Reservation?

The suggestion in regard to the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament is that it should be only for the sick and for the benefit of those who are prevented from coming to the parish church. Do they suppose that those clergy are in the least likely to acquiesce in an alteration of their view of what may be due to Our Lord in the reserved Sacrament, or that it will make any difference in regard to that in the celebration of Holy Communion in the ordinary service?

The Deposited Book would bring nothing but trouble and disunion. The true remedy lay not with Parliament, but with the Church herself, whose divisions were less formidable than they were reputed to be. If

Sir William Joynson Hicks, Sir Thomas Inskip and myself could be shut up together, there is every good reason for thinking that we should come to an understanding and a very considerable measure of agreement.

Readers of these pages will guess his own liturgical solution.

I have never been able to understand why the Episcopate as a body did not support the proposal of the Archbishop of York some time ago, that where it was wished the First Prayer Book of Edward VI might be acquiesced in. That Prayer Book has the full sanction of Parliament. It is the first edition of our Prayer Book. It was used by Archbishop Cranmer, by Bishop Latimer and by Bishop Ridley and the other reformers. Bishop Gardiner had been willing to acquiesce in it. It has a history which is very important from every theological point of view. Those who rejoice in the name of Protestant could not possibly object to a Liturgy of that sort with such a history, and people such as myself would rejoice in it, too. I speak with knowledge because that Liturgy, with the acquiescence of two Archbishops of York, has been used in a church in Yorkshire [Hickleton] for over twenty-five years, and I have full experience of it. Every sort of person has worshipped in that church, but there has never been a single complaint, not one.

Nevertheless he could not bring himself to vote against the Deposited Book.

I have too great a respect and, if I may be allowed to say so, too great a personal affection for the Archbishop of Canterbury to vote against this Measure. I shall not vote against it, on those personal grounds. I cannot vote for the Measure, more especially in view of the speech of Lord Stanhope and the sort of things that I hear said in different places about the necessity of coercion, because I cannot take the responsibility of supporting any Measure which contemplates action of that sort. I believe that coercion of that kind is absolutely impracticable and most undesirable.<sup>2</sup>

The Bill passed in the Lords, only to be defeated in the Commons; and when it reappeared in the new year with changes designed to allay the alarms of Protestants, the Commons again rejected it.

Halifax, for all his dislike of the Book, thought the position

intolerable. The Archbishops had made a great mistake in ever recognising that

Parliament, constituted as it is, and containing within its borders Jews, members of non-Christian bodies, Nonconformists, and Heretics of every sort, is entitled to control the worship and spiritual discipline of the Church of England.<sup>3</sup>

The rejection of the new Prayer Book, he believed, by creating a crisis in the relations of Church and State, offered a fresh opportunity to agitate for at least such a measure of freedom for the Church of England as was enjoyed by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

To exploit that opportunity to the utmost was the obvious task of the English Church Union, of which, as much to his own surprise as to that of everyone else, he had again become President in 1927. Sir Robert Newman, it will be remembered, had succeeded Lord Phillimore, but his reign was brief. H. W. Hill, after resigning the secretaryship, had become a vice-president, and, having served so long with one president, did not find it easy to adjust his ways to another. Sir Robert resigned and was followed by Lord Shaftesbury, who gave as close an attention to the Society's business as his many other pre-occupations permitted. But he was a busy man, without the unique authority and experience of Halifax; after Hill's resignation in 1919, the secretary was the Rev. Arnold Pinchard; and in a rather delicate ecclesiastical situation the Union's influence declined. Lord Shaftesbury resigned in 1927, and the Council, hard put to find a successor, at length approached Halifax. He agreed to return temporarily to the office, but it was understood that he could not take the same active part as formerly. His deafness made it difficult for him to preside over meetings of the Council; and a regular monthly journey to London could hardly be expected of a man of his age. He could give the Union the value of his name, his prestige, and his advice. He

could make occasional speeches, as in 1931, when he delivered his Presidential Address in the Albert Hall. He could support the 'rebel churches' of London in disobedience to their bishop over Devotions to the Blessed Sacrament. He could denounce with all his old vigour the iniquities of the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Barnes).

That Bishop has done every possible mischief he could to the Church of England [he wrote in 1931 to Athelstan Riley], and I am quite at a loss to understand how the rest of the episcopate have been able to put up with him as they have. He should have been treated by them as they treated Bishop Colenso.<sup>4</sup>

What he could no longer do was to give the Union the watchful care he had given it for so many years.

Other Church matters, too, from time to time claimed his attention. Fr. Tooth, who had gone to prison in the days of the Public Worship Regulation Act, offered the sum of £10,000, provided the same amount was otherwise raised, for the construction of a fitting shrine to St. Thomas in Canterbury Cathedral, to replace the one destroyed at the Reformation. Halifax threw himself into the scheme with enthusiasm, and a magnificent design was prepared by Mr. Comper. The Dean (the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard) was very sympathetic, but the project wilted before the senile obstructiveness of the Chapter, who wanted something cheaper and smaller and finally suggested a flat object to match the unlovely memorial to Archbishop Tait (incidentally the sponsor of the Act which had sent Tooth to prison). Halifax was very angry with them, and no agreement had been reached when Tooth died and with him his offer.

Into such questions Halifax threw himself with all his old fire and — it might be added—his old impishness. When the editor of a popular newspaper invited him to contribute his opinions in a series of articles about religion, written mostly by

persons inadequately equipped for their task, he replied by sending a copy of the Nicene Creed.

Malines, the affairs of the Church, and family events shared his interests. After 1922, when Temple Newsam was handed over to the City of Leeds,\* he spent nearly all his time at Hickleton and Garrowby, with occasional visits to London and a few weeks every year at Bovey Tracey, where 'the past lives almost more for me than it does anywhere else'<sup>5</sup> and where he was still able to enjoy some of the familiar walks.

He took the greatest pleasure in the political career of his son. In 1922 the Coalition Government fell, and Edward became President of the Board of Education in Mr. Bonar Law's administration. 'I cannot even imagine what my Father and Mother and your Aunt Emily must be feeling,' Halifax wrote to him. Next year there was another General Election and Labour was in office for the first time, to his disgust, as he was strongly of opinion that the leaders of the Labour Party were usurpers in the business of government. When the Conservatives returned in 1924, Edward went to the Board of Agriculture, but not for long. In October 1925 he was asked if he would go to India as Viceroy. The invitation involved a difficult decision, since, apart from the separation from Garrowby and (for much of the time) from his children, he could hardly expect that, at the end of five years, his father, who was already eighty-six, would be alive to welcome him home.

On October 10th Halifax wrote to his son:

The decision must depend upon what, as far as you can judge, is God's Will for you, and that again can only be ascertained by the light which comes to a conscience that is inspired by the single desire of doing, so far as one can, what is God's Will for us

\*The principal feature of the ceremony was a speech by Halifax in which he delightfully described the past history of Temple Newsam and his own associations with the house.



LORD IRWIN

in this life, and seeks that inspiration in much prayer and recourse to God Himself. When that is done, the matter is largely taken out of our own hands. . . .

Edward went up to Hickleton to talk it over, and after some discussion Halifax said: 'Never mind about the consequences. If you really try to discover what you ought to do, and then do it, you need never reproach yourself afterwards. What we must do is to say our prayers.'

They went to Mass together on the day of St. Simon and St. Jude (Oct. 28th), and when they came out of church, Halifax said: 'Well, I think you ought to go.'

'So do I,' replied his son.

'Then that's settled, and don't let us talk about it any more.'

There was, of course, the question of the children. But horrid as it would be leaving them it is the sort of thing people who undertake great posts have to do. . . . As for me, it would almost certainly be goodbye, but at my age that again is not a matter of any real importance either to you or to me. . . .<sup>6</sup>

The offer was accepted. Deeply as Halifax felt the parting it would mean, he was sure that his son was right to go; and it pleased him that in India Edward would be carrying on the distinguished work of his grandfather, the first Secretary of State. The future Viceroy became Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, a title recalling the old Scottish viscounty of Irwin held by the Ingrams of Temple Newsam.

Halifax, having said that he could scarcely hope to be alive when his son came back from India, inwardly made up his mind not to die before 1931. 'I am concentrating all my energies, will power and intentions in doing all I can to manage living till you come home,'<sup>7</sup> he wrote on May 12th 1927. More than once he contemplated a visit to India. The possibility of going tiger-shooting enthralled him. 'What I should like to see would be the tiger springing at the elephant on which I was, and

a well-directed shot laying him low at the critical moment.<sup>8</sup> In November 1926 he had actually taken his ticket, but in the end, to the relief of his family, he gave up the journey. He was, he admitted, too old and deaf and 'groggy' for Eastern adventures; and any lingering hope disappeared after his serious illness in February 1927.

On the 17th of February he took the chair at a meeting in honour of Fr. Tooth, the last survivor of the victims of the Public Worship Regulation Act. Next day he went down with pneumonia. The doctors did not believe that at his age he could recover. He was given the Last Sacraments, was believed to be unconscious and sinking. James, who was in the bedroom waiting for the end, asked the nurse: 'How long do you think his lordship will last?' But before an answer could be given, a voice from the bed replied: 'Quite a little time yet, James.' Halifax was right. He recovered and was travelling to Paris in June.

He lived, but one by one his links with the past were snapping. On November 21st 1925, when he was at Cambrai, Queen Alexandra had died. For nearly sixty years he had been her devoted and loyal friend. In 1920, after visiting her and finding her, as he thought, looking ill and depressed, he wrote her a long letter. He began by describing in the greatest detail the recent death of his wife, a loss which had given him a new insight into the Queen's sorrow and loneliness.

Her [Lady Halifax's] death helps me to understand what Your Majesty's life must now be. To have been so long at the centre of everything and now, except for the love of every man and woman in England, which nothing can affect, to feel that all is changed and nothing is left, must be indeed hard to bear.

Would she not discover consolation in the Blessed Sacrament? 'I have indeed found it so. In Holy Communion we are made not only one with Jesus Christ but one with all the members of

His Body—with those we have loved and lost.' Holy Communion was 'the abiding joy and comfort' of his life.

Might not Your Majesty find the same happiness too? I do not know what Your Majesty's practice may be, but would not Your Majesty find a never-failing and increasing source of happiness if Your Majesty made a rule of coming to Holy Communion every Sunday? . . .

It is now [he concluded] I think 59 years since I first had the honour of being presented to Your Majesty when Your Majesty first came to England. I can see Your Majesty now in a diamond crown and ermine tippet, like a fairy princess, coming down the staircase in Buckingham Palace to go to an evening party held at St. James's Palace after Your Majesty and the King came back from Osborne. I recall those first years at Abergeldie and Sandringham, when Prince Eddie was a baby. They are things I can never forget, though they seem so long ago.

I think, if the occasion arose, I would willingly give my life for Your Majesty, but I can be of no use to anyone now. And I can only pray God to give Your Majesty all the best things now in this life, and after this life all those good things He has prepared for those that love Him in the world to come.<sup>9</sup>

Halifax returned in time to attend a Sung Requiem at St. Mary's, Graham Street, and on the 26th to visit the Chapel Royal, where the body of the Queen lay in state.

In April 1926 it was the turn of his old and faithful ally Hill. 'No one,' he wrote to Mrs. Hill, 'could have had so good, so devoted, so helpful a friend as he has been to me.'<sup>10</sup> In 1927 he was grieving for Gladstone's daughter, Mary Drew—'though we always contradicted one another.'<sup>11</sup> And in the following year his son-in-law, General Sutton, died, doubly a sorrow for the sake of his daughter.

In 1925 Gyp, the consolation of his last years, had appeared. He was an Irish terrier, originally the property of Halifax's

friend, Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe. When she died, Halifax took Gyp away with him. There had always been dogs at Hickleton, but never a dog like Gyp. Not Boots, the white broken-haired terrier of surpassing intelligence who had accompanied young Charles Wood to Oxford in 1858 and later had gone to Cambridge with Frederick Wood, thus becoming, as Halifax liked to claim, the best educated dog in the Kingdom, not Laddie, Lady Halifax's last and greatly beloved dog, had such a place in Halifax's affections. From 1925 to 1928, when the diaries end, they are full of Gyp, his ailments, his adventures, and his singular achievements; how he was shut in the stable and escaped along a drain; how he slew a young rabbit and was dubbed 'Murderer' for the day; and so on. Gyp, on his side, had no concern for anyone but his master and was lamentably unhappy when they were separated. Indeed he was nearly the cause of an ecclesiastical dispute. It was his custom to accompany Halifax to church, where he would stay with perfect decorum during the service. One Good Friday he went with his master to the Mass of the Presanctified. Halifax intended to remain for the Three Hours' service and, feeling that this was more than should be asked of any dog, slipped out of church at the end of the Mass and took Gyp home. Then he returned to his seat, but presently a patter of feet told him that Gyp had made his escape and was back, to sit, on his best behaviour, through the whole of the Three Hours. His conduct so impressed Halifax that he determined, on Gyp's demise, to bury him just inside the churchyard. That this was contrary to the law both of Church and State did not disturb him, though it greatly troubled his chaplain, Fr. Painter, who was equally resolved that the interment should be elsewhere than in consecrated ground. Halifax, however, laid his plans with great care. As soon as Gyp died, he would persuade Fr. Painter to go away for the day, and during his absence the deed would be done.



LORD HALIFAX AND GYP

Fortunately the situation never arose, as Gyp survived his master, though by less than a month.\*

Mrs. Sutton spent much of her time at Hickleton, especially after the death of her husband. ‘Mary is quite a “commander,”’ Halifax reported to his son<sup>12</sup>; his particular complaint being that she had insisted on sending him to bed at ten-thirty sharp, at the most bloodcurdling moment in the ‘thriller’ she was reading to him.

He also had with him Fr. Painter his chaplain, ‘a delightful companion, with whom it is delightful to talk and even, if it should so happen, to quarrel.’<sup>13</sup> It did so happen, fairly frequently, for Halifax enjoyed a good battle and never allowed its issue to impair his affectionate relations with his chaplain. He sometimes had qualms about keeping Fr. Painter from other and more important work, but could not bring himself to part with him. ‘I want him to stay here till I die,’ he said. ‘Then I know I shall be buried properly.’

During these last years, and despite repeated operations to his eyes, reading was difficult; yet somehow he read or contrived to have read to him, most of the important biographies, memoirs, and religious works that appeared, while a good ghost story or ‘thriller’ never failed to excite him. It was always uncertain whether he would press upon a departing guest a copy of Dom Anscar Vonier’s *A Key to the Doctrine of the Eucharist* or the very latest tale of blood and thunder.

Behind the trivial round he had a devotional life into which he retired more and more. At half-past seven every morning he went to Mass, on weekdays usually in the little chapel attached to the house, taking with him *The Garden of the Soul* or some other book of devotions.

I do not think [writes the Rev. W. R. Corbould] that when

\*He was buried just outside the churchyard, close to the little door through which he used to accompany his master for Mass.

possible he ever missed assisting at daily Mass. The picture rises up before me of many an early Mass in that rather dark private chapel at Hickleton which he loved so well. I always found that, however early I went to the chapel to say my preparation before Mass, there was always kneeling in the front row of seats on the right, and wrapped in the French cloak which he always wore, quite still, and almost invisible, the venerable figure of Lord Halifax. Under his chair was Gyp, his old, much-loved dog, who never left him night or day and always went to Mass with him, at any rate at Hickleton. Perhaps there was the light of a pocket torch if he was using a book; otherwise only the gleam of the white hair of the bowed head. There was an intensity about him and the sense of entire recollection when he was praying; (it was always easy to be recollected oneself when he was there;) he made no movement and was utterly absorbed. During Mass he made all the responses quietly but audibly; he received Holy Communion with deep devotion, and, returning to his prayer-desk, knelt and again remained quite still. And so he did remain for a long long time. I have known him not to leave the chapel for his frugal breakfast for two hours after he had received our Divine Lord.

On the greater festivals Halifax would be in church at an even earlier hour than half-past seven, attending all the services throughout the day. He said Matins to himself, either at nine o'clock in the chapel or in his own room, and read a little, generally a meditation from Bishop Challoner, though at one time a favourite book was Peter Young's *Daily Meditations*. Every evening before dinner he said Evensong. During Holy Week, which he kept strictly, he read a great deal, often in *The Devonport Manual* or in Isaac Williams's books on the Passion, to which he always turned on Easter Eve. When his blindness increased, Fr. Painter or one of his children would read the services to him.

While this devotional life was the greatest reality, he never

lost his interest in the events of a transient, disappointing world. He was hotly indignant at the General Strike, disagreeing with the Archbishops, scolding the miners, and suggesting the direst penalties for the miscreants who tried to derail trains.

In 1928 the old Archbishop of Canterbury retired.

I am really sorry the Archbishop has resigned [wrote Halifax to Riley]. I do not like Bishops resigning; a capacity for work is not everything, and a Diocese has a claim on its Bishop's bones. Why should the Archbishop not have had a coadjutor? However I dare-say the Lambeth Conference next year—or rather the year following—makes a great difference.<sup>14</sup>

The translation of Dr. Lang to Canterbury pleased him.

My dear Lord Archbishop and very dear friend [he wrote],

I think your Grace will perhaps for a moment have a little wondered why Your Grace has not had a word from me on your ascending the throne of St. Augustine and becoming the '*alterius orbis Papa.*' The truth is I had not the heart to write, and then there was your illness which made all letters things to be avoided. Of course I was rejoiced, and should have been grievously disappointed had by any possibility things gone amiss; but I could not bear your leaving York. I remember too much the old days—Oxford, All Souls, Paraggi and the delightful time we had in the Castello together, our bathes. . . . And then later how you helped in securing the Dean of Wells to go to Malines, which has really been the most important thing in my life, and which will one day bear its proper fruit. . . . I daresay we shall be very happy with our new Archbishop,\* but it is not the old Archbishop.<sup>15</sup>

Halifax paid his last visit to Lambeth on his birthday in 1932. When he was leaving, Dr. Lang came with him and gave him his arm at the top of the wide flight of steps leading down to the front door. The Archbishop, who was just recovering from

\*Dr. Temple.

a severe illness, was still shaky and had not realised the unexpected weight which Halifax's apparently frail figure threw upon a helping arm. He stumbled; so did Halifax; and the next moment primate and peer, clutching wildly at each other, tobogganed down the steps in company. They arrived at the bottom a little shaken, but otherwise unhurt, and helpless with laughter.

In 1928 Halifax had one more brush with *The Tablet*. An Introduction which he wrote to a collection of sermons on Reunion by the Abbé Calvet provoked the editor into a personal attack. This did not disturb Halifax, but disgusted some of the leading Roman Catholics in the country so much that they protested to Cardinal Bourne himself against the tone of the semi-official Catholic newspaper.

In 1930 Halifax published his last book, *The Good Estate of the Catholic Church*. There were, he explained, certain subjects on which he had something to say before he died.

I cannot, at my age, afford to delay the matter, and I think that, after something like seventy years during which ecclesiastical matters have been my greatest interest, I may have acquired an experience which would be useful at the present time.<sup>16</sup>

The little book was an apology for the work of his life. After giving the historical justification of the Catholic Movement, he dealt with the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, the Prayer Book of 1549, and the need for Reunion. His concluding message was:

On looking back over the last seventy-five years I see that the best of all the good gifts of every sort, and they are innumerable, which God has given me, the gift bestowed upon us of the Holy Sacrament infinitely surpasses them all. Our Lord's presence, as it is vouchsafed to us in that most Holy Sacrament, has been the support, the strength and joy of my life. Without it my life would have been such as I tremble to think of, and it is because of all the

Blessed Sacrament has been to me, that I wish to thank God for it in the most public manner I can. If those who are good enough to read this paper will say a prayer for me at Mass when I leave this world, which cannot now be long deferred, no words that I can find would express my gratitude.<sup>17</sup>

As it was with outside events, so it was with his own little world. Hickleton had ever offered a wide hospitality, and Halifax was determined to maintain the tradition so long as there was breath in his body. Old friends like Lady Beauchamp or Lord Hugh Cecil or Miss Hilder, once his children's governess, were always welcomed. Besides the family muster at Christmas, he continued to fill his house for Doncaster Races. Many of the guests were now of the generation of his elder grandchildren, and their manners sometimes puzzled and jangled. He was especially critical of the young women, their talk, their make-up, and their habit of going about the house in riding-breeches. As for the abandoned minxes who strolled in the paddock at Doncaster smoking cigarettes, he could only vow that if his granddaughters behaved in such a way he would lock them up. The goings-on of one of his parties for the Races amused him too much for irritation. He and his guests had all retired for the night, when he was roused by the barking of Gyp and by loud mysterious thumpings overhead. At last he put on his dressing-gown and went upstairs to investigate; but there was no one to be seen. Next morning he discovered that his younger guests had been enjoying a surreptitious gramophone dance and on hearing him approach had hidden in the night nursery, the only room he had not explored.

Think of the *coup de théâtre* it would have been [he wrote regretfully to his son], if I had appeared with my candlestick in my dressing-gown in the middle of the festivities. Would it not have been splendid! Such are the manners and customs of the young in these present days.<sup>18</sup>

Whatever he might be doing, he must not miss his weekly letter to Edward in India. All the news must go to him, of his visitors, of the books he had been reading, of political events, of Gyp's latest feat, of the last episcopal misdemeanour, of the improvements he was making at Hickleton, of any grandchildren who were about. It was May and the country was looking lovely; the new stone summer house was nearly finished; the urns were up in the avenues. He had been walking round the top of the park, through Bella Wood, past the deer, who were thriving, and the pond with the ducks, and home through the west garden—‘not a bad walk for eighty-nine.’<sup>19</sup> Gyp had got mange and would have to go to the vet at Doncaster. The grandchildren were delightful. They had been helping him to entertain some of his French ecclesiastical friends at Garrowby. Charles had disrespectfully hidden one of the masks in Abbé Boyreau’s bed, but M. Guitton of the University of Paris had revenged his compatriot. ‘Peter (Francis)’—for still he could not quite stomach the first name alone—had been missing; he had gone out with his dog, been caught in a thunderstorm, and taking refuge in a barn had fallen fast asleep. Halifax had just discovered that Anne was the living likeness of the picture of her great-grandmother, Lady Mary, done when she was married.

But how, with it all, he wished Edward were home again!

I have been making all sorts of calculations as to times and seasons, just as one did at school when the holidays were in any way approaching. . . . I thought so much about all this yesterday out walking that I felt quite cracked.<sup>20</sup>

In 1929, to his joy, the Viceroy returned on leave. All the pangs of separation, of course, had to be endured over again when the short visit was over. Halifax even had renewed thoughts of going out to India, but they were only thoughts and he went back to his letters.

The hounds met at Hickleton on January 29th 1930, and he put on his boots and mounted his pony. Hounds soon found, but he was pleased to report that the fox was too clever and ended up by sitting on the sill of the breakfast-room window and getting clean away. The South India scheme of Reunion was troubling him. ‘If Lambeth, *per impossibile*, did agree I think I should have to leave the Church of England—the disappointment of all my life.’<sup>21</sup> There were other sorts of trouble in India too. ‘People ask me—“Am I anxious about you?” I say “Not in the least,” and that it is “a comfort to know that neither you nor Dorothy know what nerves are!”’<sup>22</sup>

So 1930 ran out, and once more he was counting the days and mobilising his will to live. Despite the ‘grogginess’ of his legs, there was so much to show Edward, and despite his deafness, so much to hear and to tell.

And in 1931 his son came home.

## *XXIV. The End*

The end was now drawing near. In May 1930 old Arch-bishop Davidson had died, and in January 1932 Charles Gore followed him. With both men Halifax had a long friendship, for both he had a warm regard, and both, as he knew, had loved and tried to serve the Church which he too had loved and tried to serve. Gore had been the nearer and the more intimate, and with him he had quarrelled fiercely, continuously, and without harm to their affectionate relations for nearly fifty years. He never ceased either to love him or to be exasperated by him; and when told that the Bishop, by his own request, was to be cremated, he was heard to exclaim wrathfully, if inappropriately, 'I could shake the life out of him with my own hands.'

In 1932 he went to the consecration of the new Roman Catholic Abbey at Buckfast, built by the monks themselves. As he stood watching the procession with the Relics, the Abbot stepped out of it and, clasping his hand, said, 'My lord, your presence here to-day brings to our festival the love and joy and peace of Our Lord Jesus Christ.'<sup>1</sup>

In November of that year Halifax went to his last meet at Garrowby.

Think of this [he wrote to Edward].

Lawn meet of Hounds. November.

Try Preserve [ a Garrowby covert].

Ld. Irwin in red coat.

Ld. H. in red coat.

Charles in red coat.

Three members of the Family all at once. Thing never known before.

This *must* be arranged.<sup>2</sup>



THREE GENERATIONS WITH THE MIDDLETON HUNT

LORD HALIFAX

LORD IRWIN THE HON. CHARLES WOOD

GARROWBY HILLTOP, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1932  
By Lionel Edwards

The scene, which was painted by Lionel Edwards, shows Halifax on a pony with his son and his eldest grandson, all in red coats, on the top of Garrowby Hill, in the country where he had so loved to ride in the old days.\*

In 1933 the centenary of the Oxford Movement was observed. Halifax could not attend the meetings in the Albert Hall or the great Mass at Stamford Bridge, or walk in the long procession to the tomb of Pusey (his old '*uéyas*') in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford; but he had his own celebration at Hickleton, where an altar was set up on the lawn in front of the house, and on June 22nd, from all parts of the county, people came to a Mass of thanksgiving for the work of the great Tractarians.

He was at Bovey Tracey as usual in June, and at Hickleton in October he presided over the coming-of-age festivities of his eldest grandson, Charles Wood. These were kept in accordance with tradition, and at the luncheon to the tenants and neighbours in the stableyard at Hickleton Halifax made his last speech, without a note, to a thousand people, all of whom heard him perfectly. His grandson also spoke—'an admirable little speech,' Halifax told his friends, 'not too long and not too short.'

He had one further service to discharge for the Church and the Society over which he had so long presided. The English Church Union had fallen upon difficult days. Apart from the failure to find a President to follow Halifax, in recent years the younger men had been naturally gravitating towards the Anglo-Catholic Congress, an organisation which was set up shortly after the War and had arranged a number of successful congresses in London. The inconvenience of two societies, each claiming support, the first relying more upon its historical achievements and the second more upon its present activities,

\*See the illustration facing page 364.

was obvious; and equally obvious to most people was the solution of an amalgamation. This was Halifax's view. On December 30th 1932, he wrote to Athelstan Riley:

I really cannot tell you how, in all these difficulties in regard to the Union, I miss you. I sometimes wonder whether the amalgamation of the Union with the Society of which Maurice Child is Chairman\* [the Anglo-Catholic Congress], and which is growing by leaps and bounds, might not be the best solution of our difficulties. After all such a Society as the Union is not eternal and it may be that some such solution would be the obvious course.<sup>3</sup>

A Liaison Committee of the two bodies was appointed early in 1933, in the hope that during the celebrations of the centenary of the Oxford Movement an agreed scheme of union might be announced. But the Committee was in trouble almost from the start. A strong opposition developed in the Council of the English Church Union. Some of the members disliked the daring experiments of the Anglo-Catholic Congress; they mistrusted its leaders, whom they regarded as *enfants terribles* of the Church of England, frivolous, extravagant, and prone to sensational enterprises; they remembered with misgivings Bishop Weston's telegram to the Pope. So amalgamation was whittled down to co-operation, and at last, in a final flare of intractability, the Council rejected the latest proposals of the Liaison Committee to bring about even this attenuated relationship, appointed to themselves a new Secretary, and arranged for an independent office. It was an unhappy deadlock, the despair of those who could see no alternative to union except a miserable competition of two societies, each struggling for existence. But it appeared that nothing more could be done.

Halifax himself cut the knot, his intervention being brought about by an unexpected and almost fortuitous circumstance. When the members of the English Church Union opened the

\* This was not quite correct.

November number of the monthly Gazette, they found in it two articles which gave wide offence. The first was a thinly veiled attack on the Anglo-Catholic Congress. The second, which was a criticism of the Roman Catholic Church in England, contained a derogatory reference to the Pope, while a portrait of Halifax, appearing, with little regard for suitability, in the middle of the article, seemed to claim his sympathy for its sentiments. The first article threatened to bring the deliberations of the Liaison Committee to an abrupt end; and the second caused great personal annoyance to Halifax. He wrote to resign his Presidency of the Union and followed up his letter of resignation with one of explanation to the members of the Council. To this second letter he attached an appeal for unity which he was sending to the press.

In the first place, Unity must be sought by those who are banded together to maintain and spread abroad the Ideals of the Oxford Movement, the Centenary of which we have just celebrated with unanimous enthusiasm, encouraged by our Bishops, and with the goodwill of multitudes outside the Body we are pledged to serve.

Demonstration is not enough. We must go forward in the resolute defence and the patient setting forth of those high principles which are our inheritance.

I am now in my 95th year, and I believe the time has come for a wider and larger Union than that over which I have presided, as God has enabled me in his goodness, for the past sixty-five years.

It is requisite that we should combine wisdom, courage and enthusiasm: that we should co-ordinate as far as may be all those organisations, now independent, which are working for the same high cause. Only thus can we face and defeat those new dangers which are advancing to destroy the character and the very existence of the English Church.

I ask those who are ready to respond to my appeal to send me a postcard saying, 'I am for Union,' in order that I and those intimate friends with whom I have taken counsel may know the extent of the support upon which we can rely.<sup>4</sup>

This appeal over the heads of the governing body to the rank and file of the Catholic Movement was immediately successful. It went out with all the authority of the greatest living figure of the Catholic Movement: and it at once placed the whole issue of amalgamation on a higher level, by relating it to the wider problems of the Christian world. For some days the mailbags rained postcards on Hickleton, and Halifax was delighted when his son charged him with imitating the latest methods of Herr Hitler. The opponents of amalgamation were naturally disconcerted. A suggestion—ludicrous to anyone with knowledge of the man or the facts—that Lord Halifax, at ninety-four, had blindly allowed his name and his signature to be used by others merely caused resentment. The whole situation had been changed by his action. Those vague but elastic words, liaison and co-operation, completely vanished; it was to be amalgamation or nothing.

At a crowded meeting of the Council of the English Church Union, a large majority decided to entrust the destinies of the Society to five men, to be nominated by Halifax and to form, with five others nominated by Bishop Chandler, the President of the Anglo-Catholic Congress, an Amalgamation Committee. The new Committee brought about in ten days more than the old Liaison Committee had been able to achieve in six months of sterile deliberations. Thanks in the main to the able and resourceful chairmanship of Lord Justice Slesser, the Amalgamation Committee, which began to sit on December 4th, had produced by the 13th a new transitional constitution. On the 1st of January 1934, the English Church Union and the Anglo-Catholic Congress became one Society, with Lord Halifax and Bishop Chandler as its joint Presidents.

The writer presumes to add at this point a personal reminiscence of Lord Halifax, when near the end of his long journey,

in the hope that it may recall a few of the tricks of speech and manner, the phrases, and something of the personality, which letters and diaries do not readily reveal.

Although I had met Lord Halifax before, I paid my first visit to Hickleton on June 30th 1933, just after I had agreed to write his Life. I was a little surprised, being then unfamiliar with his standard of hospitality, to find him waiting for me in his car at Doncaster station. That evening, on discovering that I had never seen either York Minster or Selby Abbey, he declared that this gap in my education must be filled without delay and that on the following afternoon he would take me to both places.

Next day we started immediately after luncheon. We went first to York, where Lord Halifax insisted on descending from the car, climbing up the steps into the Minster, and guiding me round it. We next visited Selby, though here he stayed in the car while I went inside. Except for a short nap between Selby and Hickleton, he talked with the greatest vivacity during the whole of our drive.

On returning to Hickleton we had tea. 'And now,' said Lord Halifax, 'I know you will want a walk.' I demurred, feeling that he had surely done enough for the day; but he brushed aside my protests and at half-past five was ready in the hall, with two sticks, his gloves, his spectacles, and the inevitable Gyp. I had supposed our walk would be a gentle stroll along the paths near the house, but I was wrong. Presently we went through a gate into the park, and a moment later Lord Halifax left the track and struck across country. With some amusement he told me that not long ago he had had 'quite an adventure not far from here.' Pointing to a hill in the near distance, he explained that he had slipped out one evening without telling anybody and made his way to it. When he got there it was after seven, and he had tried to return by a short cut. After a while,

with his blindness and ‘grogginess,’ he fell. He could not get up and had to crawl to a treeguard, with the help of which he lifted himself to his feet. He walked on, fell again, crawled a little further, and so had proceeded until it was quite dark. He was groping about on the ground when at last he heard voices and called out. It was a search party from the house which had been sent out to bring him in; and when they got him home it was after nine o’clock. ‘They don’t like me to go out by myself,’ he added, ‘but I mean to do so. If I start giving up things I want to do, I shall become an invalid. Don’t you think so?’\*

He talked on other subjects, told me some recollections of his father-in-law, the old Earl of Devon, of whom he was so fond. Then he spoke of King Edward, of his kindness and good humour; how he had not wished Lord Halifax to leave his household; and how once, when Prince of Wales, he had been hissed by the crowd at Ascot, and afterwards, when his horse won and the same crowd cheered him, had merely remarked, ‘They’re in a better temper than they were in this morning.’ He told another story of a certain duke at Monte Carlo who complained when the tables were closed on Ash Wednesday. ‘All I want,’ said the duke, ‘is to earn a little daily bread.’ Whereupon a high ecclesiastic present retorted, ‘The duke plays for what we pray for.’

Every now and then Lord Halifax would stop and turn towards me, swaying perilously on his sticks; and at last, as the walk lengthened, he took my arm. He asked how the Liaison Committee, of which I was a member, was progressing. When I replied that it was not getting on very well, he halted and looked quite severely at me. I added that I was strongly in

\*His walk had taken him to the crucifix at the top of Bella Wood. That day he had been at the funeral of his old friend and neighbour, Mrs. Warde Aldam, and he was anxious to prove to himself that his walking powers had not entirely disappeared.

favour of the amalgamation of the English Church Union and the Anglo-Catholic Congress. 'I think so too,' said Lord Halifax emphatically. 'I daresay the English Church Union has done its work. A time comes to every society when its work is finished. Now it ought to join with Maurice Child's society [the Anglo-Catholic Congress] and we must all work together for Reunion.'

There was a pause while we retrieved Gyp, whose elderly nose had led him on to the trail of a rabbit.

Halifax went on to speak of Reunion. 'I can't imagine any more splendid thing than the healing of the great schism.' Of course the English Roman Catholics had been troublesome, but he had some very good friends among them; it was just that their leaders, like Cardinal Bourne, had no breadth of mind. All the same, he could understand their attitude so long as we had bishops like Dr. Barnes. ('Some of our bishops are very odd; I cannot understand them at all.') He harked back to earlier days. Cardinal Vaughan had been no better than Cardinal Bourne. 'In 1895 I drafted a letter which Leo XIII was to send to us, but the Cardinal added a paragraph which quite spoilt it.' Mercier was very different, a wonderful character. He described how Mercier had once suggested to him that he should make his submission to Rome and how he had replied. Agreement on doctrine had been practically reached at Malines, but the Papal claims had not been properly discussed. Cardinal Bourne had stopped the Conversations by representing to Rome that the kind of Reunion in view was a loose federation. The Pope had not liked that at all. Still, there was great hope for the future. Reunion was the intention of God and one day the Conversations would be renewed.

As for the Evangelicals, there would be no serious difficulty in that quarter. 'Really at bottom we are in agreement,' he said. 'Once I got Sir Thomas Inskip and Lord —Lord —'

(‘Brentford?’ I suggested)—‘yes, Lord Brentford, a very good man, but not at all clever, to come and see me. I talked to them a great deal and showed them a tract I had written, and really they agreed with all of it.’

‘What do you think a Protestant would say,’ he enquired triumphantly, ‘if you were to ask him at what moment in her life our Lady came into contact with sin? Of course he would say at no moment.’

I said something to the effect that it was a pity when Anglo-Catholics spoke slightlying, as they sometimes did, of the Evangelicals.

‘Of course it is,’ Halifax replied, stopping and leaning on his sticks. ‘That’s very wrong. When we remember that they like ourselves are members of the Body of Christ, we must see how wrong that is.’

Reunion, therefore, was the future task for all of us. Unless we took it up, the Oxford Movement would lose its meaning. It was impossible to look back on the hundred years of its history without feeling that. It had been a great romance. He had known all the early Tractarians except Keble, whom he had never seen. What must they be thinking to-day, when the whole Church was honouring their work? What must his uncle, Samuel Wood, the friend of Newman, be thinking?

We did not get back till half-past seven and had been walking for two hours.

I paid a second visit to Hickleton on Saturday, October 14th, some three months later. I had spent Friday night at Kelham, and on the Saturday morning Lord Halifax himself came over there to fetch me in his car, arriving in a storm of rain. He looked a little more fragile than when I had seen him in June and was troubled by a bronchial cough, but insisted on leaving the car and seeing the chapel, where some of the students were

singing. He was tired when he got back to Hickleton, but would take a walk in the afternoon, though soon after dinner he 'slipped away' to bed, as he put it. He was dissuaded from going to early Mass the next morning, but was in his seat at eleven and again at six, in the little church where he had worshipped as a boy in the days of the 'Divine Jack.' I like to think of Lord Halifax as I remember him that night, an old bowed figure in a long black cloak, with Gyp at his feet, sitting alone by the partition dividing the chapel in the south aisle from the nave. It was Harvest Festival, and the procession went slowly by him, singing a harvest hymn.

There, where he loved best to be, it were well to leave him. He spent a happy Christmas at Hickleton with his children and grandchildren. Early in the new year (1934) he went to Garrowby, where on January 8th he was very unwell; but he was able to return to Hickleton next day. Then he began to fail fast. On the 13th, when he got up for Mass in the chapel, he was troubled by an aberration and afterwards could remember nothing of the service; yet that afternoon he took a long drive in a bath-chair round the park. His mind was now intermittently clouded, though his will was as strong as ever, and on the 18th he insisted on being taken out of doors in a chair to 'see the sea,' for he thought he was back at the Moult, his old Devonshire home. He tried to walk and went back to bed very exhausted. That evening, at about ten o'clock, when he was still quite conscious, he made his last Communion; and when his son and his daughter, Lady Bingley, came to bid him good-night, he whispered to her, 'I am worrying about my sins.' Shortly afterwards he lost consciousness and remained through the next day as though in a deep sleep. The end came at half-past seven on the evening of Friday the 19th, as peaceful and happy as an end could be.

During the days that followed letters and telegrams came to Hickleton from every quarter: from the King, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Cardinal Bourne; from friends old and young; from numerous Continental Catholics who had looked to Halifax as the paladin of Reunion; from quite humble people whom in some way he had helped and inspired; from Orthodox and Syrians, from English Roman Catholics and even from Congregationalists; from many who could have shared neither his vision nor his views, but were deeply conscious that in him the Church of God had found one of the greatest of her servants.

On the evening of January 22nd, by the flickering light of torches, his body was taken to the church, where Fr. Painter said the Vespers of the Dead. Next day was the eighth anniversary of Mercier's death. There was an early Requiem, and another was sung at eleven o'clock, immediately before the Burial. It was attended by the Bishop of Sheffield, by members of the family, neighbours, tenants, and a few old friends, to a greater number than the little church, though cleared of its chairs, could hold, and the prayers for the faithful departed were read by Halifax's friend and contemporary, Canon Wylde.

So his body was laid to rest in the family vault in the south aisle, close to the spot where, Sunday after Sunday, he had knelt and worshipped. On the same day Requiems were sung in York Minster and St. Mary's, Graham Street, for the repose of the soul of one who, his life's warfare ended, had surely been brought home to

‘his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.’

## APPENDIX I

### A GAME OF CHESS BETWEEN LORD HALIFAX AND CARDINAL VAUGHAN

(1) is a strong opening on the part of Lord Halifax—he gets his pieces well forward.

(2) is an effective move on the part of the Cardinal, somewhat weakening Lord Halifax's attack; but

(3) nevertheless continues skilfully Lord Halifax's scheme of operations opened out in (1).

(4) is a rather ill-considered and ineffective move by the Cardinal giving an advantage to the enemy.

(5) This is a well-judged move by Lord Halifax, almost sure of effect; yet

(6) is a move diminishing somewhat its force—it is a case of some of Lord Halifax's pieces helping the Cardinal's game.

(7) and (8) are very successful moves on Lord Halifax's part: he is abandoning what might have proved a too ambitious attack and attempting what his position may well make successful.

(9) is a skilful move of the Cardinal, really fatal to his enemy's game—the more so because it appears to be the very move Lord Halifax was wishing for, and puts him off his guard. It brings the game to an abrupt termination.

After (9) the checkmate of (10) was in reality inevitable.

#### KEY

(1) Abbé Portal's pamphlet and the favourable reception of his views in France and Rome—the Abbé's visit to England—his interviews with representative Anglicans—the question of reunion 'in the air.'

- (2) Cardinal Vaughan delivers an address upon 'Reunion' at Preston, emphasising the fact that submission to Rome is the only possible condition of Reunion.
- (3) Abbé Portal's visit to Rome—his favourable reception by the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla.
- (4) The Cardinal's letter to Toledo.
- (5) Lord Halifax's proposal that the Pope should address to the English (perhaps to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York) a letter expressing a desire for reunion.
- (6) Public utterances of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury inconsistent with any wish for reunion.
- (7) Lord Halifax's visit to Rome in February 1895.
- (8) The Pope's letter *Ad Anglos* appears in April.
- (9) Appointment by Rome of a Commission to examine the validity of Anglican Orders.
- (10) Appearance of the Bull condemning Anglican Orders.

## APPENDIX II

### COPY OF A LETTER FROM LORD HALIFAX TO THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, ON HIS BECOMING ARCH- BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

HICKLETON,  
*January, 1903.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My brother's illness and very sudden death have prevented my writing before, and yet I have been wishing to tell you, ever since I heard that you were to succeed to the throne of St. Augustine, how much I pray God for you, and how earnestly I trust that His blessing will be with you, and His good providence guiding and inspiring you in all the years that are to come.

Except the Pope himself, I suppose there is no man in the whole world who will have greater opportunities for influencing the future of the whole Church of Christ than those which will now be yours. It is a terrible responsibility. I have a vision of tremendous opportunities, and of no less tremendous—I might say well nigh insuperable—difficulties rising up before you, and as I think of them, your motto for 1903, chosen as it was and when it was, seems nothing short of an inspiration. 'Domine refugium nostrum' is indeed the augury of a good hope, and the presage of a Primacy secure where security alone is to be found.

'Alterius orbis Papa' is no mere phrase; it is the expression of a fact, and as I can never write to you again as I have done in the past, you will let me say to-day what I can never say again. I do not think that the ideals of St. Anselm or St. Thomas of Canterbury, of Stephen Langton or of Archbishop Laud are likely to be yours. I wish it were otherwise, but I can say with absolute truth that in view of our

present circumstances, if it had depended on my voice you would be where you now are. I am unfeignedly glad that you are to succeed to the Primacy, and I should have wished to see no one else in your place; and yet what a burden. I doubt if any Archbishop of Canterbury has ever had greater difficulties to contend with than those which are likely to confront you. Will you let me say a few words about some of them? I write them as they occur to me, so forgive their disconnectedness.

First there are the difficulties incident to the whole present position of the Church of England, and they are well nigh insuperable. Since the sixteenth century Protestantism has effected a *de facto* lodgment within the borders of the Church, an anomaly in itself hardly tolerable, which hampers the Church in her office of proclaiming the truth at every turn, and which makes any really consistent action on the part of her Bishops as Catholic Prelates at the present moment almost impossible. An English Bishop could only act really consistently with that Catholic Faith and Catholic principles which he professes to hold, by deliberately making up his mind from the outset of his Episcopate—and no harder thing can be asked of any man—to take a course which he would know beforehand would scandalise and do harm to all sorts of good people whom he would most wish to win, and which would make his whole Episcopate, during his life-time at least, and until death had put its seal upon his work, a complete failure. At this price, I believe, he might do a work of incalculable value, not merely to the Church of England, but to the whole of Christendom, but it would be at the price of a life of which every day was a martyrdom. ‘I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile,’ would, *mutatis mutandis*, as once before in the history of the Church, sum up such an Episcopate.

The personal difficulty is not, however, the only one which results from the existing state of things. I know that it is possible to minimise the conflicting elements and the points of divergence within the Church of England, but minimise them as you will, make what allowance for them you like, recognise even, up to a certain point, their providential character, and the consequent duty of bearing with

them, dealing tenderly with them, and of utilising them in the interests of truth, it remains true that within the Church of England there are practically *two* religions, and that it is only possible to tolerate a condition of things so contradictory of the nature and office of the Church on two conditions.

(1) That nothing is done by the rulers of the Church to make the recovery of Catholic doctrine and practice more difficult, or (2) to consolidate the position of those within the Church, who, from a Catholic point of view, ought never to have been allowed to occupy the position they now hold.

Once it is made clear that all Catholic doctrine and practice are only to be tolerated, still more if it should appear that they are not to be tolerated, and that the compromises of the sixteenth century, the failure of which to retain the people of this country in the faith of their fathers is only too clearly witnessed to by the state of the population and the developments of dissent, are to be enforced for all time, and appealed to as decisive in every dispute as to doctrine or practice which may arise—and it will cease to be the object of any who puts the Catholic religion in the first place to endeavour to maintain a state of things so little favourable to what they believe to be the truth and highest interests of the Church. In view of the past, anything would be better than to have such a yoke riveted on our necks. Much may be borne which is admittedly only temporary and provisional, nobody distrusts heroic remedies more than I do, but some things are impossible, and among them are the surrender of what has already been won, and the acquiescence in a hard and fast line determined by the *ipsissima verba* of sixteenth and seventeenth century formularies, interpreted and enforced with no regard to the teaching and practice of the whole Church, and the peculiar and altogether exceptional circumstances of the entire history of the Church of England. Our formularies interpreted by Catholic consent are one thing, interpreted merely by themselves quite another. To give concrete examples of what I mean; it is impossible for a hundred reasons to forbid the daily mass because there are no communicants. It is equally impossible not to recognise that the sung

mass on Sunday, when sung late as it must be if it is to be the chief service of the day, cannot and ought not to be a mass chiefly for the purpose of communion; and it is equally impossible to interfere with the use of the 'Hail Mary' and the practice of asking the saints and the departed generally to help us with their prayers. Only consider what the general attitude of Englishmen and of the great mass of the population amongst the English-speaking races is towards the Catholic Faith, and what a lesson that attitude ought to teach us. What, on the Anglican theory, is the purest portion of Christendom, with every advantage of wealth and position and privilege, has proved absolutely incapable of retaining within its fold, not only the great masses of its population, but a very large proportion of those (I say nothing of the irreligious and the careless) who are really alive to their souls' needs, and care for spiritual concerns. If one object of a Church is to bring men to the obedience of the Faith, why has the Church of England been so eminently unsuccessful? Certainly, amongst many and obvious reasons, as for example how little true she has been to her own principles, it is because, as M. de Maistre truly says, 'She has been a rebel preaching obedience,' and it is just this, and the consequences it involves, that make any restoration of ecclesiastical discipline in England so difficult at the present time, so impossible I might say, till the only principles on which obedience can be rightly claimed and rendered are once more freely and generally recognised amongst us. The Church of England as a whole makes a boast of her independence of the rest of Christendom. She has erected her isolation, and the state of practical schism in which, largely I admit by the fault of others, she finds herself, into a principle, something almost to be proud of, instead of one to be deeply deplored. She refuses to recognise that she owes any duty of obedience and submission to the rest of the Church. The authority of the whole Church is nothing to her. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum' is a phrase without meaning in the ears of her rulers. In resisting the mediæval and temporal claims of the Papacy she has forgotten both what is due to the Primate of Christendom, and the duty her Bishops owe to the rest of the Catholic Episcopate. That Episcopate may reject her

claims (in view of Dixon's last two volumes and Gairdner's *History of the Church of England from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Death of Mary Tudor*, edited by the late Dean of Winchester, it is impossible to deny that there is much to justify such rejection), but that rejection, so far as it is a fact, cannot relieve her from the obligations those claims impose upon her, assuming those claims to be well founded.

Anglican Bishops care absolutely nothing about, they do not even consider, the teaching and practice of the great majority of those who are sharers with them in the authority of the Episcopal office. What those Bishops believe and teach might for all practical purposes, so far as they are concerned, be non-existent, and yet they have no misgivings about insisting on the duty of obedience to themselves on grounds which in their own case they totally disregard. Recent pronouncements of our two Archbishops would have exposed them in any other part of the Church to the alternative of retraction or deposition.

To claim obedience on Catholic principles yourself, you cannot totally disregard the rest of the Church, and at the same time claim authority for a part which attaches only to the whole. Is it wonderful when all this is ignored that by a just nemesis English Bishops find it difficult, often impossible, and rightly impossible, to vindicate their authority to their own clergy and laity, and still more impossible to do so in the eyes of a critical and unbelieving world? What indeed is the attitude of the mass of our countrymen towards all these subjects? What is their attitude, for example, towards the Prayer Book? Half of them—I am still talking of the religious part of the community—neither believe what is in the Prayer Book, nor pay the slightest attention to its directions. The proportion of Nonconformists to professing Churchmen is proof of this, and even of professing Churchmen, what proportion of them either know or attempt to conform to the precepts and practices the Prayer Book enjoins? They are entirely outside it.

As for the other half, in so far as they believe in the teaching of the Prayer Book and conform to its practice, the great majority of them do so in their own way without any real regard to or understanding

of the principles it enshrines, and which alone make it a serviceable instrument for the salvation of souls, and the satisfaction of those spiritual instincts and wants which it is the business of the Church to supply.

No doubt the last seventy years have witnessed an enormous change, and upon the whole a change for the better. We have lived through a period which would cover the space of time comprised between Henry VIII's divorce and the accession of James I. The changes between 1835 and 1903 are hardly less than those between 1535 and 1603; but taking these changes at the best, what little realisation there is of the Church as an organic whole. It is not felt to be a Living Body indwelt by the Holy Ghost, really one with and summed up in Christ, of which no part, therefore, can be independent of the rest, and of which the authority must ever be the same at all times. Instead of this, the Church is conceived as a collection of units each really separate from the other and only accidentally brought into relation with one another. That we are saved as members of a Body, and in a Body, the Body of Christ, is practically forgotten. That 'totus Christus' is Christ and His Church is ignored. We see the fact unmistakably evidenced by our whole attitude towards the departed, and the general lack of apprehension of all that is involved in such a text as 'filling up in my body what remains of the sufferings of Christ for His Body's sake which is the Church.' The result is a respectable form of Christianity with very little power to attract, very helpless in those cases where help is most needed, of which family prayers may be taken as the general expression; very good in its way, but dull, tiresome, beyond all expression; claiming no authority, making no appeal to the imagination, owning little connection with the past, and entirely outside any perception of those counsels of perfection and those heroic virtues which really attract souls and convert the world. Why—you will see the underlying connection of ideas—have the Roman Catholic body in England been able to build a Cathedral which rivals some of the greatest works of the ages of faith, and Liverpool Cathedral be still a dream, and Truro Cathedral still unfinished?

Imagine certain souls between this type of religion exemplified by family prayers, and Choral Matins as the chief service of Sunday, on one side, with a theory of confession which has nearly got rid of the practice, and reduces absolution to a nonentity, and Catholic doctrine and practice on the other—between Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral at Chartres—between, shall I say? the general principles and outlook of what is called the sober and moderate view of religion taken by the Church of England, and the view and obligation of religion as exemplified by a Newman—I might say by a Pusey, a Keble, a Liddon, a Father Lowder, or indeed by anyone who really believes and practices the Catholic religion amongst ourselves. Too often, amongst us, the general attitude of the Church of England and her Bishops is such that those to whom the alternative presents itself cannot bring themselves to believe that Catholic doctrine and practice is more than tolerated, even if it be that, by the Church of England. Archbishop Temple's charge on the Eucharist and Confession, though delivered in the interests of peace, was merely a plea for toleration—in regard to the Eucharist—for Lutheran doctrine, and the result is that the souls I am contemplating not unnaturally prefer to go where, (with whatever additions), the Catholic religion is authoritatively taught and practised, and not merely permitted under protest and winked at.

And here I want to ask why it is that the English Bishops never seem to feel the duty of trying to improve what is defective and inadequate in the doctrinal teaching and practice of the Church of England, as that doctrine and practice are explicitly set out in our later formularies? They will energise about all manner of schemes affecting the temporal interests of the Church; additional stipends for the clergy, increase of benefices, funds for their wives and children, schemes for Church Reform, as impracticable as they are dangerous (if the intervention of Parliament is to be invoked); but they do nothing in regard to matters which would really strengthen the Church of England as a spiritual body, increase her hold over her own children, and consolidate her position in the eyes of Christendom. Let me give you two examples.

The dislocation of the Canon in our present Liturgy is largely responsible for the general failure to grasp what the Church has always taught from the beginning as to the Eucharistic Sacrifice which prevails amongst us. What Bishop tries to mend this? There would be no great difficulty about permitting and encouraging the use of the Prayer of Oblation and the Our Father after the Consecration, together with the alternative Prayer of Thanksgiving after the Communion, if any Bishop so wished. The gain arising from such permission would be enormous, and considering what is permitted, the difficulty of granting it small. What Bishop thinks of it—what Bishop considers how a beginning might be made towards sanctioning the use of Edward's First Prayer Book, again a matter which would be a tower of strength to the Church of England in all sorts of ways, and which even such a man as Dr. Wace felt presented no doctrinal difficulty? No single Bishop that I know of. Such matters do not touch them. So again with Prayers for the Departed; only think how the authorities of the Church of England shuffle on that subject. You will remember what, only very recently, persons in very high positions would have liked to do in this matter, and how they were prevented. Why, instead of making difficulties and suggesting objections, don't the authorities of the Church say boldly, what they know to be true, that the Reformers in the sixteenth century made a mistake in leaving out all direct prayers for the departed in the public offices of the Church, that it *is* a good thing, that it *is* a duty to pray for the departed; that the Sacrifice made on the Cross for the sins of *all* men that ever were, are, or shall be on the earth, may still, ought still to be pleaded on behalf of the departed in the Holy Eucharist? Why do they never order such a solemn Celebration of the Holy Eucharist for the dead? Why are they content with 'Memorial Services' which leave out all that would invest such services with any value, and are generally actually objectionable by their insufficiency and the insincerity and disregard for all the severities of religion which they encourage?

Look at what happened last autumn. An effort was made to get a solemn military mass sung for our dead soldiers at St. Paul's. It would

have touched all hearts. It was the least we could do for those who had died for England. Those responsible for the military music, and others in authority were ready to help. Carried out properly at St. Paul's—(it would have been easy to have done the same thing for the North in York)—it was a great opportunity, but no one in authority would take it up; every kind of difficulty was made and anticipated, with the result that nothing was done, and that Cardinal Vaughan, as once before when the country was in agony about the King, took the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered a Solemn Mass at the Oratory for our dead soldiers, at which the music was performed by all those who would have been at St. Paul's, and at which Lord Roberts and all the military authorities were present. Do you wonder at the profound disgust which such things cause to those who care for the Church of England, or that it is muttered low but deep, 'If our Bishops won't lead, we shall follow those who will'? The leaders troops are ready to follow are those who lead forlorn hopes, not those who are for ever considering public opinion and the man in the street. Consider the past. What remains of Archbishop Tait's Primacy? Two things: The Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Commission, and the peace he made at St. Alban's. Were those results which would ever have been brought about except for fear of the consequences largely due to his own actions? What remains of the P.W.R.A., and of the authority of the Privy Council in spiritual matters that Act was passed to enforce? What of the line he took, in conjunction with Archbishop Thomson, in regard to Bishop Gray and Bishop Colenso? Who was substantially right then? Whose conduct has been justified by subsequent events? What can undo the mischief of the line he and some of the other Bishops took in regard to the Divorce Act in 1857, and how came it that so good a man, so able a man, in some respects so great a man made such mistakes, and is so largely responsible for our present difficulties? The answer is that he had a perfectly inadequate idea of the Catholic Church and therefore a completely inadequate view of the position and duties of the Church of England and of her Bishops.

Again, take Archbishop Benson, a very different man indeed;

what will mark his Primacy? Not surely his anti-Roman utterances; not his books; but the share he had in the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Commission, his organisation of Church Defence, his constructive Church policy on definite Church lines, and above all his conduct of the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln. Dean Church was right when he said that trial was the most courageous thing that had been done since the Reformation, and he might have added one of the most successful, for by putting the Protestant party, for once, in their place, it indirectly, as the Archbishop probably foresaw, stopped their agitation, and produced peace, at least for a time.

I suspect an authoritative pronouncement by ecclesiastical authority that the vestments *are* ordered by the Ornaments Rubric would have a similar effect now. This, however, by the way. I hardly like to speak of Archbishop Temple, yet what is it that will be said of him? Much as to himself, of his courage and his personal character, much as to his own work and his appreciation of work in others. Nothing as to any mark he has left on the Church of England, nothing as to his ecclesiastical pronouncements, except it be to criticise them, nothing as to his theological charges, except it be to deplore them. His Primacy will be remarkable for three things only; his real desire, and the efforts he made, to keep the peace: the answer put out in his name and that of the Archbishop of York to the Bull of Leo XIII: and the unique opportunity he deliberately threw away at the time of the Lambeth Opinions for restoring a true exercise of ecclesiastical discipline and spiritual authority within the limits of the Church of England, and for securing the peace of the Church. You may not know that it was entirely due to me that the clergy concerned pleaded at that hearing. The Archbishop had the opportunity in his hand at that moment of putting an end, not only to the agitation in regard to ritual, but of settling on principles all could have been brought to accept—except the extreme Protestant wing, who for all the noise they make are practically impotent alone—that most burning of all questions; the method, that is, of exercising spiritual authority, and the manner in which spiritual questions might be determined. No man ever made a more fatal mistake than Archbishop

Temple on that occasion, and the Church will long rue its consequences. He refused to see, perhaps he was incapable of seeing, that the grounds of his decision cut at the roots of the life of the English Church, and were the practical negation of the whole principle of the Oxford Movement. His decision on the question of Reservation was no less deplorable though on other grounds, and that of the Archbishop of York was even worse. A perception of their duty as Catholic Bishops, and of their obligations as such to the teaching and practice of the rest of the Church, would have made such a disaster impossible. I used to think that I was of a very forgiving disposition, but even now, at this interval of time, I cannot think of Archbishop Temple's action, and of the interview I had with him at Lambeth, and not feel acutely the injury he did to the Church of England, and his injustice to myself. I do not think we ever met, or that he ever spoke to me afterwards, though this might very likely be in part my own fault.

May I add something as to the future? Whatever people may like to say and think, the Acts of Uniformity are dead. The Church, as things are, cannot be held by the legal interpretation it pleases the lawyers to put upon those acts. The State has entirely disregarded one part of them, and the Church must disregard the other; whatever difficulties stand in the way will be best met by ignoring them. The Church has nothing to expect or wish for from Parliament except to be let alone. I do entreat you—and nobody in this world is better qualified than you are to do what has to be done warily, wisely and successfully in this direction—to take that bull by the horns. It is a bull that only wants tackling to show how little formidable he is, and how capable of being managed. Do everything that is needed for the good of the Church on your own inherent authority and that of the Bishops. No one wants to see ecclesiastical matters discussed in Parliament. With Jews and Dissenters in Parliament, it is an outrage that Church matters should be discussed there. Everyone will be glad to be quit of them, everyone will rejoice to see them settled by the Archbishop and Bishops.

Re-arrange your Sees, consecrate Suffragans on a purely voluntary

basis; the difficulties in the way of doing this, and much else besides, are not insuperable. I am convinced that it has only to be attempted to succeed. The reform of Convocation by a better representation of the clergy, if such a reform is important, is another matter which could easily be settled in this way. It was so in York; why not in Canterbury?

If there is occasion to proceed against such men as, e.g., Mr. Beeby, or the Dean of Ripon, try them as the Bishop of Lincoln was tried, or even in a less formal and legal manner. It would be quite enough in the case of such a man as Mr. Beeby, if he has indeed said what he is accused of saying, for his Diocesan to warn his parishioners against his teaching, and to authorise another priest to perform services in the parish, in some tin church, till such time as it pleased God to remove Mr. Beeby elsewhere. It would be a scandal, no doubt, but nothing like the scandal or the injury to the Church which indifference to the doctrines supposed to be denied by Mr. Beeby would be on the one side, or the danger which a legal trial, and of making such men as Mr. Beeby into martyrs, would be on the other.

On this subject no one can feel the need of greater caution than I do. The Abbé Loisy's last book, *L'Eglise et L'Evangile*, though it destroys Harnack—(the Abbé Duchesne, I hear, says that destruction is complete)—and has some remarkable and, as it seems to me, admirable things in it, leaves one with the impression of standing on the brink of a precipice, and preaches caution, caution in every sentence. It would repay you to read it. It is very short. And then how I wish you could find time to run your eye through Father Tyrrell's *Faith of the Millions!* His two short volumes, *Hard Sayings* and *External Religion*, are also most excellent. He has the gift of saying just the thing which people will listen to at this moment, and which fit in with present currents of thought. Then the Gifford Lectures of James of Harvard University, for 1901 and 1902, on *Varieties of Spiritual Experiences*, (though very unequal, and written from a Protestant standpoint, and of which much may be skipped), is full of things which give one subjects of thought, and have a very practical bearing on present ecclesiastical politics. At least so it seems to me—but I

have said enough and too much, and your patience will have been exhausted long ago. Yet there is one other thing I must say. The twentieth century will not be as the nineteenth. We are, I am convinced, on the eve of great changes. It is in more senses than one ‘*la fin d’un siècle.*’ There is a movement of unrest and expectation on all sides. The foundations are being shaken everywhere, and everything seems possible. There is a movement towards reunion at home and abroad which must bear fruit. Do not despise it, exercise great faith towards it and, may I say it?—be brave about it. A price has to be paid, something has to be risked, for all things that are worth doing. There are defeats which are the necessary steps to victories; present failures which spell future success. In this matter Archbishop Benson threw away one of the greatest opportunities man ever had. It is not unlikely that the Church of England may be disestablished during your Primacy; a very little thing would bring disestablishment within the range of practical politics. The present state of parties, much that has recently happened, and the general current of opinion on such matters throughout the world, make such a contingency very probable, certainly possible. If that battle has to be fought, it can have but one eventual issue, and it will turn every hair in our heads grey in the fighting of it. The very thought of what it must involve is appalling, but I do believe that whatever the troubles and dangers, whatever the heart-rending anxiety those who fight that battle will have to go through, the ultimate end and result will be, as things are, for the good of the Church. It is my comfort to think, if the battle comes in your time, there is no one in the world better fitted to fight it than yourself. It may be that it is for this that you have come to the Primacy; but if it be so, whatever happens and whatever the consequences, never consent—whatever the apparent advantages—to Parliament making a constitution for the Church, or constituting a body which should have any functions of government in regard to Her. A body to hold funds, an extension of the Ecclesiastical Commission for this purpose, might be legitimate, though even such a scheme as that is full of danger, but the constitution of any brand-new Church body, like what I think was attempted in the

case of Ireland, would mean not merely the ruin of the Church as regards her temporal position and endowments, but probably ruin in regard to her spiritual character.

And, now, my dear friend, I have done. I can never write again as I have in the past. Even this letter, despite the many years we have communicated on such subjects, amounts to something very like an impertinence and an intrusion; but at least it is not written with the intention of provoking an answer. If you will read it at your leisure I shall be glad; that is all I ask. I believe in the 'Alterius orbis Papa.' Archbishop Benson did, and he was right. You will be the acknowledged Head of the whole Anglican Communion. I hope you will hear what everybody has to say, perhaps even what I may sometimes humbly wish to represent to you myself; that you will follow the example of a still more exalted personage, and inform yourself fully as to what is the mind of the Church on any matter which calls for decision, and then that you will act on your own responsibility. It is the only way to govern effectively. You will not expect absolute and unconditional obedience. Like the Pope, you will have a supreme and unquestioned authority, but occasions may arise when resistance to particular exercises of that authority will be a duty. Such occasions have arisen even in the case of other still more exalted personages. Let us pray, however, that no such occasions may arise in your case and that in the long line of Archbishops of Canterbury none, when the end comes, may have a fairer account to give of the Primacy entrusted to them, and of the flock committed to their charge than you, to whom I wish from the bottom of my heart all the best blessings which the Great Shepherd of the sheep has to bestow on those whom he calls to fill the highest places in His Church on earth.

Forgive this quite interminable letter, and believe me,

Always yours most sincerely and affectionately,

• (Signed) HALIFAX.

### APPENDIX III

The following lines are reproduced by kind permission of the Dean of Westminster.

(*With apologies to A. A. Milne, 'Punch,' Jan. 23, 1924, p. 81, W.F.N.*)

H. H. Hensley Hensley  
Hereford and Dunelm  
Took great  
care of the Church  
though he was not at th' helm.

H. H. Hensley, Hensley  
said to the Church, said he,  
you must never be seen  
on the way to Malines  
without consulting me.

Armitage Armitage, Robinson, Gore,  
Halifax, Frere and Kidd  
were sometimes seen  
on the way to Malines  
though they tried to be hid.

Herbert Herbert Hensley Hensley  
said to the Arch, said he.  
What the dickens you mean  
By this game at Malines  
is more than I can see.

*Viscount Halifax*

R. R. Cantuar.

said to H. H. D.

I mean that we mean to  
be seen at Malines,  
so please leave that to me.

Armitage Armitage, Robinson, Gore,  
Halifax, Frere and Kidd,  
are frequently seen on the  
way to Malines  
and no longer try to be hid.

W. F. N.

## Notes

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- (1) Diary, October 30th, 1885. (2) Hickleton Papers.  
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(5) *Ibid.* (6) *Ibid.* (7) *Ibid.* (8) *Ibid.*  
(9) Diary, July 27th, 1886. (10) Diary, June 22nd, 1887.  
(11) Diary, July 4th, 1887. (12) Diary, July 6th, 1887.  
(13) Hickleton Papers. (14) *Ibid.* (15) *Ibid.* (16) *Ibid.*  
(17) Diary, December 28th, 1887. (18) Diary, December 31st, 1888.  
(19) Diary, January 24th, 1889. (20) Diary, February 17th, 1889.  
(21) Hickleton Papers. (22) *Ibid.*  
(23) Diary, October 23rd, 1889. (24) Diary, December 25th, 1889.  
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(27) Diary, August 24th, 1890. (28) Hickleton Papers.  
(29) *Ibid.*  
(30) J. O. Johnston: *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*, p. 388.  
(31) Hickleton Papers. (32) *Ibid.*

### CHAPTER TWO

- (1) G. Bayfield Roberts: *The History of the English Church Union*, p. 324.  
(2) G. W. E. Russell, *Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln*, p. 131.  
(3) *Manchester Guardian*, May 7th, 1889.  
(4) G. W. E. Russell: *Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln*, p. 171.  
(5) Sidney Dark: *Archbishop Davidson and the English Church*, p. 45.  
(6) G. B. Roberts: *The History of the English Church Union*, p. 312.  
(7) G. W. E. Russell: *Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln*, p. 177.  
(8) *Ibid.*, p. 179. (9) *Ibid.*, p. 180. (10) *Ibid.*, p. 184.  
(11) Hickleton Papers.

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- (1) Hickleton Papers.  
(2) G. L. Prestige: *The Life of Charles Gore*, p. 99.

- (3) *Ibid.*, p. 49.
- (4) J. O. Johnston: *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*, p. 362.
- (5) G. W. E. Russell: *Dr. Liddon*, pp. 116-118.
- (6) J. O. Johnston: *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*, pp. 371-2.
- (7) Sidney Dark: *Archbishop Davidson and the English Church*, p. 36.
- (8) Hickleton Papers. (9) *Ibid.* (10) *Ibid.* (11) *Ibid.*
- (12) G. Bayfield Roberts: *The History of the English Church Union*, p. 359
- (13) *The Church Union Gazette*, July 1892.
- (14) Lord Halifax to Canon T. A. Lacey, January 14th, 1922.
- (15) Hickleton Papers.
- (16) Charles Gore to Lord Halifax, July 15th, 1904.
- (17) *The Green Quarterly*, Spring, 1934, p. 71.

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- (1) Halifax: *Leo XIII and Anglican Orders*, p. 9.
- (2) *Ibid.*, p. 6. (3) *Ibid.*, p. 10.
- (4) Diary, August 24th, 1891. (5) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 53.
- (6) Hickleton Papers. (7) *Ibid.*
- (8) *Leo XIII*, etc., pp. 12-3.
- (9) G. K. A. Bell: *Randall Davidson*, vol. i, p. 230.
- (10) Maisie Ward: *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*, vol. i, p. 285.
- (11) Hickleton Papers. (12) *Ibid.* (13) *Ibid.*
- (14) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 98. (15) Hickleton Papers.
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- (18) A. C. Benson: *The Life of Edward White Benson*, vol. ii, p. 582.
- (19) *Ibid.*, p. 585. (20) *Ibid.*, p. 585. (21) *Ibid.*, p. 593.
- (22) Hickleton Papers. (23) *Ibid.* (24) *Ibid.*
- (25) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 101.
- (26) *Ibid.*, p. 121. (27) *Ibid.*, pp. 153-5. (28) *Ibid.*, p. 109.
- (29) A. C. Benson: *The Life of Edward White Benson*, vol. ii, p. 596.
- (30) *Ibid.*, from Canon Mason's Memorandum, pp. 596-600.
- (31) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 123. (32) *Ibid.*, pp. 130-2.
- (33) A. C. Benson: *The Life of Edward White Benson*, vol. ii, p. 608.
- (34) G. K. A. Bell: *Randall Davidson*, vol. i, pp. 232-7.
- (35) *Leo XIII*, etc., pp. 145-6.
- (36) *Ibid.*, p. 147. (37) *Ibid.*, p. 151. (38) *Ibid.*, p. 150-1.
- (39) J. G. Snead-Cox: *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, vol. ii, pp. 175-6.
- (40) Abbot Gasquet: *Leaves from My Diary*, p. 64, n.

- (41) J. G. Snead-Cox: *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, vol. ii, p. 177.
- (42) Maisie Ward: *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*, vol. i, p. 287.
- (43) Hickleton Papers. (44) *Ibid.*
- (45) *Leo XIII*, etc., pp. 202-7.
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- (48) A. C. Benson: *The Life of Edward White Benson*, vol. ii, p. 614.
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- (50) A. C. Benson: *The Life of Edward White Benson*, vol. ii, p. 617.
- (51) *Ibid.*, p. 616. (52) *Leo XIII*, etc., pp. 220-1.
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- (56) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 227. (57) Hickleton Papers.
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- (62) J. G. Snead-Cox: *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, vol. ii, pp. 195-6, n.
- (63) T. A. Lacey: *A Roman Diary*, p. 10.
- (64) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 273. (65) *Ibid.*, p. 292.
- (66) Abbot Gasquet: *Leaves from My Diary*, pp. 7-8.
- (67) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 297. (68) *Ibid.*, pp. 312-318.
- (69) A. Bolton: *A Catholic Memorial of Lord Halifax and Cardinal Mercier*, p. 62.
- (70) T. A. Lacey: *A Roman Diary*, pp. 21-2.
- (71) A. Bolton: *A Catholic Memorial of Lord Halifax and Cardinal Mercier*, p. 86.
- (72) *Leo XIII*, etc., pp. 278-9.
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- (74) *Ibid.*, pp. 210-39. (75) *Ibid.*, pp. 240-9.
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- (78) *Ibid.*, pp. 332-9.
- (79) J. G. Snead-Cox: *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, vol. ii, p. 219.
- (80) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 340. (81) *Ibid.*, p. 341.
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- (85) *Leo XIII*, etc., p. 357. (86) *Ibid.*, pp. 357-8.
- (87) Lord Halifax to Mr. Athelstan Riley, October 17th, 1896.
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- (91) T. A. Lacey: *A Roman Diary*, p. 404.
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 (98) A. C. Benson: *The Life of Edward White Benson*, vol. ii, pp. 616-8.  
 (99) J. G. Snead-Cox: *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, vol. ii, p. 207.  
 (100) *Leo XIII*, etc., pp. 425-6. (101) *Ibid.*, p. 426.

### CHAPTER FIVE

For the various anecdotes in this chapter I am chiefly indebted to the present Lord Halifax, Mr. Athelstan Riley, Mr. Gordon George (Robert Sen-court), Canon Wylde, and Mr. James Adams.

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| (5) Diary, February 3rd, 1900.                        | (6) Hickleton Papers.                    |                   |                   |
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| (11) Lord Halifax to Lord Stanmore, April 20th, 1909. |  |                   |                   |
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| (16) Hickleton Papers.                                | (17) Diary, October, 31st, 1899.         |                   |                   |

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| (2) <i>Ibid.</i> , p. 106.  | (3) <i>Ibid.</i> , p. 183. |
| (4) A. C. Benson: <i>The Life of Edward White Benson</i> , vol. ii, p. 355. |                            |
| (5) Letter from the Dean of Pembroke College, Cambridge.                    |                            |
| (6) The Rev. E. G. Wood to Lord Halifax, March 6th, 1899.                   |                            |
| (7) Letters from H. W. Hill to Lord Halifax.                                |                            |
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- (15) *Ibid.*, April 4th, 1900. (16) Hickleton Papers.
- (17) Lord Halifax to Athelstan Riley, December 21st, 1900.
- (18) Lord Halifax to H. W. Hill, February 9th, 1902.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

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- (3) Lord Halifax to Athelstan Riley, July 21st, 1903.
- (4) G. K. A. Bell: *Randall Davidson*, vol. i, pp. 388 and 390.
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- (10) *Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline*, p. v.
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